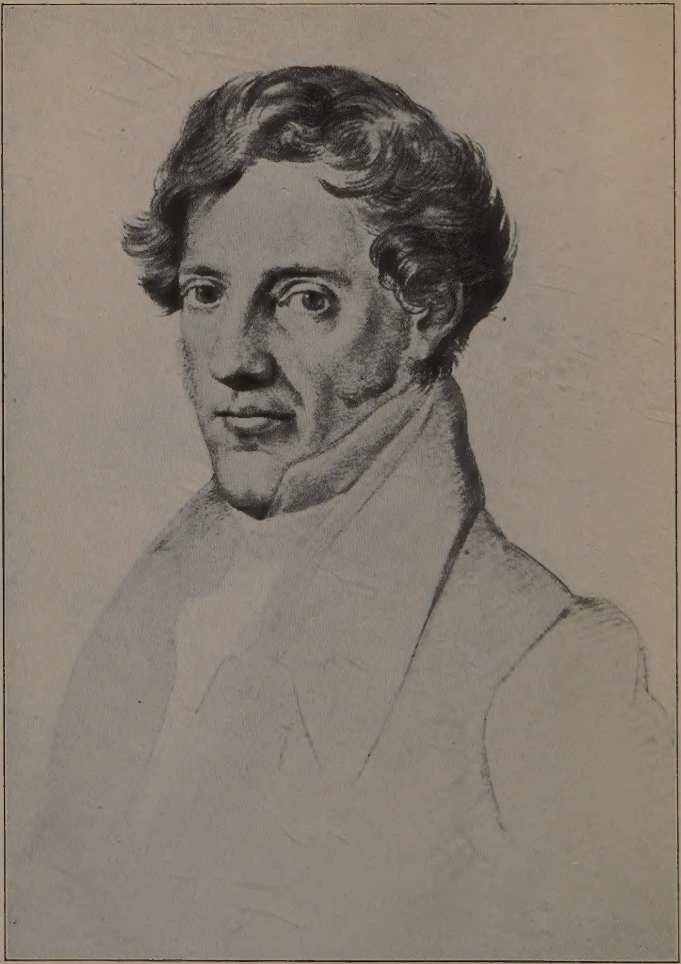

Franz Grillparzer in 1826

From crayon drawing made for Goethe by J. J. Schmeller
In Goethe National Museum, Weimar. See p. lx

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Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen

Trauerſpiel in fünf Aufzügen

von

Franz Grillparzer

EDITED WITH NOTES AND A STUDY OF GRILLPARZER'S LIFE AND WORKS

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Inhaltsangaben, Fragen, Rückblicke und Themen

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TO
CALVIN THOMAS
SCHOLAR, TEACHER, AND FRIEND

PREFACE

THIS edition of *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen* departs from the usual practice, in attempting to meet the divergent and even conflicting demands of two groups of teachers. On the one hand, the introduction and notes are in English, as conservative practice requires. On the other hand, I did not feel that I could properly ignore the increasing demand for the use of the foreign idiom in the discussion of a foreign literature. Hence the Fragen and Themen, suggestions for the use of which are given on page 182.

The introduction also presents some unusual features. Unlike many otherwise excellent biographical studies in school editions, it does not treat the life and works separately, but discusses the author's works as the inevitable outgrowth of his life and experiences. If its length seems excessive, I would call attention to the need for a concise, yet *complete* exposition of Grillparzer's life and works in English for the use of advanced classes.

Furthermore, it is my conviction that introduction as well as notes should be studied, and to facilitate this study questions have been prepared. It is suggested that one or more of these questions be assigned for each recitation. Thus the introduction will become an aid to both student and instructor, and the entire book will serve not only as a help in the detailed study and appreciation of this masterpiece, but also as a general guide to Grillparzer's life and art as a whole.

Altho the book is planned primarily for advanced college classes, there is no reason why it should not be used as early as the fourth semester of college work, and even in the fourth year of the high school.

The text of the drama is in the main that of the standard Cotta edition, emended according to the first edition of 1840 as published by Stefan Hock. (See Bibliography, page cxxxii.) All changes of this nature and also some variant readings are indicated in the notes. Orthography and punctuation are in accordance with the latest official rules as laid down by Vogel's *Nachschlagebuch*.

I wish to express with sincere thanks my appreciation of the assistance generously given me by the following members of the German department: Professors A. R. Hohlfeld, E. C. Roedder, B. Q. Morgan, and F. Bruns. I am also deeply indebted to Professor W. E. Leonard, of the English department, for the sonnets which he wrote for this book. I consider it my special good fortune to have secured the co-operation of my colleag, Professor C. M. Purin, in the preparation of the Fragen and Themen. In conclusion, I desire to thank Professor Julius Goebel, the general editor of this series, for many courtesies.

MADISON, WISCONSIN
New Year's Day, 1916

JOHN L. KIND

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ERRATA

Introduction, p. cxxxi, fourth line of question 49, read: (cxxv–cxxvii).

Text, p. 1, Perſonen, line 6: omit the comma; line 9, read: Fiſcher; p. 85, line 1289, read: erfahren.

Notes, p. 179, line 5 of quotation from *Die Jüdin von Toledo*, read: offenbarer.

Inhaltsangaben und Fragen, p. 197, second line from bottom, read: Hellespont; p. 200, eighth line from top, read: umſonſt.

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(From portrait by D. Penther)

INTRODUCTION

Life and Works of Franz Grillparzer

"I am not a German but an Austrian, a native of Lower Austria, to be more exact, and above all a Viennese," said Grillparzer shortly before his death; and on another occasion, "I was always proud of being an Austrian." The poet was born January 15, 1791, in Vienna, where he spent his whole life, except for a few brief journeys to other countries, from which he always returned with the firm conviction that he could not exist anywhere outside of his beloved native city. Yet he often complained that the artistic Viennese atmosphere was stifling and deadening. On January 21, 1872, he died in Vienna, where he lies buried.

The poet was always under the spell of his native city; he spoke the Viennese dialect in his everyday life, and his sympathies scarcely ever extended beyond the narrow confines of the Austrian empire. Many of his works and utterances express his great love for Austria, which he regarded as the best part of Germany,[1] and he was proud of the fact that he had never published anything outside of his native state. Yet Grillparzer was opposed to the idea of an Austrian literature as distinguished from German literature, a differentiation which some literary historians have been inclined to make since the foundation of the present German empire. He ventured the opinion, however, that if any such difference was to be recognized, it should be on account of the modesty and sound common sense of Austrian literature. Whatever the line of demarcation, there is no German dramatist who is more intensely and inherently Austrian in essence. Among the classical successors of Goethe and Schiller, Grillparzer is entitled to a place in the front rank with Kleist and Hebbel.

---

[1] The term "Germany" as used by Grillparzer must be understood as applying to the German-speaking states of Central Europe, and not in the sense of the modern German empire, established in 1871.

Boyhood and Home Life

Grillparzer's father, a self-made man, was a Doctor of Jurisprudence and an attorney at law of considerable merit. He was austere, intensely honest, conscientious, and patriotic, liberal in his religious views, a disciple of cold reason, an enemy of passion, who suppressed all emotion, even in his family relations. He avoided society.[1] He did not understand the ways of children and paid little attention to his own, and so there never existed between father and sons any bond of sympathy and love.

He preferred prose to poetry, for he regarded poetry as affected, and he hated all affectation. He tolerated

---

[1] In order to meet the social obligations of the family, however, he gave an elaborate ball once a year that was "the talk of the town."

Franz's youthful scribblings in verse only because he hoped they would help him develop a good prose style. A sincere but mistaken prophet, he frequently presaged a bad end for his son if he cultivated poetry. Thus Franz was inclined to conceal his early verses from his parent. This severe rationalist was not, however, absolutely bereft of softening and even of romantic feelings. He not only had a great love for flowers, which he satisfied in his well-kept garden, but he also reveled in nature and was wont to indulge in long walks into the country with his whole family. Often he took only Franz with him. On these occasions he opened his heart to his family. He also fed his imagination and gave vent to his suppressed emotions by reading, often late into the night, ghost stories and fantastic tales of adventure.

Grillparzer's mother came from a home that belonged to a much higher social sphere than that in which her husband's family moved. She was the daughter of Christoph Sonnleithner, whose home was a favorite rendezvous for lovers of art and music, among them Haydn and Mozart. The Sonnleithner family was gifted with great dramatic and musical talent; the poet's mother was a devotee of music and possessed a high degree of culture, altho her letters and diary show that she was not on intimate terms with standard orthography.[1] Except for her rectitude, she was the direct counterpart of her husband: nervous, passionate and emotional, fond of society, intensely religious, morbid, and subject to hallucinations.

---

[1] In those days, we must remember, little attention was paid to the schooling of women. In reading the letters of Frau Grillparzer one is involuntarily reminded of the quaint orthography of Goethe's gifted mother.

Franz inherited the characteristic traits of both parents: from his mother he derived artistic impulses and melancholy brooding; from his father, diffidence, seriousness and restraint, a lofty sense of honor, clear intellect, and critical acumen. These last traits, fortunately, served as a balance wheel for the fluctuating moods which were his inheritance from his mother.

It is not surprising that the four children of such dissimilar parents were utterly disparate. Franz, the eldest, resisted the inherited morbidity the most successfully, altho he suffered from it thruout his life. The second son, Karl, turned out to be an adventurer, showed signs of insanity, and was later entirely dependent upon the poet. Kamillo was very effeminate, and his beauty made him the victim of adulatory women. Adolf, the youngest, grew tired of life and drowned himself at the age of seventeen (1817). Our poet had few interests in common with his brothers, his father was for the most part unapproachable, and so the bond of companionship and love between himself and his mother grew, especially after the death of his father, when she became dependent upon her first-born. She attempted to guide his early education and instructed him in music in her fitful, unmethodical way, "the torture of my boyhood," as he expresses it. However distasteful these music lessons may have been to him at the time, the piano was the poet's solace in his later unhappy years.

During Grillparzer's boyhood his father was in comfortable circumstances. The family lived in a gloomy, rambling house, some rooms of which the children were forbidden to enter. The house was in a narrow street and so situated that only at noon, during the longest summer days, a few rays of sunlight found their way into one room, the father's study. This phenomenon was a real event in the lives of the boys, who stood and gazed enraptured at the streaks that fell across the floor. Like most youngsters, the children allowed their lively imagination to people the dark, spacious rooms with ghosts, robbers, and gypsies; and Franz seldom summoned up sufficient courage to enter the forbidden back rooms. Nor were the sinister, depressing effects of the paternal abode entirely relieved by visits to the country home at Enzersdorf. There was a forbidden pond and there were secluded, wooded corners where the uncanny goblins lurked. Such surroundings could not but make a deep and lasting impression upon a poetic nature; yet it is not likely that the poet's childhood was unhappier than that of other imaginative children of an introspective turn of mind, with a stern father and a nervous mother.

EARLY EDUCATION

The elder Grillparzer was opposed to public schools, so altho Franz was enrolled in a neighboring institution, in the fall of 1796, he received his actual instruction from private tutors at home. As soon as he had learned to read, he began to devour everything that he could lay his hands on. One of the first books was the text of Mozart's opera, *The Magic Flute*, the revered possession of his mother's maid, which he read with her, sitting on her lap. This mysterious, fantastic play, which he did not grasp, made a profound impression upon his young mind.

The private tutors who had been employed for Franz proved very unsatisfactory, since the boy learned little. Profiting by this experience, Franz's father decided to dispense with private instruction and to have his son attend the public school. So a special tutor was secured to prepare the boy for the *Gymnasium*, and he endeavored to make up in a few weeks the work of years. Franz applied himself diligently to his books, his father presented the examining professor with some oleander bushes, and so the preliminaries were passed, and the boy was admitted to the second class in the *St. Anna Gymnasium* in the fall of 1800.

He was a pupil there until 1804, not interested in the regular course of study and receiving no inspiration from his pedantic teachers. He did not make a good record, for the teachers prized diligence above all else, and Franz was not diligent in the classroom routine. He read much, however, especially books of history and travel; he fairly devoured the *Arabian Nights* and numerous novels. He also became acquainted with a few dramas of Shakspere, Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing; but Gozzi's *Il corvo* (*The Raven*) captivated him completely, and he preferred it to the English and German masters.[1] These literary interests had a good influence upon his own style, and they also led to an intimate friendship with a somewhat older fellow-pupil, Ignaz Mailler, whose inspiring personality did much to deepen Grillparzer's nature. In friendly rivalry with Mailler Franz made his first literary attempts.

Thus the education which he received in his childhood was acquired in spite of his school training rather than because of it, and he endeavored thruout his life to fill in the lacunas. Unfortunately, the narrow pedantry of his professors had filled him with prejudice against scholars and scholarship in general, and he never overcame this bias.

At the University

In the fall of 1804 Grillparzer was matriculated at the University of Vienna under the so-called "faculty of philosophy," a sort of collegiate course corresponding to the last two years of the *Gymnasium* of today. Altho he attended the lectures faithfully, he seems to have been interested only in history. But towards the end of his course his conscience smote him, and he applied himself so diligently that he was ranked among the best students. He continued his literary and intellectual pursuits in his friendly intercourse with Mailler, and was drawn more and more to literature, especially to the drama. In his earlier boyhood he had occasionally seen plays in the popular *Leopoldstädter Theater*, mostly the fantastic and weird dramas that were then in vogue; and when about twelve years of age, he enacted at home with his brothers and playmates little improvised plays in the same style. Now he read Schiller's early dramas with Mailler and saw *Fiesko* on the stage. Under the influence of these tragedies, especially *Don Carlos*, he slowly developed his own first tragedy, *Blanka von Kastilien* (1807–1808). It is an interminable rhetorical drama of some two hundred pages, that reveals much talent and is very interesting as the harbinger of his dramatic masterpieces, but remarkable only as the ambitious endeavor of a youth of sixteen to follow in the footsteps of the great Schiller.

---

[1] About ten years later, in 1814, Grillparzer translated part of this "tragicomic fairy tale," and he also recast the first two scenes in a poetical version of his own. Count Carlo Gozzi (1722–1806) was an Italian dramatist whose most important works are a number of "dramatic fairy tales."

Meanwhile, having completed his "philosophical course" at the University of Vienna, Grillparzer was enrolled under the faculty of law and political science, in the fall of 1807, to please his father; but altho he applied himself diligently, his heart was not in his studies. His real interest lay elsewhere. Together with friends, especially Georg Altmütter and Joseph Wohlgemuth, he established in 1808 a *Society for Mutual Culture*, which met at the home of Wohlgemuth. It is characteristic of young geniuses to found societies or clubs to revolutionize the literary and philosophical cosmos. Usually they have a mouthpiece in the form of a journal, but in the present instance that was lacking.[1] The society kept a comic *Journal of Folly*, however, evidently much like the *Kneipzeitung* that is in vogue among university students in Germany at the present time. In this every folly or idiosyncrasy of the members of the society and of the Wohlgemuth family was entered. It was not, however, intended for publication.

This group of kindred spirits met every Saturday afternoon to read and discuss their own essays. Grillparzer wrote on literary and historical subjects and cultivated his Muse, altho the prime purpose of the club was not literature, but philosophy and history. It was in this circle that his *Blanka von Kastilien* took shape; and the poet occupied himself with other dramatic plans as well. Wohlgemuth's father, an enthusiastic lover of the theater, had arranged a stage in his home, and Grillparzer participated with some success in the amateur performances that were given there. In spite of his progress under these beneficial influences, he was by no means certain that he possessed the necessary talent for the drama; and so all his plans, except the one-act play *Die Schreibfeder* (1807–1809), remained fragments, while the inveterate habit of negative critical self-analysis, which he had inherited from his father, threatened to undermine his creative powers. In 1811 he wrote a one-act comedy, entitled *Wer ist schuldig?*, but all his more ambitious dramatic conceptions of these early years, including a *Faust*, were abandoned, altho some of the motifs were utilized in his later works. He published nothing at this time, for he hated publicity.

---

[1] Grillparzer had earlier planned with Mailler to publish a literary journal and had even written an introductory poem for it. The title of the journal was to have been *Irene*, but the government censor for some unknown reason objected.

Early Misfortunes

On this carefree circle in the Wohlgemuth home a shadow suddenly fell. In 1809 the French bombarded the Austrian capital, which soon capitulated. Napoleon entered in triumph. The poet in Grillparzer admired the great victor, but the patriot within him felt keenly the national humiliation.

Added to this was the domestic tragedy. His father had suddenly contracted lung trouble some months before, and altho the family physician gave them some hope of a speedy and permanent recovery, the blow fell heavily upon the family. Franz turned to his neglected music for solace; his improvisations, and especially his setting of Goethe's *König von Thule*, gave his sick father much comfort, until he became so ill that he could not endure the melancholy strains. The young poet, already torn by inner doubts, was now brought face to face with the hard realities of life. Owing to the economic disorganization which followed the downfall of the nation, the finances of the family were in a precarious condition; the price of food stuffs soared, income was reduced to a minimum, the sick man lacked the necessary diet and, heartbroken over the fate of his beloved Austria, the stanch patriot died on November 10, 1809.

This loss was doubly sad for Franz. When he felt that the end was near, he knelt at his father's bedside, grasped his hand, and instinctively gave vent to his pent-up filial love. He realized that he owed his stern parent much after all, and that their natures had much in common, but the only response that he received was, "Now it is too late." This tragic scene haunted the poet for the rest of his life.

Earning a Living

After his father's death, Franz found himself the head of a family in very straitened circumstances, and his brothers were not yet fully able to provide for themselves. He wanted to continue his law course. The annual stipend that he had been granted upon entering the *Gymnasium* was not sufficient to make both ends meet. Other sources of income had to be sought. He remembered his tragedy, *Blanka von Kastilien*, and offered it to the theater, but it was rejected as unfit for the stage. This refusal, altho probably not wholly unexpected, reminded him of his father's predictions, and so the youth resolved to renounce forever his dreams of a literary career. Fortunately, his professors unsolicited procured for him the position of tutor to two young noblemen who paid well; and with this assistance he was able both to help support his family and to complete his university studies, in 1811.

The new financial system adopted by Austria wiped out his mother's small income at this time, and Grillparzer had lost his two pupils, and so, having an aversion for civil service, he eagerly seized the opportunity to act as law tutor to the nephew of the wealthy Count von Seilern.

This was early in the spring of 1812. His duties were light and allowed him much time for himself, which he improved by reading the books in the excellent library of the count. This unused library was especially rich in English literature, including Shakspere. In order to be able to read this great master in the original, Grillparzer applied himself zealously to the study of English, which he had begun some time before by himself. The count was a frightfully ignorant and bigoted man. He had two passions: prize horses and his gluttonous stomach. He was very frugal with the former and very indulgent toward the latter. One of Grillparzer's most trying duties was to help this gourmand outline daily tactics for a successful attack upon the epicurean menu that was to be served. And the poor fellow was wondering whether his dear mother had dry bread enough at home!

In the summer Grillparzer accompanied the count's family to his country estate in Moravia. The nephew's regular tutor had been secretly dismissed, and so Grillparzer unexpectedly found himself in entire charge of his pupil. Thus he had little time to himself, for he was even required to accompany the young man to mass every day. Yet the poet spent his time profitably in church by reading Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, which passed as an English prayer book on account of the "Vicar" on the title page.

In the winter Grillparzer returned with his pupil to Vienna and continued in the employ of the count. It was the saddest time of his life, he said, but he had to earn his daily bread in this way, for the position in the imperial library which he had secured in February 1813, after two years of petitioning, paid no salary.

During the following summer, spent at another of the count's castles, Grillparzer had a very bitter experience. The war with Napoleon had cut off food importations, and the poet's daily fare was poor, so that a thoro drenching on the way to church one Sunday brought on typhoid fever. The malady was diagnosed as a contagious disease, and so the delirious, helpless young man was taken to the home of the village barber, where he was abandoned by the count's family and robbed by the villagers. Everyone, including himself, thought he was doomed, but he recovered and managed to get back to Vienna, in spite of the universal upheaval which followed the defeat of Napoleon at the battle of Leipzig.[1]

Grillparzer's recovery was almost miraculous, and he was received by the count, who had returned to Vienna immediately, as one arisen from the grave. His undermined system collapsed completely soon after his return home, and again his life hung in the balance. For a short time he continued his services as tutor and he also resumed his position in the imperial library. He applied his leisure time to the study of languages, especially the Greek classics, the influence of which was invaluable to him thruout his poetic development. He knew Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and English. At an early age, furthermore, he had begun to learn Spanish by himself, and now he threw himself with ardor into the study of that language. In order to force himself to work with the utmost care, he began to write out a translation of Calderon's *La vida es sueño* (*Life is a Dream*), in the meter and rime of the original. He finished only about two hundred verses, but it was a lucky performance, for it later brought him into close personal contact with the able manager and playwright of the imperial theater, Joseph Schreyvogel.

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[1] October 16–19, 1813.

Civil Service

In December 1813, thru the influence of an old friend of his father, Count Herberstein, Grillparzer received a civil service appointment in a sub-department of the customs, and after a year of unsalaried apprenticeship he was promoted, with a salary of three hundred gulden[1] per year. He worked with real interest and success and so, four months later, he was again promoted, with an increase in salary of one hundred gulden annually. He was able to continue his literary studies, however, for Austrian government officials were not accustomed to take their official duties too seriously.

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[1] A gulden, or florin, was worth about fifty cents at that time. In considering the compensation, we must remember that the purchasing value of money was much greater then than now.

Friendship with Schreyvogel

In 1816, Schreyvogel's translation of Calderon's *La vida es sueño* was performed in the imperial theater. Grillparzer innocently aided the machinations of Schreyvogel's enemies by allowing his fragment of the same drama to be published in a magazine side by side with the Schreyvogel version, to the decided disadvantage of the latter. It was used as the basis of a rancorous attack upon Schreyvogel's dramatic ability. Schreyvogel naturally believed that Grillparzer, who was not personally known to him, had leagued himself with his jealous enemies. He felt deeply wounded that the son of a family that he had known intimately[1] for a long time should cabal against him. Grillparzer was no less vexed when he saw that he had unwittingly been made a party to the scurrilous attack. He had an opportunity later to explain the circumstances to Schreyvogel, and thus began an intimate, helpful friendship which continued without interruption until Schreyvogel's death in 1832.[2]

[1] Schreyvogel had hoped to marry a sister of Grillparzer's mother.

[2] Schreyvogel was twenty-three years older than Grillparzer, a critic of great ability and the foremost dramaturge of his time. He constantly encouraged and inspired his young friend, and to him Grillparzer owed more than to any other contemporary.

DIE AHNFRAU

Schreyvogel recognized in the young translator of Calderon a poetic ability superior to his own, and encouraged him to write a drama. The poet modestly told of his unsuccessful *Blanka von Kastilien* and also recited in detail and with growing ardor a plan that had lain dormant in his mind for some time. This plan he had not taken the trouble to work out for two reasons: first, he had resolved to renounce dramatic poetry forever; and secondly, he hesitated to treat a subject that suggested the crass "blood and thunder" productions of the popular theaters. Schreyvogel's enthusiasm overruled these scruples sufficiently to exact from Grillparzer a tentative promise. But the summer passed without a line of composition. An unexpected meeting with Schreyvogel, in August, aroused the poet from his lethargy, and the result was *Die Ahnfrau*, which was written at fever heat in about a month.[1]

The first performance took place on January 31, 1817, in the *Theater an der Wien*, after the objections of the censor had been overcome. The play appeared anonymously, for the poet's modesty and misgivings were so great that he could not be persuaded to allow his name to appear on the theater bills or programs. He attended the first performance, but the experience was so unpleasant to him that he resolved never to sit in the audience again.[1] It seemed to him, he said, as if his soul were being exposed naked to the gazing public.

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[1] August 13 to September 15, 1816, in four acts, but revised later for the stage in five acts, along lines suggested by Schreyvogel.

The drama created a great sensation, and after the second performance people fought for seats. Owing to adverse criticism which misrepresented the tragedy, the poet allowed the work to appear in book form with his name, and so it soon became popular on all the stages of Germany, filling the coffers of the theaters and yielding the poet a rich harvest of fame and notoriety, but no pecuniary returns.[2]

The tragedy is written in the trochaic tetrameter verse characteristic of the Spanish drama, for which the poet had gained a decided predilection thru his study of Calderon. He admitted, however, that he would not have had the courage to risk this verse form, but for the example of Müllner.[3] The plot of the drama has much in common with the tales of ghosts and robbers that were in vogue at the time,[4] and also with the fate-dramas which infested the German stage in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, represented especially by the plays of Zacharias Werner and Adolf Müllner.[3] Schiller's *Braut von Messina* (1803) introduced the fatalistic idea in the working-out of an ancient curse. This seems to have given the fate-tragedy writers their cue. They lacked the artistic sense and taste of Schiller, however, and so they produced a crude, unesthetic type of drama. Grillparzer, on the other hand, was an artist, and altho he allowed himself to be influenced by the Fate-Tragedy proper, he produced a drama that is far superior to anything done by the fate-tragedians. His *Ahnfrau* is a very good play of a very bad type.

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[1] Later he was often behind the scenes when his dramas were produced, but apparently never in the audience.

[2] Copyrights offered little protection in those days. The poet's compensation, received from his publisher and from the management of the *Theater an der Wien*, amounted to only about $160.

[3] The most important fate-tragedies are: *Der vierundzwanzigste Februar* (1809) by Werner; *Der neunundzwanzigste Februar* (1812) and *Die Schuld* (1813) by Müllner.

[4] See above, pp. xiii, xviii.

In writing this play Grillparzer did not revert to any of his earlier dramatic conceptions, but worked out a plot that had been suggested to him by the recent reading of two tales, a robber story and a ghost story. These were combined with other literary influences and resulted in an action which is briefly as follows:

The ancestress (*Ahnfrau*) of a noble house has been slain by her husband for infidelity, and a curse has been pronounced upon her soul, to wander until the progeny of her sin has perished. Hence she haunts the castle which is the abode of the only known living descendants of her issue, Count Borotin and his daughter Bertha. Her maternal instincts prompt her to warn her family of impending danger, and still their destruction will mean peace and rest for her soul. Bertha has fallen in love with a stranger who rescued her from bandits in the woods. This stranger turns out to be Jaromir, a robber chief and also Bertha's own brother, who was kidnapped in his infancy. The count resists the robbers in an attack upon his castle, and is accidentally killed in the dark by Jaromir, his unrecognized son. Bertha dies of grief when she divines the true state of affairs, and Jaromir is killed in Bertha's tomb by the embrace of the ghost of the ancestress, whom he mistakes for Bertha. Thus the ancient guilt of the ancestress is expiated, and her spirit can rest in peace.

Altho the drama was an unqualified success on the stage, the critics found much fault with its art, philosophy, and theology. They unceremoniously placed it in the same category with the crass fate-tragedies,[1] and Grillparzer lost time and humor in defending it. Many of the fatalistic elements were more fully worked out, it is true, upon the insistence of Schreyvogel, but the element of fate is inherent in the first version to such a degree that it bears all the earmarks of the Fate-Tragedy. The decisive incidents that compose the plot are not determined nor controlled by the will of the characters, who are thus not represented as free agents but as dominated by a foreordained fate, against which they vainly struggle. This is the determining factor.

The characters are "thin" and evanescent, lacking in flesh and blood, bordering on types, without sharp delineation. Yet this is perhaps essential to the atmosphere of a ghost play. Despite the weaknesses of the drama — crudities, bombast, and rhetorical style, — its merits: real passion, the melody of the verses, and the compact dramatic technic, place it head and shoulders above the Fate-Tragedy as a class and stamp it, altho a youthful, yet a really artistic performance. Furthermore, into the drama are woven the author's own experiences: the misfortunes and decline of his own family, the blight of heredity, the somber hue of his own surroundings. It is a revelation of his own superstitious dread and fears.[1]

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[1] Grillparzer's reputation as a poet suffered for a long time on account of this, just as Schiller remained the victim of his *Räuber* long after he had produced more artistic dramas. Still, the *Ahnfrau* gave Grillparzer popularity, his name was in the mouth of everyone, and with this drama Austria again began to play an important rôle in literature.

Sappho

Altho embittered by the critics who seemed to see in the *Ahnfrau* only the lurid elements, Grillparzer realized that their criticism was not altogether unfounded, and so he abandoned his plans for similar plays that he had been considering.[2] He decided that his next work should be a drama on simple lines, in which calm poise should rule, so that he might prove to his critics that he was a real poet and could move his audience without recourse to such "cheap" devices as ghosts and robbers. Therefore when the subject of Sappho, the Greek poetess, was incidentally suggested to him in another connection, he realized at once that this was the simple material that he needed, and he immediately set to work to evolve a subject that had attracted him in his earliest years.[3]

The controversy over the fate element in the *Ahnfrau* had prompted him to revert to his study of Greek drama for a better understanding of the Greek idea of fate. At this time, too, he came under the influence of Goethe more than ever before. The calming effects of Greek tragedy and of Goethe's *Tasso* and *Iphigenie* are seen in *Sappho*. Grillparzer wrote the tragedy rapidly and under pressure, completing it in about three weeks.[1] Still he took the time to make a careful study of Sappho's life and extant poetry, and he translated her hymn to Aphrodite, remodeling it slightly to adapt it to his purpose. In this form he has used it at the close of the first act.

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[1] In a sketch entitled *Ein Erlebnis* (1822), Grillparzer writes: "From my youth on I was not free from the fear of ghosts, a fear that moreover increased from time to time on definite occasions to an absurd degree; for example, when I wrote the *Ahnfrau*, yet not when my father died, but all the more so at the time of my mother's death." This fear also haunted him after Marie Piquot's death, and the poet felt every evening that she would appear to him. See below, pp. li f.

[2] See footnote on p. xxxvi.

[3] Letter to Müllner, 1818.

When the tragedy was staged at the imperial theater it created a great sensation.[2] The critics were in the main friendly. Like the *Ahnfrau*, it soon spread to all the stages of Germany, without bringing in royalties.[3] But it firmly established Grillparzer's fame and reputation as a poet of the highest order. *Sappho* has been translated into many languages, and has remained one of his most popular stage dramas to the present day.

Grillparzer said that if the theme of the *Ahnfrau* is *malheur d'être*, the idea of his *Sappho* is *malheur d'être poète*, a misfortune which he felt keenly himself, not only at that time but thruout his life, and which he constantly reiterated in his dramas and other works. This conception of the tragic fate of a poet Grillparzer had in common with many other poets. Goethe indulged in it in his *Werther* and *Tasso;* Lord Byron made it popular. Goethe outgrew it entirely, and Grillparzer adjusted himself to it, at least in part. Sappho could not adjust herself.

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[1] July 1 to 25, 1817.

[2] April 21, 1818.

[3] A few paltry sums were paid before the appearance of the drama in book form. Once printed, it became the property of all theaters without the necessity of paying for the stage rights. Grillparzer received several handsome offers from German publishers, but he preferred his publisher in Vienna. Thus, thru lack of enterprise and on account of his intense love for Austria, the poet was deprived not only of financial gain but also of prestige.

Sappho, in Grillparzer's tragedy, attains the pinnacle of fame in her poetic career and at the same time reaches the turning point in her life as woman by falling in love with Phaon, a handsome, athletic youth who is considerably younger than herself. She bestows her whole love upon him, and he, bewildered by his good fortune, venerates her as one of the gods. He is sincere in his vows, but his disillusion comes later, when he feels the magnetic power of Sappho's innocent and beautiful slave girl, Melitta. Stormy scenes ensue; Sappho's emotions run the whole gamut of unrequited love — doubt, despair, hope, anger, and jealousy — before she controls herself, renounces the happiness of ordinary mortals, and "returns to her abode among the gods" by a leap into the sea.

Thus the natural barrier between art and life, as Sappho conceives it, has been the undoing of a great poetess. There is an element of fate or Nemesis here, as in the *Ahnfrau*, but of a different, more exalted conception.

Even tho we temper our attitude towards the act of self-destruction with the philosophy of the Greeks, as we must, the catastrophe is convincing only if we regard it as the outcome of Sappho's own interpretation of her fate. Grillparzer said it was his purpose to depict the woman and not the poetess. The confusion of the two in the drama is Sappho's mistake, not Grillparzer's; for Sappho, the great poetess, was after all a woman, and the one can not be entirely separated from the other. The drama is not the tragedy of art, nor the tragedy of the poetess, but the tragedy of an unhappy woman who is also a poetess; and we feel that Sappho is wrong in formulating a basic philosophy of life from one unfortunate experience. Contact with life is essential to the inner development of the real poet, as Grillparzer well knew. The poet is the interpreter of life, and life is his inspiration. Life with its joys and sorrows had also given Sappho her poetry. But now her heart is filled with a yearning for the love of one particular man, a yearning that can not be satisfied. She longs for the lot of mortals, and sees in that lot only happiness; in the fate of the poetess, all unhappiness. She fails to realize that in her experience with Phaon she is sharing in the joys and sorrows of all mortals. Blinded to this truth by the agony of the moment, when she realizes that her love is not returned, the crushed woman is undone and robs the whole world of the further service of the poetess.

The drama is a revelation of the poet's romantic subjectivity, and at the same time a proof of his inherent realism. It is the story of a poetess who is temporarily out of joint with the world of realities and succumbs in the struggle. But it is also the tragedy of an unhappy woman, disappointed in love; and as a result the drama gains in its universal appeal to human interest. For thus *Sappho* becomes a love tragedy. It depicts the passion of love in a great woman, who loves and hates with the vehemence and caprice of those great beings who are accountable only to themselves and to the gods. To the critics who found fault with the drama because it is un-Greek, Grillparzer replied, with satisfaction, that he had written it not for Greeks but for Germans.

The form is strictly classical. The three unities are preserved inviolate, but the technic is that of the master dramatist, who is in no way cramped by the restrictions of form, for he fills it out with an abundance of romantic content. The verses are sonorous, but not so uniformly exalted as those of Goethe's *Iphigenie*.

The lack of action and paucity of events is fully compensated for by depth of psychology, a psychology which emanates from the characters themselves, but also reveals the inner struggles of the poet as an idealist in conflict with life's realities. Sappho's love is a jealous love. Likewise, Grillparzer's affections were poisoned by the green-eyed monster, especially in his youthful friendship with Altmütter and later in his love for Kathi. His love for women, up to this time, had been confined to transient but consuming passions for stage folk, similar to those of most young artistic natures. These experiences had been limited and rather unfortunate, and so, in treating the traditional story of the Greek poetess, he quickened it with certain ideas of love that were inherent in his own nature and experiences. His own love affairs progressed to a certain inflamed point, and then his heart grew cold. Consequently, it is the awakening of love, first love in the young especially, which he depicts again and again. This theme occurs in his *Blanka* and the *Ahnfrau*, we see it in *Sappho* in the relations of Phaon and Melitta, and it recurs in nearly all of the later dramas.

There are other phases of *Sappho* that are interesting and instructive in the light of Grillparzer's further work. There is, for instance, the stock situation of a man between two women, which is very characteristic of Grillparzer's dramas. A sharp contrast is drawn between the mental gifts and social station of Sappho on the one hand, and Phaon and Melitta on the other. This contrast is clearly marked in all the later works, where similar situations or conflicts arise. There is, further, the theme of renunciation, which we find in the *Ahnfrau* and thruout Grillparzer's writings. Renunciation was a basic trait of his character. Greek tragedy teaches moderation and modesty, and this coincides with the poet's own ideas of virtue: renunciation, moderation, and self-restraint. His renunciation was his adjustment to the realities of life; Sappho can not adjust herself, thus her renunciation is the repudiation of life itself. The drama, then, has a double interest: it is not only the poetic expression of a struggle in the poet's own soul, but it foreshadows many phases of his whole life and work.

Grillparzer had proved that he was a poet of real merit and not the sensational author of the *Ahnfrau* alone. But his cultivation of a strict classical model must not be mistaken for a "conversion," or we shall be disappointed to see him at work at a fantastic dream play immediately after the completion of his *Sappho*. The new drama was intended for the *Theater an der Wien*, where the *Ahnfrau* had scored its success. In this work which for many years remained a fragment, *Des Lebens Schattenbild*,[1] the poet reverted to the *genre* of the *Ahnfrau* and sought to re-establish direct connections with the popular (*volkstümlich*) Viennese stage.[2] The verse form, structure, and matter are the same as in the *Ahnfrau*.[3] Grillparzer never entirely dropped the idea of such a dream play up to the time of its completion in 1831. Thruout the years in which he was writing his Greek and historical dramas, this fantastic dream play occupied him and was taking shape in his mind. Thus we see how the bizarre and purely romantic runs parallel with the classical vein in his artistic temperament.

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[1] It is not clear whether this is one of the many dramatic plans with which Grillparzer occupied himself after the success of the *Ahnfrau* and which he abandoned as a result of the adverse criticism of the fate idea in the *Ahnfrau*, and which, further, caused him to blush with shame because of their resemblance to that tragedy. The actor Heurteur, who had won applause in the rôle of Jaromir, was to play the leading rôle, Rustan, and Küstner, a talented but crass actor, was to have the rôle of Zanga, the Moor. Owing to Küstner's objections to a black Zanga and Grillparzer's refusal to make him white, the poet abandoned his plans when the first act was barely completed. The fragment of 442 verses he published in 1821, as *Des Lebens Schattenbild*. Later this was developed into the dream play, *Der Traum, ein Leben*. See below, pp. lxxiv ff.

[2] See below, pp. lxxvi f.

[3] Spanish trochaic tetrameter, four acts, fantastic subject-matter.

In the success of *Sappho* Austria seemed to see the beginning of a new era in its literary prestige. This beginning was very propitious for Grillparzer. All the drawing rooms of the élite were opened to him, and he was lionized by everyone. Even the powerful court minister, Prince Metternich,[1] received him and assured him of his patronage — no small honor. Austrian officialdom favored the poet, and he says in his autobiography that if he had never undertaken to write anything of more serious import than "whether Hans gets his Grete or not," he would have remained the idol of the government; but hardly did he overstep these limits in his literary work before he was persecuted on all sides.

DRAMATIC POET OF THE IMPERIAL THEATER

Count Stadion, minister of finance, who was in charge of the court theaters, had Grillparzer appointed dramatic poet of the imperial theater in the spring of 1818 for a term of five years, with an annual salary of two thousand gulden in paper money.[2] Unfortunately, the count also had him transferred in the summer from the customs department to the department of the finance bureau, which had charge of the court theaters. At the head of this particular department was an incompetent, unscrupulous man, who tried to estrange the poet from his stanch friend, Schreyvogel. Failing in this malicious scheme, he hated Grillparzer and did all he could to injure him in the estimation of his fellow officials, who accused the poet of indolence and were jealous of the privileges he enjoyed under the protection of Count Stadion. It must be said in defense of Grillparzer that his transfer was made with the understanding that he was to have leisure for his literary work, it being stipulated that all his dramas were to go to the imperial theater.

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[1] See below, pp. cvi f.

[2] Not quite $350 per annum, but a respectable salary in those days. A gulden in paper money was worth about 16 cents. See also note to p. xxiv.

Das goldene Vlies Begun

The strain of the past years had greatly affected the poet's health. His mother was also ill, so he took her in June 1818 to Baden, a health resort near Vienna, for rest and recuperation. Here a copy of Hederich's *Mythologisches Lexikon* fell into his hands, and he happened to read the legend of Medea, the sorceress, which he knew very well. In fact he had noted in his diary, the year before, his desire to write a tragedy on the subject, and now he realized more than ever the value of the legend for dramatic treatment. His ill health did not permit him to set to work at once, but his vivid imagination arranged the whole story of the quest of the golden fleece in the form of a trilogy, altho he doubted the expediency of this dramatic form for the stage. A visit to the springs of Gastein restored him to health, and he returned to Vienna at the end of the summer.

He was in the best of spirits and ready for work. He studied ancient sources[1] carefully and worked rapidly, as was his wont when inspiration seized him. The one-act *Gastfreund* was written in seven days[2] and the first three acts of the second part of the trilogy, *Die Argonauten*, were completed in a fortnight.[3] Then his progress was interrupted by the increasing ill health of his mother, whose high-strung nervous system had broken down. Her melancholia made her subject to hallucinations, she was seized with spells of insanity, and in an unbalanced moment she took her own life, January 24, 1819. It was only a little over a year since his youngest brother had ended his life. His remaining two brothers were a constant source of worry. The poet may well have felt that fate gradually was closing in upon him too. Might he not end like his brother and mother? His mother had been his closest companion and dearest friend; she was his care and his refuge. Their life had been idyllic, he says in his autobiography, and he continues: "She had no will but mine, and I never thought of having a wish that was not hers." Grillparzer felt that he had lost the only friend to whom he could reveal his inmost thoughts.

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[1] Grillparzer was influenced especially by the epic, *Argonautica*, of Apollonios Rhodios, and the tragedy, *Medea*, of Euripides.

[2] September 29 to October 5, 1818.

[3] October 20 to November 3, 1818.

The Italian Journey

The poet was utterly crushed by the death of his mother. His physicians ordered him to leave Vienna at once, and so, in order to recover from the awful shock, he started for Italy on March 24, 1819. He traveled with Count Deym, imperial chamberlain, hastening to join the emperor and empress, who were traveling in Italy. Accidentally the poet later made the acquaintance of Count Wurmbrand, lord steward to the empress, who was a member of the imperial party. He admired Grillparzer greatly and invited him to travel and live with him thruout his visit in Italy. The count repeatedly offered to present the poet to the empress, with a view to securing for him the position of private secretary to her imperial majesty. But Grillparzer steadfastly refused. The rumor spread at home, nevertheless, not only that the poet was a member of the imperial party, but also that he had actually been appointed secretary to the empress. This false rumor later caused him much embarrassment and did him great harm.

The four months in Italy were spent to good advantage by the poet, who reveled in the beauties of architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and especially in the southern landscape. He came into touch with many interesting people and was on the whole quite happy. Nevertheless, his trip was a disappointment to him. He had pitched his hopes too high and was therefore doomed to disappointment. Thus, altho the journey brought him much, it did not furnish him all that he had looked and hoped for. Unlike Goethe, whose Italian journey was a new birth and who felt the influence of it thruout his life, Grillparzer failed to find that peace and calm for which he pined. He received many impressions and some inspiration, but on the whole he returned in essence the same man that he was when he went, unmoved in his inner being.

The benefits that he had received were quickly taken away from him on his return to Vienna. In the first place, he had exceeded the limit of his leave of absence, and even tho an extension of time had been granted him by the emperor himself, Grillparzer's immediate superiors made him feel keenly their displeasure. Furthermore, on the pretext that he had been appointed private secretary to the empress, as rumor had it, they had promoted another official to a position which Grillparzer had hoped to receive. These annoyances preyed upon his health, and altho he had just returned from a long vacation, he again asked for leave, which was readily granted. Thus, time after time, it seemed as if the officials encouraged him in his official apathy, so as to have a tangible excuse for not promoting him.

PERSECUTIONS

But the direst result of his Italian journey was yet to come. In the fall of 1819 Grillparzer had published a series of lyric poems inspired by his trip, among them one which he had written in Rome, *Die Ruinen des Campo vaccino in Rom.* In this he gave poetic vent to his grief over the downfall of antiquity, symbolized by the ruins of the Colosseum, and commiserated the noble ruin which had to bear the symbol of the conqueror, the Christian cross. The poem is simply the outburst of a poet, but it gave offense to the over-pious in the higher circles.[1] Grillparzer was accused of being a heretic, and the emperor demanded a written defense and apology. This the poet wrote, but not without bitter words of self-justification. For the time being this satisfied the officials, but the aristocratic society that had protected and patronized the poet now dropped him, and the effects of the incident continually restricted his career both as poet and government official. His poetical works were viewed with suspicion, and his requests for advancement in office were refused, altho his merits were admitted by the emperor himself, who would have been willing to promote him, "if he had not had that affair with the pope," as the phrase ran.[2]

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[1] The whole signature of the *Taschenbuch*, *Aglaja*, in which it appeared, was torn out of the edition.

[2] Denounced as heretical, and being forbidden, the poem had the very widest circulation. Everybody wanted a copy, and those who could not obtain one in print copied the poem in writing. Thus, says Grillparzer, this poem became more widely circulated and better known than anything else he ever wrote. If no attention had been paid to it by the government, it would have remained unnoticed and would have proved to be perfectly harmless.

DAS GOLDENE VLIES COMPLETED

All these personal and official annoyances robbed the poet of his poetic inspiration. When he resumed his work on the trilogy of the golden fleece, which had been so clear in his conception before his journey to Italy, he was horrified to find that it had vanished completely from his memory. He despaired of ever being able to complete the tragedy. Turning to music for consolation, he happened to play with the daughter of Karoline Pichler certain symphonies that he had been accustomed to play with his mother four-handed, while evolving his plans for the trilogy, and was delighted to find that scene upon scene was revived in his memory. Eagerly he set to work, and in less than three months the remaining acts of the trilogy were finished.[1]

The first performance was delayed, however, for more than a year.[2] When finally staged, the trilogy was received with deferential but cool interest, and the poet was greatly disappointed in his Viennese public. Thru the choice of actors and on account of certain abridgments that were made in the second part, the drama suffered and did not maintain itself long on the stage. The book, published in 1822, did not need a second edition.[1] In 1857, thru the efforts of Laube,[2] the trilogy was revived and performed for a few years. Nowadays only the *Medea* is played, but it has remained one of the most popular of Grillparzer's stage dramas, and many renowned actresses have won their greatest fame in the title rôle.

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[1] From November 2, 1819, to January 20, 1820. Grillparzer tells us how he worked, in spite of the many persecutions and annoyances to which he was subjected. Thus he wrote the song of Kreusa (*Medea*, Act II), while waiting for a stormy interview in the antechamber of the prefect of police.

[2] *Der Gastfreund* and *Die Argonauten* were played on March 26, and *Medea* on March 27, 1821.

Der Gastfreund is a prolog. It lays the foundation for the important events of the other two parts of the trilogy.[3] Medea, the daughter of the barbaric king, Æetes, leads the life of an Amazon on the rugged shores of Colchis, unhampered by the conventions that are usually considered the necessary qualities of the gentler sex. She roams over the hills with bow and arrow, independent and free from care, superior to all by virtue of the magic arts which she has inherited from her semi-divine mother. She repudiates all authority; she is the creature of free will, and hates all who bow to the authority of others. Thus she banishes from her presence Peritta, her faithful companion and maid, who for love has surrendered her will to the authority of a husband.

Phryxus, a Greek exiled from home, comes to Colchis. Obeying an oracle, he bears the golden fleece, the symbol of victory and revenge. Æetes, inflamed with greed for the stranger's riches, treacherously slays his guest in spite of the warnings of his daughter. He thus gains possession of the coveted fleece, which is besmirched with blood, and the revenge of the gods descends upon him and his land. Tho Medea had tried to prevent the crime, she must share in the curse of the family and the country.

In *Die Argonauten* Jason, with his companions in arms, lands on the shores of Colchis, seeking to gain the golden fleece and to avenge the foul murder of Phryxus. He meets Medea, who is dazzled by the splendor of his appearance, mistakes him for a god, and is thrown off her guard. Even after she realizes that he is mortal, she is overpowered by her love for him, and resistance is in vain. She obeys his commands, and against her better judgment she saves him from destruction, lending him her indispensable assistance in wresting the golden fleece from the venomous dragon that guards it. It is her will against Jason's, and she, shaken by the curse that rests upon the family, and disarmed by her love for Jason, succumbs. His will is the stronger. She forsakes her father and her native land to follow the dictates of her heart, accompanied by her father's curse. Her brother is destroyed in the conflict, and her father, made insane by his misfortunes, puts an end to his life. Thus the golden fleece, gained thru destruction, has brought destruction to all who coveted it.

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[1] There was an unauthorized reprint in 1823.

[2] See below, p. xc.

[3] Like the *Lager* in Schiller's *Wallenstein*.

The union of Jason and Medea, begun under such sinister auspices, is the theme of the third part, *Medea*. After years of wandering, Jason returns to Greece with the fleece and with Medea his wife. Children have been born to them. Jason's uncle, who had usurped his ancestral throne, comes to a sad end under the spell of covetousness inspired by the fleece. Accused of murder, Jason and Medea are banished and seek protection in the land of Creon, King of Corinth. Jason, cleared of suspicion, is received with open arms, but Medea is only tolerated. She sees Jason's love waning, and she feels in this the effect of her father's curse, but it is too late to turn back. So she takes the final step of renouncing Colchis entirely, by endeavoring to adapt herself to Greek customs and garb, in order to win Jason's love anew. But in vain. The charms of Creusa, Jason's boyhood sweetheart, are too potent. And so when the scheming Creon arranges to have Jason abandon Medea and marry his daughter Creusa, the ambitious egoist readily consents. Creusa, pure but inexperienced, obeys her father's wishes. The children are to remain with Jason and Creusa. Medea is incensed, but her pride gives her strength. She hopes to retain at least one of the children; but when both reject her and cling to her beautiful, hated rival, her maternal instincts are converted into something demoniac. She destroys her rival and slays her offspring. Jason, undone, drags out his weary life; but Medea, her vengeance complete, restores the fleece to the gods and places her fate in their hands.

The development of Medea's character thru will and love, and the destructive power of the "will to live," of greed and ambition, exemplified in Jason and symbolized by the fleece, are the motive forces that bind the three parts of the trilogy into a unified whole. In the *Ahnfrau* an external fate rules the destiny of the characters; in *Sappho* predestination is the undoing of the heroine; in *Das goldene Vlies* we have Grillparzer's first tragedy of the will. The conflict between Jason and Medea is the clash of two wills; tho free agents, their will is nevertheless conditioned and even destroyed by certain external forces and psychic impulses which shape their course in life, directing them towards a goal that is not their avowed objective. These external and psychic forces are potent only thru their influence on the free will of the characters, resulting in a perversity of instinct which makes them untrue to their better selves.

These elements are symbolized by the golden fleece. The fleece does not determine the evil, it merely symbolizes the psychic forces that are at work in the human heart — the desire for fame and gain at all costs. In the acquisition of gain and in the attainment of fame, crimes are committed that demand atonement. The forces are irresistible, and they are the undoing of all who come under their influence.

Medea, realizing the potency of these forces in shaping her fate, seeks a way out; she says, "Klar sei der Mensch und einig mit sich selbst." This postulate, expressed clearly in Medea's words for the first time in Grillparzer's dramas, is basic in his life and works. Failure to attain this goal is life's tragedy, great or small, and on it hinge many of Grillparzer's tragedies. Medea leaves her natural surroundings and becomes untrue to herself. Her better nature is made the victim of forces that are inherent in her and yet are determined by supreme powers without. Ottokar, blinded by ambition, greed, and megalomania, can not see his situation clearly and is undone;[1] Hero allows herself to drift into a situation that is foreign to her true nature, so that when her true nature asserts itself she is brought into tragic conflict with the vows of her chosen walk in life;[2] Libussa, on the other hand, becomes the victim of an altruism which makes her untrue to her inner essence, and in the conflict she succumbs.[3] The failure to see the situation clearly, or, seeing it, to adjust oneself to it, is the essence of all tragedy.

Medea's love for Jason blinds her to her patriotic duty. She struggles against her love and yet she follows Jason open-eyed. She renounces her fatherland and becomes untrue to herself as she tries to retain her husband's affections. When all is in vain, her love assumes demoniacal proportions in her fury of revenge. It is all for the love of a man. Medea is a strong, vindictive nature with a touch of soft-heartedness: her human susceptibility to love, and especially her maternal instincts. The catastrophe, for which the whole trilogy prepares, is due to the outraged maternal feelings in this frenzied barbarian woman, who has enough of the finer sensibilities to feel the crushing blow of her failure to grasp those things for which she longs and which she sees others take from her and enjoy with apparent impunity. In spite of the demoniacal character of his heroine, Grillparzer has imbued her with intense human interest.

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[1] See below, pp. liv ff.

[2] See below, p. cxix.

[3] See below, pp. xcvii ff.

Jason is a confirmed egoist, fond of big words, but weak in moral fiber. He forces his will upon Medea in winning her love. Misled by youthful passion, he makes a grave mistake, and his life becomes a tragedy. In uncouth Colchis the barbarian maid seems attractive, in cultured Greece she becomes abhorrent to him. He forgets his vows in seeking to regain his lost prestige, and ruthlessly casts Medea, his victim, aside.

The tragic incompatibility of these two disparate souls is pictured against a background of two incompatible civilizations: the romantic-barbaric elements of wild, rugged Colchis, and the classic-cultured atmosphere of bright, sunny Greece. The conflict between the two is embodied in Medea's aspirations. The finer instincts of the barbarian maid are attracted to the representative of a superior culture. She instinctively longs to be like him; she fails and is undone, because her way is paved with sin, tho involuntary sin. Grillparzer uses metrical and linguistic means to characterize the two states of culture. The Greeks speak in regular iambic pentameters, the Colcheans utter an irregular, uneven verse.[1]

There is a striking contrast between Sappho's subjectivity and Medea's objective attitude towards her fate. When Grillparzer wrote *Sappho* he had had conflicts, to be sure, but they were comparatively small. The great problems of life had been met in theory only, and the outcome was depicted as fatal. As a poet and mere theorist he could not fight his battles. But by the time he finished the trilogy of the golden fleece, he himself had been brought to the very brink of self-destruction. Life's great problems had become a reality; and he had conquered. As a man he always won the battle, and had now come to the conclusion that whatever our weaknesses, whatever our unhappiness, we must hold onto life as it is given us. We can not and must not let go; the end is in the hands of God. This is not pessimism; it is optimistic resignation and adjustment to the inevitable, after a storm-tossed life, not the dissolution after one supreme, brief struggle, as in *Sappho*. Will not the gods give the sin-laden Medea new life, reward for fighting against adversity, no matter how great her weaknesses and sin? If *Sappho* reflects Grillparzer the poet, *Medea* reflects Grillparzer the man. Where the poet was weak in theory, the man was compensatorily strong in reality.

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[1] Later, after Medea has come into contact with the Greeks and has absorbed some of their culture, she also speaks in blank verse, but towards the end of the trilogy, when the old Colchean spirit has seized her, she reverts to the broken verses, especially in her conversations with Gora, her old faithful maid and nurse.

Das goldene Vlies was the last of Grillparzer's dramas to be staged under the regimen of Count Stadion as director of the imperial theaters.[1] Two years later Grillparzer's contract as dramatic poet of the imperial theater terminated, but Count Stadion gave him a position in the bureau of finance, somewhat of a sinecure, which brought him into the closest personal relations with his patron and improved his material condition. But when Stadion died in 1824, the poet's preferment ceased, and he labored on in his subordinate position for many years.

Love and Engagement: Katharina Fröhlich

Grillparzer's personal charm seems to have appealed strongly to women. As a result he had many affairs of the heart, but none of them endured long, because he could not surrender himself for any length of time.

Karoline Pichler, the novelist, whose home was the rendezvous of the élite of Vienna, describes the poet in 1817 as follows: "Grillparzer could not be called handsome, but his slender figure of more than medium height, his beautiful blue eyes which gave his features an expression of depth and kindliness, a wealth of dark-blond locks — all combined to give him an appearance which one would not soon forget, even if the wealth of his highly cultivated mind and noble soul had not so plainly manifested itself in everything he said and did."

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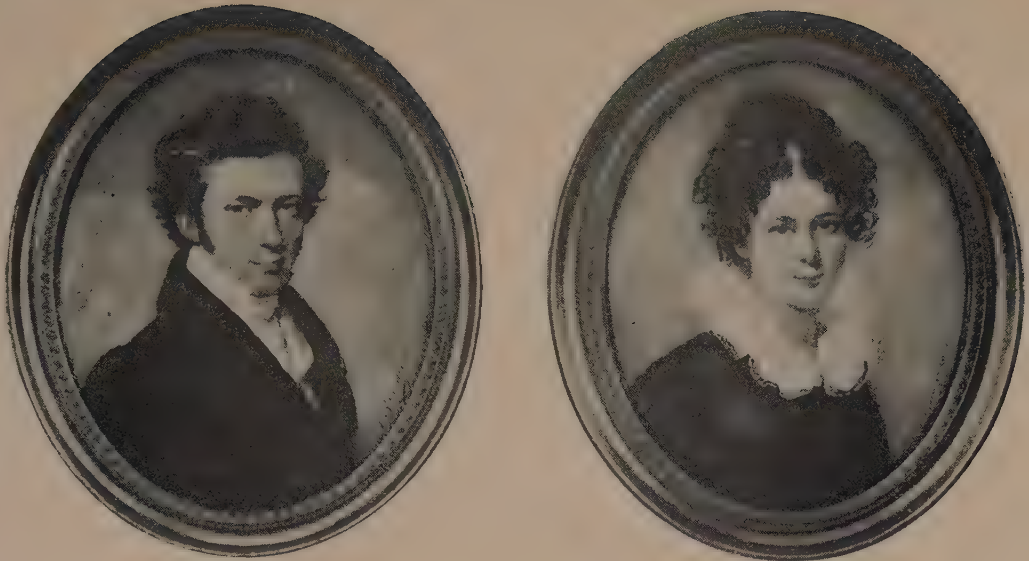
[1] The count resigned his post in April, 1821.



Grillparzer and Kathi Fröhlich in 1823

From aquarelle medallions by M. M. Daffinger
In Grillparzer Museum, Vienna

The first love adventure of any seriousness [1] in which the poet's heart became entangled was with Charlotte von Paumgarten, the wife of his cousin. The affair began when the celebrated poet of the *Ahnfrau* became the cynosure of admiring women in 1818. Charlotte, a beautiful, passionate coquette, fell in love with the poet, who returned her love, and his relations with her were the source of much agony and torment to him, until his heart grew cold and he broke off the affair in 1822.[2] Five years later he was called to her bedside. He then learned from her own lips that her love and admiration for him had been deeper and more serious than he had dreamed, and that her unhappy passion had been too much for her to bear. The poet was not especially moved by this declaration, but when informed of her death shortly after, he was tormented by his conscience and accused himself of being the cause of her death.

A touching, romantic episode in the poet's life is the love of a young girl, Marie von Piquot, who gave her heart to him without his even suspecting it. When Grillparzer became engaged to Kathi Fröhlich, Marie pined away, and a sudden acute illness proved fatal (1822). Her last will revealed this unhappy secret to her unsuspecting parents, who imparted it to the poet. In her will Marie implored her parents to be kind to the friendless poet and to treat him as a son. Grillparzer was not as deeply moved by this sad incident as we might expect his sensitive nature to be,[1] but this was probably due to the fact that his heart was engrossed at the time in his love for Kathi.

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[1] See above, p. xxxiv.

[2] Grillparzer has given poetical expression to his passion for Charlotte and his relapse into cold-heartedness in his portrayal of Jason's glowing passion for Medea and his later infidelity to her.

In the spring of 1821, before he had fully broken with Charlotte, Grillparzer met the young woman whose name is inseparably connected with his own, Katharine Fröhlich. He called her "Katti" in his Viennese dialect.[2] She was the second of four very attractive and artistically gifted sisters. Their modest *salon* attracted many artists, including Moritz von Schwind and Franz Schubert. The latter composed some of his most beautiful songs for the Fröhlich sisters, and one of his Serenades[3] was composed for the youngest sister, Josephine, who was a singer of renown, appearing later in operatic rôles in Germany, Denmark,[4] Scandinavia, and Italy.

Grillparzer's heroes all fall in love at first sight, but this was not the case with Grillparzer himself. For some time he could not choose between the four charming sisters, and at the first meeting with Kathi, ten years his junior, he was actually repelled by her light-hearted, flippant manner. But soon her beautiful face, with the dark brown hair and flashing brown eyes, cast a spell over the poet. Her vivacity and animation captivated him, and his heart surrendered. They loved each other dearly, but soon there were quarrels, for he was stubborn and jealous, and she was jealous and stubborn. There were many quarrels and there was much forgiving.

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[1] As he relates in *Ein Erlebnis*. See footnote on p. xxx.

[2] He also calls her Lucia and Monimia in his diary. Monimia is the heroine of Otway's tragedy *The Orphan*. The name is derived from the Greek "monimos," meaning "faithful and true."

[3] The words were furnished by Grillparzer: "Zögernd stille," etc. Cf. *Sämtliche Werke*, ed. Sauer, Vol. I, pp. 247–8. Schubert's famous oratorio *Mirjams Siegesgesang* is a composition of Grillparzer's cantata of the same name.

[4] For a time she was private singer to the King of Denmark.

Nevertheless, the years 1822 and 1823 are the happiest and most hopeful in the poet's whole life. In spite of their many disagreements, deluded by the adage that "true love never runs smoothly," they set the day for the wedding, bought their furniture, and planned everything. It seemed as tho happiness had come at last. But another quarrel took place, and the wedding was postponed. Both lovers suffered intensely, as they hovered between doubt and desire. Kathi became violently ill, and Grillparzer's love cooled little by little. The wedding was still talked of, but it was destined never to take place.

König Ottokars Glück und Ende

Under the influence of his happiness, during the first few years of his engagement to Kathi, Grillparzer was inspired with such a love and eagerness for work as he had never felt before and never experienced again. This change in his private life broadened his interests and sympathies. He forgot his own woes, which had colored his previous dramas, and occupied himself with the conflicts of others. Hence his first successful historical tragedy, *König Ottokars Glück und Ende*, which was completed in September 1823, is his most objective work.

We have seen that history was his favorite study in his school days. He formulated many plans for historical dramas in his youthful years, but he could not develop them to his satisfaction. As early as 1819 he became interested in the personality and fate of Ottokar II, the great Bohemian king of the thirteenth century, as a typical example of "arrogance and its fall." The downfall of Napoleon was still fresh in the memory of everyone. The poet had read everything available on the life and career of this great world-conqueror, and had been struck by certain, tho remote, resemblances between the two tyrants, Ottokar and Napoleon, in both private and public life. He plunged into a mass of reading, and studied in great detail Bohemian and Austrian history, but he was not able to master his material at that time, so as to bring it within the range of a five-act drama. When, in 1822, the details lay clear before him, he set to work and composed with his characteristic rapidity.

The tragedy deals with the conflict between the rich, powerful, overbearing King Ottokar and the self-denying but resourceful Count Rudolf, the first of the Hapsburg dynasty. Ottokar has, thru strenuous but selfish efforts, built up a mighty kingdom and seems about to crown his success by gaining the imperial scepter.

He has no heir to continue his glory, and his queen, the Austrian princess Margaret, is barren; so he ruthlessly divorces her. This act, only a minor incident of expediency in his eyes, is the immediate cause of his downfall. The imperial electors, informed of his arrogance and of his wrong to Margaret, choose not Ottokar but the obscure Rudolf as German emperor. The great king's second marriage to Kunigunde of Hungary is not happy. She is untrue to him. Ottokar estranges his faithful vassals. He refuses to recognize the realm and its representative, Emperor Rudolf, and wages war. His losses, however, and the good offices of his faithful chancellor induce him to swear allegiance to the realm. But he feels his humiliation keenly and, taunted by his ambitious queen, repudiates his oath of allegiance. The conflict is begun anew, but his spirit is broken, and he falls, a victim of his own arrogance and wrongdoing.

In a masterful manner Grillparzer has compressed twenty-seven years of history into a five-act tragedy,[1] instead of using the trilogy form as Schiller had done in *Wallenstein*. The technic of the historical drama Grillparzer learned thru his study of Schiller, however, and of Shakspere. Ottokar is depicted as the great egoist, representing his own individual cause, in conflict with the noble, unselfish Rudolf, who feels in his imperial office only the dignity of the empire which he represents. It is the conflict of the individual against the greater unit, the state, and the rebellious individual is sacrificed.

With great skill the poet has so interwoven the political struggle with Ottokar's domestic life as to account for the downfall of the blustering pretender and also to win our sympathy for the deluded man. With powerful strokes the poet hurls his hero to his doom, but the catastrophe is perhaps too sentimental and elegiac for the undoing of a great figure. Yet in this way Grillparzer has emphasized the human side of the arrogant monarch and has thus kept him within the bounds of human sympathy. Further, the religious virtue of Rudolf is true to history and in striking contrast to the self-sufficiency of Ottokar. The tragic fate of Ottokar is the fate of the individual who succumbs to necessity. He is the victim of his purely human ambition and arrogance, which obfuscate conscience and reason, so that he becomes untrue to his better nature and opposes justice to the bitter end. Emperor Rudolf, on the other hand, preserves his poise; he is ever true to his better self, and is victorious as the protagonist of right and justice.

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[1] 1251–1278. The first ten years of Ottokar's career are treated in the exposition; the action proper begins with the divorce of Margaret, in 1261.

Each character in the drama is sharply delineated, both in action and words. The careful study of Shakspere and Lope de Vega has exercised a potent influence upon our poet. Ottokar and Rudolf, the two queens and Berta (the former mistress of Ottokar) stand out in striking contrast to each other, and the Bohemians and Germans are individualized in masterful delineation. All incidents are motivated naturally; chance plays no part. The psychology of the characters is revealed not only in their words but in their deeds. Thus the drama shows a great development in the poet's technic since writing *Sappho* and *Das goldene Vlies*.

Altho the tragedy glorifies the foundation of the house of Hapsburg, and reflects the intense patriotism of its author, it was suppressed for a year and a half by the government censor. Grillparzer had almost given it up for lost when, thru the intervention of the emperor himself, its performance was allowed.[1]

People crowded to see the drama that was so dangerous and scandalous that it had been forbidden for so long a time. But they saw only a dignified historical tragedy. They were disappointed and supplied the lack of scandal with the help of their imagination, which fabricated hidden reflections on important contemporary personages. They seemed to find in the drama everything except just that which the poet wished them to find. The critics, as a rule, revealed their stupidity. The poet was amused but disappointed, and the illness of one of the actors resulted in the withdrawal of the tragedy from the stage after a few performances.

There were more serious results than that for the poet, however. The Bohemians objected to Grillparzer's portrayal of their most glorious monarch. Protests and vile insults were addressed to the poet; and so the drama which eulogized the Austrian imperial house was received, not as a proof of the poet's stanch patriotism, nor as a masterpiece of dramatic art, but as a work which stamped its author an indiscreet writer and a man dangerous to the welfare of the state.

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[1] February 19, 1825. Historical dramas were under suspicion in the days of the Metternich régime. Even Schiller's historical tragedies were under the ban. We must remember the mixture of races in the dual monarchy that makes precaution a necessary virtue of the government even to the present day. The drama was published the same year.

VISIT TO GERMANY: GOETHE

The future lay before the harassed poet like a gray, impenetrable wall. He had neither the courage nor the strength to scale or break thru it. He felt that the struggle was in vain and that his sincerest efforts and greatest merits availed nothing. His torture was increased to the point where even thoughts of suicide arose within him. The situation was aggravated by his growing conviction that he and Kathi were not suited to each other. His private life was thus also undermined.

To escape from his melancholy Grillparzer joined a society called the *Ludlamshöhle*, a club of authors, artists and musicians, whose sole purpose was good fellowship and unrestrained merriment. But an over-zealous superintendent of police, hoping to win imperial favor, decided to investigate the organization on the suspicion that it was a secret political society. A raid was accordingly made on the meeting place, in April 1826, the records of the society and the private papers of its members were confiscated, and the members themselves were placed under arrest. An edict had been issued that forbade government officials to join secret societies, so Grillparzer was detained in his home the following day under strict police surveillance. The police soon saw that they had made a stupid blunder, but in order to be consistent and to cover up their error they sentenced the offending parties. The verdict was of course reversed by the supreme magistrates, and the affair soon blew over, but it left a feeling of deep resentment and bitterness in the poet's mind, and he felt the effects of the incident in his official career.

Under such conditions Grillparzer could not find the peace of mind necessary for productivity. His artistic impotency filled him with anguish, he felt the need of a change of atmosphere, and so he planned a trip for diversion (*Zerstreuung*), as he called it. He would go to Germany and make the acquaintance of men of letters there, he would talk with Goethe; perhaps that would be the tonic which he felt was his only salvation. Unconsciously he toyed with the idea of choosing a residence in Germany, where conditions would allow him to develop his genius unhampered by so many annoyances.

On August 21 he left Vienna with a heavy heart and proceeded by way of Prague to Dresden, Leipzig, Berlin, and Weimar. He had been warned not to pass thru Prague, on account of the hatred that had been engendered there by his *Ottokar*. Rather to his surprise, therefore, he experienced no unpleasantness in the Czechish capital. Everywhere en route he was entertained by distinguished Germans.

Grillparzer's real objective was Weimar. He wanted to visit Goethe, the patriarch of the literary world, whose home was the Mecca of all artists and people of prominence during the latter years of his life. The nearer our modest poet approached the abode of the Muses, the more presumptuous his daring seemed, and he planned over and over again to turn back. But he really arrived in Weimar on September 28. Goethe received him very cordially and entertained him several times in his home. One of these attentions was an invitation to dinner. Grillparzer was the guest of honor. As Goethe took him by the hand and conducted him into the dining room, Grillparzer was overpowered by a feeling of worthlessness. That the man, the almost mythical personage, who seemed to him to be the "embodiment of German poetry," should show him, the obscure and faulty dramatist, such courtesy and attention, was too much for his inborn modesty, and he burst into tears. Goethe rescued him from this awkward and embarrassing situation, the evening passed very pleasantly, and the Weimarians who were present said that Goethe had not been so merry and talkative in a long time.[1]

It was Goethe's custom to have a local artist make crayon portraits of all guests who interested him, and this honor was bestowed upon Grillparzer. The Weimar patriarch furnished further proof of his interest in the Austrian poet. Indirectly he invited Grillparzer to spend the evening with him, but our poet was so filled with awe at the thought of spending a whole evening alone with the great literary master that he let Goethe wait for him in vain. Naturally, Goethe felt offended; yet he was very friendly and courteous when Grillparzer came to take final leave. He expressed the wish that Grillparzer should write to "them." This use of the plural the sensitive poet interpreted as a lack of personal interest in him on the part of Goethe, and so he did not write. He determined, however, to dedicate his next play to Goethe, but when *Ein treuer Diener seines Herrn* was ready for the press, he felt that it was "too crude and violent" to do honor to the patriarch of classical poetry, and so the dedication was never written. As a result of Grillparzer's ignoring Goethe's advances, the sage of Weimar, altho really favorably impressed by Grillparzer's personality and talents, never mentioned him again in his letters or conversations. Thus what might have been a very helpful influence upon Grillparzer's further development was rendered impossible by the inherent doubt of our poet in his own ability and worth.

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[1] A droll incident of the occasion is related by Grillparzer in his autobiography. He writes: "In the fervor of our conversation I picked at the piece of bread that was lying near my plate, as is an old habit of mine. Thus I made untidy crumbs. Goethe gently put his finger on each one and collected them into an orderly heap. I did not notice this for some time, and then I desisted from my handiwork."

While sojourning in Weimar Grillparzer was treated as something of a lion. The Duke himself received him, and all the prominent people crowded about him. On the day of his departure, October 3, a banquet was given in his honor, which was attended by "half the town," and he was escorted to his stage coach amid the huzzas of his admirers, escorted by a band.

Notwithstanding the many disappointments that Grillparzer experienced on his trip, he returned to Vienna refreshed, improved in health, and stimulated, eager for further poetical work. He resolved to write one play each year and to abandon forever his habitual hypochondria.

EIN TREUER DIENER SEINES HERRN

Grillparzer had previously worked out in detail many dramatic plans, which he hoped to develop. As he now cast about for a subject, he determined to profit by his past experiences with the censor, and so he chose a theme which he believed would be least likely to meet with opposition, altho the subject matter in and of itself attracted him less than many of his other plans.

About a year before this, the empress had requested him to write a drama for performance at her coronation as Queen of Hungary, September 25, 1825. He found no material suited to the occasion, however, and so a very mediocre poet furnished the desired play and won great favor. Altho Grillparzer had lost this opportunity, he had, while searching thru the Hungarian chronicles, come across a story connected with the reign of King Andrew II, in the thirteenth century. Inspiration was lacking at the time, and so the plan was dropped. Now, refreshed by his trip to Germany, about the middle of October 1826, he set to work, and his new play, *Ein treuer Diener seines Herrn*, was completed December 5.[1]

The hero, Bancbanus, is the embodiment of the categorical imperative of Kant, in sacrificing completely his personal rights and happiness for the good of the state. When the king departs to suppress a rebellion in Galicia, he places the scepter in the hands of the queen, but he appoints his faithful palatine Bancbanus vice-regent, imposing upon him the special duty of guarding the royal household and of preserving peace in the land. Bancbanus is true to his charge. He attends faithfully to the affairs of state, while the queen indulges in social diversions. Meanwhile her brother Otto, a German prince, taking advantage of Bancban's complete absorption in the king's business, shamefully forces his love upon the palatine's beautiful young wife Erny. She spurns Otto, but allows herself to be entangled in his network of intrigue, the only escape from which is death by her own hand. Her kinsmen accuse Otto of the murder and demand his deliverance into their hands; but their plans for vengeance are frustrated by the declaration of the queen, who takes the crime upon herself. Rebellion ensues. Faithful to duty, Bancbanus, having failed in his effort to suppress the uprising, which is led by his own kin, flees with the queen and the little crown prince, followed by Otto, whose unbridled petulancy has changed into insanity of fear. The queen is slain by a blow intended for her brother. Having rescued the heir to the throne, Bancbanus puts down the rebellion and delivers his own kinsmen into custody. The king returns, and Bancbanus restores to him the state, now reduced to peace. Realiizing that his palatine has served him faithfully at all personal costs, the king offers him a post next to the throne, but Bancbanus declines the honor and returns to private life to mourn the death of his innocent, pure wife.

Schreyvogel did not like the drama, but he produced it nevertheless at the imperial theater, February 28,

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[1] It was published in 1830.

1828. The adverse opinion of Schreyvogel and the resultant doubts of the poet were not reflected in the enthusiasm of the audience, who called for the author to appear before the curtain. He would not show himself until ordered to do so by the emperor himself. Grillparzer did not feel especially flattered by this great ovation, for, as he says in his autobiography, the drama did not satisfy any longing in his soul.

There must have been some satisfaction in the enthusiastic reception of his work. But whatever joy he may have felt was quickly dispersed on the day following the first performance. The emperor sent word that the drama had pleased him so much that he desired to be the sole possessor of the manuscript. Furthermore, the drama should be at once withdrawn from the stage, and he would pay the poet full indemnity. Grillparzer was dumfounded; but he saw thru the scheme at once. Altho he reluctantly expressed his willingness to obey the wishes of his monarch and even named his price, he saved his tragedy from oblivion. There had most likely been copies made over which he had no control, he said, and so the bargain with the emperor was dropped. After a few performances the drama disappeared from the stage, however, and it was not revived for about thirty years.

Why the emperor wanted to destroy the play, Grillparzer was never able to ascertain. It is possible that he was offended by the portrayal of the mad German prince, Otto, and by the depiction of German character in general as inferior to Hungarian virtue. Then, too, the conflict between the Hungarians and the Germans may have seemed dangerous at just this time, when there was much unrest in Hungary that threatened the peace of the empire.

The verdict of contemporaneous critics, repeated only too often at the present time, that the drama is nothing but an apotheosis of servility, is unjustly narrow. Altho the tragedy has never been popular, especially on the stage, it contains much of the dramatist's best work, and from a biographical standpoint is his most interesting drama. The characters are drawn from living models; the moral and ethics of the play are a revelation of the poet's own soul and character. He was a stanch monarchist, believing that loyalty of citizenship finds its sublimest expression in duty and service to the state. Not the individual but the government must be paramount, no matter how sorely the individual may be tried. Bancbanus, the official unswerving in his loyalty, is a type that Grillparzer met every day among the bureaucrats, and to a certain extent he is the official Grillparzer himself.

The stamp of realism is perhaps nowhere in the poet's works more deeply impressed, unless it be in his *Jüdin von Toledo*.[1] The sharp delineation of character, under the influence of Lope de Vega and Shakspere, surpasses that of his *Ottokar;* and to the study of these two masters he owes also the racy action and the portrayal of the many divergent and seemingly contradictory qualities of human character. There is nothing in German drama more truly Shaksperean than the opening scenes of this tragedy, little more daring than the portrayal of Otto's character, and nothing more characteristic of Grillparzer himself than the closing scenes.

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[1] See below, pp. ci f.

Moreover, the danger of greatness, or of attempted greatness, which the poet felt so keenly, is again portrayed; also the necessity of inner peace and calm. Bancbanus, a retiring, modest man, emerges, tho unwillingly, from his seclusion and is forced into a situation that is foreign to his nature. His inborn moral courage allows him to preserve his poise, but a tragedy is the inevitable result, because he is out of joint with his environment. Thus even a deep-seated sense of duty, tho exaggerated, may bring tragic results, and in this we have a revelation of Grillparzer's own heart and soul, in fact a reflection of his whole life.

MELUSINA: BEETHOVEN

"I have learned the melody of verse thru music," said Grillparzer during an interview with Beethoven. Few, if any, poets have been endowed with musical gifts equal to those of Grillparzer. Music and poetry were inseparable in his soul. In his intense love for music the poet was a true child of Vienna, the home of many of the greatest composers of modern times. Music filled the air in the Austrian capital; music alone of the arts had *carte blanche* in Austria under the oppressive régime of Prince Metternich. The censor could object to the ideas of poets and philosophers as expressed in words, but the sentiments voiced in music were beyond his control. Thus music developed unhampered, and Grillparzer often envied composers this freedom and advantage.

Not only was Grillparzer's soul exquisitely responsive to musical impressions, but he was a student of music and practised the art in both performance and composition.[1] He was particularly given to improvisation, and could express his inmost feelings as readily on his piano as with his pen. Music pervades his poetry, and plays an important rôle in his dramas; hence their lyrical quality. In both music and drama Grillparzer insisted upon restriction of form. Thus Mozart and his successor, Schubert, were his favorites.

Altho he admired Beethoven more than any other composer, Grillparzer felt that he exceeded the limitations of music. Late in life[2] he expressed this criticism in the following epigram, addressed to the Beethoven enthusiasts: "Like you, I esteemed him highly, but with this difference: where your admiration begins, mine ends."

As a musical critic of deep insight, Grillparzer holds a unique position among poets. He jotted down many thoughts on the subject that attest his penetration into the secrets of this realm of art and make us regret that he never carried out his plan to write a companion piece to Lessing's *Laokoon*, the title of which was to be: *Rossini, or concerning the limits of music and poetry.*

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[1] A rhapsody for the piano was published in 1832. He also composed some songs which, with the exception of a setting of one of Heine's poems, seem never to have been published.

[2] In 1871.

Grillparzer was an intimate friend of Schubert, whose compositions and character he loved. When the young composer died in 1828, the poet felt that he had lost one of his very dearest friends.

Grillparzer's relations with Beethoven form one of the most interesting chapters in the poet's life. His recollections of the composer date back to his boyhood when, a boy of thirteen, he met him at the home of his uncle, Josef Sonnleithner. He saw him often after that at the country places where Beethoven spent his summers, but he did not enter into closer personal relations with him until 1823, when he wrote an opera text for him. Grillparzer had an aversion to librettos, and he doubted that he could write one that would appeal to Beethoven's genius. Nevertheless he made the attempt in his *Melusina*, which is based on the well-known legend. There were many interviews and many changes, and it seems that Beethoven blocked out the general plan of his music for the opera, but never wrote it down. Later, Kreutzer used the libretto for an opera, but it met with little success.[1] These interviews between Grillparzer and Beethoven lasted from 1823 to 1826, and the record of them furnishes a very interesting insight into the ideals of these two great artists.

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[1] Published in 1833.

Beethoven died in 1827, and Grillparzer was asked to write the funeral oration. This was delivered by Anschütz, an actor of the imperial theater. Six months later another oration written by Grillparzer was read at the unveiling of Beethoven's monument. These two orations are essays of lyrical beauty and exalted eloquence, and among the finest tributes ever written in appreciation of the master composer.[1] The man and composer is depicted as follows:

> "For he was an artist, and what he was, he was only by virtue of his art. Life's thorns had wounded him deeply, and as the shipwrecked man clings to the shore, so he sought refuge in thy arms, O Art, sublime sister of all that is good and true, balm of sorrow, sent by heaven. . . . He was an artist, and who can compare with him? As the leviathan plows the deep, so he traversed the realms of his art. From the cooing of the dove to the rolling of the thunder, from the subtlest combinations of an arbitrary technic to that awe-inspiring height where he enters the capricious realm of the warring forces of nature — these realms he traversed and conquered.
>
> "He was an artist, but he was also a man, a man in every, even the highest, sense. Because he shut himself out from the world he was called its enemy; and because he shunned emotion he was called hard-hearted. Ah! he who knows himself to be hard-hearted does not flee. The finest points are those most easily dulled; they bend and break. Excess of emotion avoids emotion! He fled the world, because he found within the entire range of his loving soul no weapon with which to oppose the world. He withdrew from men after he had given them all and had received nothing in return. He remained solitary because he found no one like

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[1] Grillparzer wrote his *Erinnerungen an Beethoven* in 1844–1845, and he also wrote a number of poems and epigrams in admiration of the great composer.

himself. But to his grave he preserved a heart for all mankind, a fatherly heart for his kin, and all there was in him for the whole world."

Grillparzer could write these sympathetic words, for he identified Beethoven, the man, with himself, and it seems as tho the poet were delivering his own funeral oration when he says:

> "Rare are the moments of inspiration in this uninspired age. . . . He who lies here was inspired. Striving, grieving, suffering, sacrificing everything for his ideals and for his art, this man sojourned on earth. — Neither wife nor child had he; scarcely any pleasure, little enjoyment. — If his eye offended him, he plucked it out and went on, on, on to his goal. If a sense of integrity still exists within us in this riven age, let us gather at his grave. Poets and heroes, bards and the divinely inspired have been with us thru the ages, that poor down-trodden mortals might rise again, ever mindful of their origin and of their goal."

Tristia ex Ponto (1824–1830)

The years 1824 to 1830 are the saddest period of the poet's life, when he was plunged to the depths of despair, disappointed in his love and in his Muse. Aflame for brief moments, he sought elusive happiness and inspiration, struggling vainly against the certainty of adverse fate. He resented his cruel lot, but was not yet able to adjust himself to it.

Count Stadion was dead, and his successor, Grillparzer's superior, had no sympathy with the hypochondriac poet and made his life miserable in the bureau. The poetical vigor that Grillparzer had felt upon his return from Weimar soon vanished. His relations with Kathi became more strained and unendurable. He could not renounce her and he could not make up his mind to marry her. On May 9, 1828, he made the following brief entry in his diary: "Separation from K. most likely forever." But it seems that he did not make his decision clear to Kathi until 1830. He visited the Fröhlich sisters regularly and felt that he could not live without them. Thus thru the influence of her sisters Kathi was able to hold him. He saw, further, that a complete break with Kathi would endanger her health, if not her life, and so his sense of duty to the woman who loved him forced him to remain true to her, even tho he felt that he no longer loved her. Kathi had fostered her hope up to this time, and when she now realized that hope was in vain, she was crushed and in 1830 left Vienna with her sister Josephine for Milan, where the latter had an opera engagement. Her letters reveal a saddened heart still clinging anxiously and lovingly to her betrothed.

Grillparzer's struggle with his love for Kathi was rendered the more tragic by the death of Charlotte in 1827,[1] and his indecision was increased by his relapse into an earlier passion for Marie von Smolenitz. He could not give Kathi up, and yet he allowed his heart to be engrossed in another woman. The poet's love for this peculiar creature, who seemed to him half child and half demon, began in 1825, when he lived opposite her home. Her enigmatical nature exerted a diabolical charm over him for a long time. They parted, and she married his friend, the miniature painter Daffinger, in 1827. The marriage was not happy, and there were many domestic quarrels. When these grew too serious, the husband, ignorant of the fact that Grillparzer had been his wife's sweetheart and that she still loved him and still made his heart flutter, fetched the poet and bade him take his wife to task. This was too much for Grillparzer's conscience, and so he avoided the home of the Daffingers as much as possible; for the beauty and coquetry of Marie cast such a spell over him that he could not shake off her fetters. In 1829 he closed his heart against her, however, and devoted himself to Kathi, but with a heart that remained cold, in spite of the arrows which Cupid shot at rare moments.

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[1] See above, p. li.

The struggles of these years gave rise to a number of poems which he published as a cycle, *Tristia ex Ponto*,[1] after time had poured balsam over his wounds. These poems treat of his unfortunate love for Kathi, Charlotte, and Marie. The longest poem, *Jugenderinnerungen im*

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[1] Published in the *Taschenbuch*, *Vesta*, in 1835. The title, originally *Launen*, was suggested by the elegies of Ovid, *Tristia*, and *Epistolae ex Ponto*, written in exile. Ovid was banished in 8 A.D. by Emperor Augustus to Tomi, in Pontus on the Black Sea (Pontus Euxinus). Grillparzer had written an ode to Ovid, about 1811, morosely comparing his sad lot with that of the unfortunate Roman poet. During the sad years of his life when these elegiac lyrics were written, Grillparzer felt like one banished in his own native land. Hence the title, which might be translated "Sorrows of Exile."

Grünen (1824), is an elegy of 192 verses, one of the profoundest and most passionate lyrics that the poet ever wrote. In the following oft-quoted verses he gives delicate poetical expression to his conception of the incompatibility that made a union with Kathi impossible:

Im Glutumfaſſen ſtürzten wir zuſammen,
Ein jeder Schlag gab Funken und gab Licht;
Doch unzerſtörbar fanden uns die Flammen,
Wir glühten — aber, ach, wir ſchmolzen nicht.

Denn Hälften kann man aneinander paſſen,
Ich war ein Ganzes, und auch ſie war ganz,
Sie wollte gern ihr tiefſtes Weſen laſſen,
Doch allzufeſt geſchlungen war der Kranz.

So ſtanden beide, ſuchten ſich zu einen,
Das andre aufzunehmen ganz in ſich;
Doch all umſonſt, trotz Ringen, Stürmen, Weinen,
Sie blieb ein Weib, und ich war immer ich!

Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen

The lack of inward peace during these years robbed the poet of his inspiration, and "inspiration was my god," he says in his autobiography. Nevertheless, after the completion of *Ein treuer Diener seines Herrn* he reverted to two themes (*Hero und Leander* and *Der Traum, ein Leben*) which had interested him many years before. His progress was slow, in spite of his efforts to force himself to work, and not until he began to view his personal trials with poise and resignation did he succeed in gaining sufficient peace of mind and soul to complete these two dramas. Marie Daffinger's[1] beauty hovered before him as he created his Hero, and his love for Charlotte, Marie, and Kathi has left its imprint upon *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen*, his most beautiful love tragedy.[2]

DER TRAUM, EIN LEBEN[3]

The literary influences that helped to shape this drama go back to the poet's early boyhood, when he read *The Magic Flute* and other fantastic literature and saw the bizarre plays that were presented on the popular stage of the *Leopoldstädter Theater*.[4] Grillparzer himself said that an oriental tale by Voltaire (*Le blanc et le noir*, 1764) was his original source; but subsequent investigators have discovered a host of works that seem to have left their imprint upon the drama.[5]

The scene is laid in Persia and the coloring is oriental thruout. Rustan, a virtuous young man, allows his head to be filled with love of adventure and desire for greatness by his slave Zanga, who is a sort of Mephistopheles. Even the love of his cousin Mirza is not sufficient to restrain his megalomania, and so his uncle Massud consents to his departure to pluck laurels on the battlefield of life.

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[1] Née von Smolenitz. See above, pp. lxxi f.

[2] See the special chapter on this drama, pp. cxxii f.

[3] The change in title from *Des Lebens Schattenbild* seems to be due to Raupach's drama, *Der Traum ein Märchen und das Märchen ein Traum* (1822), and Calderon's *La vida es sueño*.

[4] See above, pp. xvi, xviii.

[5] These have been presented in great detail in: *Der Traum, ein Leben.* Eine literarhistorische Untersuchung von Stephan Hock. Stuttgart und Berlin, 1904, 214 pp.

During the night Rustan has a dream in which he experiences all the glories of a heroic career. Everything that happens is a reflection of his inmost thoughts and desires: he suddenly wins the favor of the King of Samarkand, marries the princess, and ascends the throne. But he has not been able to avoid the pitfalls of his presumption. He deceives and murders and finally comes to a sad end. When he awakes from his nightmare, he heeds the warning, remains at home satisfied with his humble lot, and asks for the hand of his faithful sweetheart.

In completing this dream play, which had interested him as early as 1817,[1] Grillparzer intentionally reverted to the drama of the *Ahnfrau* type, i.e., the popular fantastic plays that appealed to the Viennese theater public. In his autobiography he tells us the reason for this. His exasperating experiences with *König Ottokars Glück und Ende* and *Ein treuer Diener seines Herrn* had taught him that the historical drama was a dangerous field in Austria.[2]

In writing his plays, however, he had always had his eye on the stage, and in particular the stage of his native city. Book dramas always seemed to him to be lacking in effect, and he needed to see his plays on the stage in order to feel their effect. If he could not produce historical plays on the stage, what should he do? The answer to this question seemed to be given when he one day came across his one-act fragment, *Des Lebens*

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[1] See above, pp. xxx, xxxvi.

[2] The parvenu rulers who sprang up under Napoleon and lived meteoric careers, and even the fate of Napoleon himself, are reflected in the experiences of Rustan, but so veiled that the poet suffered no embarrassment.

Schattenbild, the bizarre elements of which seemed to offer him the impulse that he needed for a drama which would not subject him to political persecutions.[1]

The technic of the play is unique. As a whole the drama is a comedy, i.e., it has a happy ending; but within it there is a tragedy, the dream play. The first act is the exposition of both the comedy and the tragedy, both actions culminate in the same climax, whereas the catastrophe of the tragedy (the death of Rustan) is immediately followed by the "catastrophe" of the comedy as a whole (the awakening of Rustan and his decision to remain at home).

The drama bears many earmarks of the extravaganzas of the popular Viennese theater: racy action, rubric of events, lack of psychological depth, operatic tone, and symbolism, to all of which the dream element lends itself successfully.[2] The light-hearted Viennese were no lovers of psychological motivation. They wanted to see and not be burdened with the necessity of thinking. In presenting objectively a rapid series of events, without stopping to define their psychology, Grillparzer profited by his two historical tragedies and his constant study of Lope de Vega.[1]

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[1] It seems that the subject occupied him more or less constantly from 1817 on, altho the final development of the drama began about 1827 and runs parallel to the evolution of his Hero and Leander tragedy. *Der Traum, ein Leben* was completed in 1831, but Schreyvogel did not approve of it, and so Grillparzer withdrew it rather than come into conflict with his old friend. Schreyvogel died in 1832, and Deinhardstein was the dramatic critic of the imperial theater when the Austrian poet, Bauernfeld, handed the revised manuscript to him in January 1833. Deinhardstein was enthusiastic, the censor approved, but the directors of the theater considered the cost of staging too great to warrant the venture. On June 25, 1834, Deinhardstein made a second appeal, the necessary funds were voted in August, and the première took place October 4.

[2] The characters in the portion of the play that deals with real life are clearly drawn, but when injected into the dream they become eva-

Ferdinand Raimund (1790–1836) is the typical representative of the popular poets (*Volksdichter*). His drama, *Der Verschwender* (1834), played in the *Leopoldstädter Theater*, brought this type of play (*Volksdrama*) to its poetical zenith. In the same year, thru the acceptance of *Der Traum, ein Leben* for the imperial stage, Grillparzer's subtle art carried the *Volksdrama* for the first time to the foremost theater of the Austrian empire.

The drama was an instantaneous and assured success, Grillparzer's greatest "hit" since the *Ahnfrau*, and it has been played more frequently than any of his other dramas. Altho the transition from real life to dream life is clearly indicated, the audience was so carried away by the powerful effect of the dream tragedy that they forgot that it was all only a dream. At the point where Rustan awakes from his dream, they awoke from the illusion and broke out into enthusiastic applause

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nescent, mere shadows of the real. Persons are confused and merge into one another. The treatment is true to dream phenomena. Dreams are not logical, events follow each other in rapid confusion, often unreal. Thus the dumb Kaleb regains his speech in a twinkling, Rustan can not count two, in his dream he feels that he is dreaming, etc.

[1] While writing the play Grillparzer read daily the dramas of the Spanish master, whom he ranked in some respects above Shakspere.

over the trick. A bold venture, said Grillparzer, to be risked but once.

The element of comedy is centered in Zanga. He is a Mephistopheles, the negative side of good, the embodiment of the negative side of Rustan's character. He leads Rustan astray for selfish motives, for the sheer delight of self-gratification. But the drama is not a *Faust;* at best it is a *Faust in parvo*, because Rustan's longing for fame and adventure is not the enduring thirst of Goethe's Faust for knowledge and experience.

Furthermore, the dream career of Rustan, all crime, is not universal in its application. Grillparzer did not essay to write a *Faust;* his problem is personal, and so the drama reveals the basic philosophy of our poet: the danger of being over-ambitious, of being out of joint with one's inner nature. Rustan is cured of his dangerous flights of ambition, and is restored to his better self by the dream before he has really ventured out of his environment; thus the ending is a happy one. The drama is too operatic to be great, but it has maintained its popularity on the stage.

Trip to France and England

The years from 1830 to 1836 brought our poet many disappointments. He was made director of the imperial archives in 1832, a promotion which included no increase of salary and no hope for further advancement. In 1834 he applied for a directorship in the university library, feeling that this position would be more congenial and inspiring to a man of his literary tastes and pursuits. The application was rejected,[1] and so Grillparzer had to content himself with his post in the archives, where he remained until his retirement on a pension in 1856, doing his work faithfully but without deep interest.

Early in the thirties there began to gather about him a circle of friends, poets, artists, and other celebrities of Vienna, who founded a club that met regularly at the "Star" café. These men looked up to Grillparzer as their master, and in their midst he spent his happiest hours, indulging in his moods *ad libitum*, flattered by his young admirers. Kattenbach's *Blätter für Literatur, Kunst und Kritik* furnished them a mouthpiece and drew them into an invidious feud with a shallow, popular critic, Moritz Saphir, who seems to have wanted to vent his spite on Grillparzer and his friends because they had refused to take him into their circle.

But even the close personal relations with the ablest literary men of Vienna did not furnish Grillparzer inspiration for poetic activity. He revised *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen*, completed *Der Traum, ein Leben*, and read a great deal; but it was the result of constraint, not of love for these pursuits. He again lapsed into despair, distrust in himself, and melancholy. Schreyvogel was dead. Grillparzer needed the encouragement of a friend like this able dramaturgist; but unfortunately Schreyvogel's successor Deinhardstein, altho friendly, did not have the qualities and ability of Schreyvogel. The higher officials of the imperial theater were reactionary and had an innate aversion to contemporary drama and dramatists. Hence the poet withdrew more and more from direct connections with the theater.[1]

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[1] He also applied for an increase of salary which was really his due, but both requests were refused, perhaps because of a poem which he had written in 1832 on the recovery of the crown prince from a very severe illness. This expression of loyalty was so maliciously misinterpreted that everyone in court circles, even the servants, mocked him.

Financial worries compelled him to think of the material side, which seemed sordid to his delicate poetical temperament. His relations with Kathi continued to harass his heart, in spite of his endeavors to come to a mutual understanding with her on a friendly basis. He cultivated music, sang in a church choir, and composed. But it was all a makeshift, his inward peace was gone.

He greeted the July Revolution in 1830 as the opening of a new era, not only for France, but for all Europe, only to see the political situation in his native state grow worse from year to year. Emperor Franz I died on March 2, 1835, and Ferdinand ascended the throne. The oppressive régime of Prince Metternich stirred up the feelings of all patriotic Austrians, but Grillparzer applied himself to his duties and took no part in the public demonstrations. The atmosphere was stifling, however, and he felt the need of a change of scene; so he applied for a leave of absence and planned a trip to France and England, the two countries that enjoyed freedom and liberty to an extent that no other state of Europe had been able to attain. The sale of his *Melusina* to his Viennese publisher pieced out his purse, and he started for Paris on March 30, 1836.

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[1] Three of the actresses who had starred in Grillparzer's dramas retired from the imperial theater.

Grillparzer visited the theater and opera in Paris almost every evening, and spent his days visiting galleries and museums and attending the sessions of the French Chambers. He was not a good traveler, but a keen observer, nevertheless, and he constantly compared Parisian conditions with conditions at home. French writers he avoided on the whole, for, as he says in his diary, he considered them too conceited. However, he made the acquaintance of the elder Alexandre Dumas and some others, but he missed Victor Hugo, whom he would have liked most of all to meet. He saw a great deal of Ludwig Börne and Heinrich Heine, both of whom interested him. He found in Heine, the direct counterpart of himself in character and mode of living, a congenial critic. He also cultivated the composer Meyerbeer.

London impressed him more than Paris. He visited the theater and Parliament with eager interest, and he was filled with admiration for the energy and progressive enterprise that he saw on all sides.

Refreshed by his experience, Grillparzer returned to Vienna by way of Belgium and the Rhine. In Stuttgart he visited Uhland, whom he admired for his genuineness and simplicity. When he arrived in Munich, he found letters from home with the sad news that his brother Karl had left his official post in Salzburg with an empty treasury, had abandoned his wife and children, and had arrived in Vienna, where he accused himself of a murder and showed signs of insanity. So Grillparzer hurried back to Vienna and after distressing efforts rescued his brother, who with his family now became dependent upon the poet.

WEH DEM, DER LÜGT

The unfortunate experience with his brother Karl robbed the poet of the benefits of his three months abroad. His good name suffered. He was greatly embarrassed, and his soul was shaken by this further reminder of the taint of insanity in the family.

In spite of these trying conditions Grillparzer began to write a new drama, and a comedy at that, largely to divert his mind. By "comedy" we must not understand a light-hearted or frivolous play. That would have been foreign to Grillparzer's nature, altho earlier in life he had written short comedies in a light, tho satirical vein. *Weh dem, der lügt* is a serious play with a happy ending, like Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm*, and one of the greatest of German comedies.

Bishop Gregor (Gregory) of Tours, in the sixth century, has a young, witty cook, Leon, and a haughty but beloved nephew, Atalus, who is wrongfully held as a hostage by a powerful German nobleman, Kattwald. Leon offers to restore Atalus to the bishop, saying that he will "lie him out" of captivity. But the bishop is a disciple of absolute truth and will permit his cook to attempt the rescue only on one condition, namely, that he speak the truth under all circumstances; for "wo to him who lies." Leon accepts the imposed condition and proceeds at once on foot to Trier (Treves) where Atalus is being detained. With absolute self-assurance and never-failing resourcefulness, he succeeds in escaping with Atalus on the very day of his arrival. Kattwald's daughter, Edrita, has fallen in love with Leon, and he returns her love. She wants to flee with him to his native land, but his agreement with the bishop will not permit this abduction. So she follows the two fugitives on her own initiative, not only because she loves Leon, but because she wishes to escape matrimony with a half-witted boor and, further, because she feels attracted to the Christian religion and the Franco-Latin culture that she sees embodied in Leon.

Leon has told the truth so boldly that he has deceived all but Edrita, who delivers him a sermon on the subject of truth and equivocation. This rebuke opens Leon's eyes, and he fortunately decides on absolute truth, with trust in God, in the crisis where truth seems to promise their undoing. The truth saves them, and Leon is able to restore Atalus to his uncle, the bishop. The proud attempt of Leon and Edrita to conceal their love for each other is in vain; a confession is forced, and the bishop gives them his blessing.

The story which Grillparzer used for his play is taken from the chronicles of Gregory of Tours, *Historia Francorum*. This epic material is told in a dry, uninteresting style, but the poet has managed to invest it with a humor and an intense human interest that gives evidence of his versatile powers. The problem of the drama is original with Grillparzer. This problem, the rescue thru truth, is stated in the first act and solved in the fifth; between the two lies the play proper. Leon, who believed that "the end justifies the means," has become a convert to fearless truth and to trust in God. The bishop, on the other hand, has been made to realize that human frailties make his rigorous program of truth impracticable, and so he becomes more lenient towards his fellow man, satisfied if some grains of truth grow up among the tares of falsehood.

The characters are sharply drawn thruout, in a bold delineation that borders on caricature at times, but Grillparzer's artistic instincts have saved him from offenses to good taste, except possibly in his depiction of Galomir, the suitor. Kattwald is a reminiscence of the gluttonous count Seilern, and Atalus is drawn from the count's nephew, the poet's pupil.[1] Leon is the incorporation of the light-heartedness and bold daring which easily surmount obstacles and which Grillparzer missed in himself; whereas the bishop is the embodiment of the poet's innate tendency towards serious meditation and self-torture, and also of his inborn uprightness and love of absolute truth.

The depth of thought, fine irony, profound humor, and rare art of the drama were beyond the audience that witnessed the first performance, March 6, 1838. The public had expected a farce and were treated to a very serious play. The cultural background, the contrast between the civilization of early christianized France and heathen Germany (analogous to the contrast that the poet drew between the culture of Greece and the barbarism of Colchis in *Das goldene Vlies*), incensed the German nobility. The members of the aristocracy who were present were so enraged over the picture of the German nobility at Kattwald's court that they left their loges during the performance, slamming the doors behind them, and they spared no means to express their disapproval. The critics were without mercy. Unfortunately the play was poorly presented. The actors, accustomed to giving tragic rôles, failed to interpret the characters properly. Thus the drama was a decided failure,[1] and Grillparzer, who seemed to be on the point of entering upon a new career as dramatist, with a spontaneity that he had long ago lost, never recovered from the blow. He tried for a while to defend his work, but in vain, so he gave it up and determined never to offer another drama to the ungrateful public. In 1840 he published *Weh dem, der lügt*, *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen*, and *Der Traum, ein Leben*, but after that practically nothing. His subsequent dramas were withheld from the public and not made known until after his death.

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[1] See above, pp. xxii ff.

SECLUSION

Grillparzer felt so bitter that he withdrew from the theater and from the public in general, and he was now seldom seen in society or at public functions. He attended to his routine duties in the archives, but his heart was with his books and piano at home. He followed with interest political and literary developments and continued, for a while at least, to write without thought of publication. Only occasionally he emerged from the seclusion into which he withdrew more and more as the years passed by.

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[1] It was played only four times in all; then it disappeared from the stage until it was revived after his death, in 1873, when it proved the great success which it has remained ever since. When Laube began to revive the poet's dramas on the stage in the early fifties, he rejected this drama as a "misfit."

The first act of a new drama, *Libussa*, was played at a charity performance and was received with great enthusiasm, in 1840; and altho this hearty reception of his latest work encouraged him to complete the drama, he remained obdurate when his friends and admirers later tried to persuade him to give the finished work to the public. Thus only the first act, published in 1841, saw the light of day before his death.

The poet's fiftieth birthday, January 15, 1841, was made the occasion for a great celebration, and a medal was struck in his honor. On December 6 he attended a banquet given in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of Mozart's death, and he even overcame his reticence sufficiently to give a toast on that occasion.

On August 27, 1843, Grillparzer took passage down the Danube to visit Greece, the land whose legends had furnished him material for three of his tragedies. In Sestos he viewed with great interest ruins that he thought might have been the remnants of the tower with which the legend of Hero and Leander was associated; but of Mytilene, the birthplace of Sappho, his only recollections were seasickness and general *malaise*. He encountered much rainy weather and he was in poor health.

The trip seemed to be too much of a strain for him. He spent some time in Athens, but the revolution that had just broken out rendered a trip into the interior too dangerous, and so he was not able to visit those points which interested him most. Consequently he returned to Vienna, after an absence of about two months, with a sad heart and with the feeling that his journey had been a failure.

The literary men of Vienna tendered the poet a birthday banquet, January 15, 1844. During this year he made two attempts to escape from the routine of the imperial archives by applying for the position of custodian of the imperial library. Both petitions were in vain, and he bitterly resented the slight.

In the fall of 1847 appeared his story *Der arme Spielmann.*[1] This charming, idyllic prose tale is based upon the life of an old violinist whom Grillparzer had often seen in a café where he was wont to take his meals. The poet has injected into the work much of his own personality, especially his devotion to music as the never failing solace in a sad life.

In September Grillparzer made his second trip to Germany, accompanied by his ward, Kathi's nephew, to whom the poet was devoted with all his heart. Rainy weather and resultant ill humor spoiled his pleasure this time, too, altho he met men of distinction, particularly in Berlin. His thoughts were lingering back in Vienna, however, and he seems to have opened his heart quite freely on the subject of his personal and literary woes.[1]

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[1] Grillparzer's first "Novelle," *Das Kloster bei Sendomir*, was published in 1828. It is a tale of tragic depth and has much in common with some of his tragedies. The dramatic possibilities were recognized by Gerhart Hauptmann, who dramatized the story in his *Elga*, published in 1905.

BELATED HONORS

In 1847 Prince Metternich founded the Viennese Academy of Sciences, and Grillparzer was honored with membership. He accepted this distinction reluctantly and never felt any deep interest in the institution. The academy required each of its members to furnish a detailed account of his life and career, and so, after several requests had been ignored, Grillparzer wrote his *Autobiography*. This is one of the chief sources of information on his early life; but even tho he became interested in his task as he proceeded with it, the poet did not take the trouble to refresh his memory from his diaries and other notes, and so the document is very unreliable as to the sequence of the events narrated. These reminiscences, which unfortunately do not extend beyond the year 1836, were written in 1853, when Grillparzer was sixty-two years of age, embittered and pessimistic; therefore they lack buoyancy of spirit, altho they are very interesting reading.

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[1] The following is an extract from the diary of Varnhagen von Ense of Berlin: "How old and care-worn he looks! But his noble character is steadfast, his convictions unsullied, his feelings warm and strong. The conditions under which he lives, the oppression and lonesomeness, he depicted to me. . . . He sees clearly the situation in Austria, but of Germany he holds peculiar views. . . . He is disconsolate over the degeneracy of (German) literature."

To Kathi the poet wrote as follows: "I hope that my domestic arrangements will be completed. Wo unto Pepi (Kathi's sister), if they are not. I should have to start off on another trip if my four walls were not in order. Before I left, and I repeat it now, I gave orders that the keys to my bureau drawers should be placed in the middle drawer of my desk and the keys to my book cases in the left drawer. Tell George to order the maid to have roasted coffee ready by the 27th of this month, so that I can drink of my own bad, but nevertheless better, coffee than the miserable slop that one gets everywhere here in Germany."

In his *Recollections of the Year 1848* Grillparzer reveals his attitude towards the great political upheaval that swept over Germany and Austria and resulted in constitutional grants. Like Goethe, he was filled with hatred for revolution. He had long ago forecast this revolutionary outcome of the narrow policy of the government that the princes were too blind or too stubborn to foresee, but he had hoped for a peaceful settlement. Now that the crisis had come, he saw in the army the only hope of holding the dissenting factions of the monarchy together; accordingly he wrote his famous poem, *Feldmarschall Radetzky*.[1] It was translated into all the tongues of the empire without any tangible effect, for events took their course; but the poet was heralded as the patriot of the hour and he was rewarded for his loyal verses with the Order of Leopold, which the emperor conferred upon him.[2] A year later a loving cup was presented to him by Radetzky's army with a personal letter from Count Radetzky himself.

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[1] Count Radetzky was at the head of the Austrian army that was successfully putting down the revolt in Italy against Austrian rule.

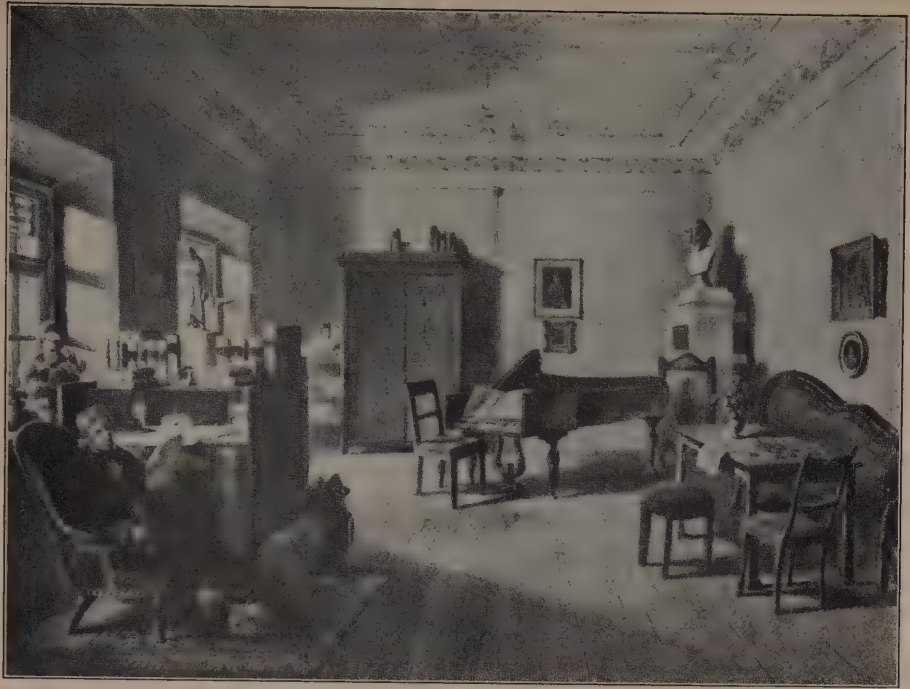
[2] May 18, 1849. Goethe and von Collin were the only poets who had ever been honored with this order before this time.

During the uproar of the revolution Grillparzer withdrew to Baden, a health resort near Vienna, with the Fröhlich sisters. After peace had been restored he returned to the capital, and in 1849 he made his home in an apartment which he rented of the Fröhlich sisters, who devotedly attended to his daily needs until his death. His summers he spent in various resorts not far from Vienna.

In the early fifties (1850–1857) Heinrich Laube, director of the imperial theater, revived Grillparzer's dramas with great success. Altho the poet was secretly pleased at this recognition of his merits as a dramatist, he received the reports of success upon success without show of enthusiasm and simply repeated his brusque, "Too late, too late!" He felt the irony of the situation too keenly: earlier in life a small part of this recognition and enthusiasm would have stimulated and inspired him; now that he was old and oppressed by adversity, the ardor of inspiration could not be revived.

In 1855, on the fiftieth anniversary of Schiller's death, Grillparzer was elected an honorary member of the Schiller Society of Leipzig. This honor gave him great satisfaction, for he was an intense admirer of Schiller and felt a certain kinship with the Weimar poet in esthetic and dramatic principles.

At his own request Grillparzer was retired from his position as director of the imperial archives in 1856,



Grillparzer's Living Room at the Fröhlich Sisters' in 1860

From sepia drawing by F. Kanitz
In Grillparzer Museum, Vienna

and a pension amounting to his full salary, with the title of *Hofrat* (Aulic Councilor), was granted him. The emperor made him a life member of the newly created *Herrenhaus* (House of Lords) in 1861. At first the poet was very eager in attending to the affairs of his new honor, but he gradually lost interest, for his impaired hearing[1] made it difficult for him to follow the sessions. However, in 1868 he cast his vote for the abolition of the Concordat,[2] and the citizens of Vienna gave the aged poet a great ovation in recognition of his interest in, and devotion to, the cause of freedom.

As the result of a fall in Römerbad, in 1863, the poet's hearing was impaired and his eyesight also began to fail. Thus he was deprived of his two means of solace: music and his books; but Kathi was always devotedly at hand to read to him. His fragment *Esther*, written about 1840 and published in 1863, was played with decided success at the imperial theater, April 28, 1868, and it has maintained a place on the stage ever since. Altho only two acts and forty verses of the third act were completed, the torso is among the best of his dramatic works.

The satisfaction which Grillparzer felt at the political amelioration following the revolution of 1848 changed to anger when the reaction set in during the fifties; but he bore the turn of the tide with patience. The ascendancy of Prussia in 1866 dealt a bitter blow to his patriotic heart. And altho the Prussian victories over the French, 1870–1871, pleased him, he was too sincere an Austrian to feel unalloyed joy; for Prussian success meant the end of Austrian supremacy.

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[1] See following paragraph.

[2] See below, pp. cvii f.

On his birthday, 1864, the city of Vienna bestowed upon the poet the rights and privileges of honorary citizenship (*Ehrenbürger*), and in 1865 Emperor Maximilian I of Mexico[1] decorated him with the Order of Guadelupe. The eightieth birthday of the poet, January 15, 1871, was celebrated like a national holiday in Austria. The *Ahnfrau* and *Sappho* were played in the theaters with prologs that lauded the poet to the skies, and a great festival was arranged by artists of Vienna, at which the poet's bust was crowned with the laurel, but he himself remained at home in his fourth-story apartment and repeated, "Too late!" The emperor decorated him with the Order of Francis Joseph and granted him a pension of 3000 florins, and he also addressed a personal letter to the poet in which he called him "the celebrated poet, the genuine patriot, the venerable octogenarian with a heart ever true to his Austrian fatherland and to his prince." The German Empress and the King of Bavaria were among the many notables who sent letters or telegrams of congratulation. Deputations from societies and organizations crowded in one after another all morning. A committee of Viennese women[2] handed him a congratulatory letter with 6000 signatures and a purse of

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[1] The brother of the present Austrian emperor.

[2] Among them was Christine Hebbel, widow of the poet Friedrich Hebbel.

20,000 florins to be used for the promotion of art and of the humanities, and for the establishment of a Grillparzer foundation. The poet received all these honors very amiably and wrote an appreciation which was published on January 20, 1871.

The day following his eighty-first birthday, Grillparzer became very ill, and on January 21 he passed away peacefully in his armchair. His death was mourned by the whole nation. Hundreds of thousands, it is said, participated in the funeral ceremonies. The streets were so crowded that the *cortège* could barely pass thru. The cemetery was filled to overflowing as the poet was laid to rest beside Beethoven and Schubert. The highest government officials and nobility followed the hearse to the grave, and the burial rites extended into the evening. The emperor himself paid all the funeral expenses.

KATHI HIS HEIR

Grillparzer left his entire fortune, including his works and papers, to his faithful "eternal fiancée" (*ewige Braut*), with the request that she provide for his family. This Kathi did, and she also perfected arrangements for the establishment of the "Grillparzer Prize,"[1] which is awarded every three years for the best drama that has appeared on the German stage.

Kathi, who died March 3, 1879, bequeathed to the city of Vienna the poet's papers and personal effects and also her private papers that relate to the poet, with the provision that the latter remain under seal until January 21, 1922, fifty years after Grillparzer's death. She was buried in the Hitzinger cemetery, and the poet's remains were removed from their resting place to a grave at her side.

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[1] The capital of the foundation amounts to 10,000 florins. The triennial interest is about $750.

Anna, the last of the Fröhlich sisters, who died March 11, 1880, established with her fortune[1] the "Foundation of the Fröhlich Sisters," the income of which is devoted to stipends and pensions for deserving artists and authors.

That Grillparzer never married Kathi has been the subject of much discussion; but the outcome of his courtship was perhaps as fortunate as it was inevitable. Talk of blame or responsibility is in vain, unless one wishes to hold individuals accountable for their inborn natures. He loved Kathi as fully and as devotedly as he was capable of loving anyone. Like Goethe, Grillparzer felt that his own development required independence; but unlike the great poet of Weimar he did not find the companion who would subordinate her own personality completely to his interests and not make demands upon him that would be disturbing.

Grillparzer allowed himself to become so involved in his love for Kathi that they could not give each other up; and since he could not feel that a union with her would be happy, he did not venture into matrimony, but he remained true to her as she remained true to him. Grillparzer and Kathi were too much alike and neither could subordinate himself to the other. The situation caused them both much unhappiness, but they were probably no unhappier than they would have been in wedlock. Their natures were too uncongenial for a union, but had enough in common to prevent complete separation.

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[1] Over 100,000 florins or about $50,000. This includes the income on Grillparzer's works.

There are two ways of being contented: either to surrender oneself and to enter into a union in which "two make one" and where each finds his complement in the other, or to remain self-sufficient and, with perchance a longing in the heart, feel a sense of virtue in not having inflicted one's vagaries upon another, facing an uncertain situation bravely and with resignation.[1] Grillparzer could not surrender himself, and so he chose the latter course. Many do not discover their incompatibility until after marriage. Grillparzer comprehended the situation in time to prevent an unhappy marriage. He longed for a union with the woman of his choice, but altho he saw that she was willing to make the venture, his uprightness and honesty would not permit him to offer her a heart that was not wholly hers. So they struggled on and were finally reconciled to their fate.

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[1] Grillparzer was a firm believer in heredity. We must not forget, in judging him, that he never forgot the taint of insanity in his family, of which sad occurrences reminded him cruelly from time to time. Not only did his mother and his youngest brother take their own lives, but later a son of his unbalanced brother Karl ended in the same unfortunate manner.

POSTHUMOUS WORKS

The first edition of the collected works of Grillparzer was undertaken by Heinrich Laube and Josef Weilen in 1872, shortly after the poet's death.[1] Besides his autobiography, diaries, and correspondence, the papers

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[1] His dramas, with the exception of the *Ahnfrau*, had disappeared from the stage until revived for a short time in the fifties, under the directorship of Laube. After the poet's death, a second revival took place in the theaters, and his dramas, most of which had not been reprinted since the early editions, were again sent to the press together with unpublished works. The collected edition was issued as follows: 1872, 1874, 1878, 1887, 1892.

Die Ahnfrau had appeared in the following editions: 1817, 1819 (two editions), 1823, 1832, 1844. Pirated editions appeared in 1819 and 1822. The drama had been translated into Italian, English, French, Polish, Czechish, Hungarian, Dutch, and Swedish.

Sappho had been published in 1819 (two editions), 1822, 1856. Pirated reprints appeared in 1822 and 1823. It had been translated into Italian, English, Danish, Hungarian, French, and Polish; and it was later rendered into Swedish, Servian, and Russian, in the nineties.

Das goldene Vlies had been published in 1822, with a pirated reprint in 1823. It was translated into Italian and Hungarian after the poet's death.

König Ottokars Glück und Ende had been printed in 1825 and 1852.

Ein treuer Diener seines Herrn was published in 1830 only.

Der Traum, ein Leben appeared only in the edition of 1840.

Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen had also been published in 1840 only and had been translated into Czechish. After the poet's death translations were made into Polish and Hungarian.

Weh dem, der lügt was published in 1840 and it had been translated into Czechish and Polish.

Die Ahnfrau and *Sappho* were the only dramas that were played to any extent outside of Austria during the poet's life.

Extensive translations of the dramas are contained in Pollak's biography. See Bibliography below, p. cxxxiii.

GRILLPARZER IN OLD AGE
From portrait by D. Penther

found in the poet's study contained many lyrics, epigrams, literary notes and studies, and the manuscripts of three complete tragedies which he had written in his retirement during the forties and fifties: *Libussa*, *Ein Bruderzwist in Habsburg*, and *Die Jüdin von Toledo*. These dramas deal with subjects that had interested the poet early in life, and they reveal the influence of Lope de Vega, whose works he read almost daily from the early twenties on. As he grew older Grillparzer's imagination weakened, but his philosophy became more profound.

LIBUSSA

The poet's first interest in this material, which deals with the legendary foundation of the city of Prague, dates back to his fragment *Drahomira*, 1809. He busied himself with the theme more or less after that and completed the drama about 1847. The tragedy was not performed, however, until January 21, 1874, altho it had been published two years earlier in his collected works.

The scene of the drama is laid in the early part of the eighth century. Libussa, one of the three divinely inspired daughters of Prince Krokus, while seeking herbs with which to save the life of her royal father, is rescued from drowning by Primislaus, a peasant. They love each other at first sight. Libussa conceals her identity, returns to her palace, and is chosen queen upon the death of her father. She establishes an idealistic commonwealth which, however, soon gives rise to great dissatisfaction. When it becomes necessary to appease her people by choosing a husband, she sends for Primislaus. The manner in which she indicates her choice shows him that he has a struggle before him, and he comes ready for the battle of pride. Both are proud natures, and pride is matched against pride; but in the end Primislaus conquers, and they are happily married. Primislaus, the wise, resourceful, practical ruler, establishes a utilitarian democracy. The country develops rapidly and flourishes under his rule; Libussa supports his good efforts and successful work, but it is really foreign to her spiritual essence, and so she is undone by her sacrifices.

The action of the drama is developed largely in symbolism, and many of the speeches are collections of sententious maxims, the rumination of the poet's mind as he lived with his books and thoughts, apart from the public. The play was written without reference to the stage, and its philosophical vein was too deep for the audience; hence its success as a play was only moderate.

The drama does not offer a satisfactory solution of married life; and indeed Grillparzer was unable to solve this problem in his own life. The struggle of pride with pride between himself and Kathi ended in resigned separation. In the drama pride is conquered by pride, pride subjects itself to pride, and a happy union, such as the poet vainly dreamed of for himself, is consummated. But after all, Libussa has surrendered her individuality so completely to Primislaus — a reflection perchance of the submission that the poet would have demanded of Kathi — that she becomes untrue to her inner being and is undone. Did Grillparzer feel that this would have been the fate of Kathi? At all events, the correct balance between man and wife, foreign to his own nature, is not depicted in this drama, altho the poet comes nearer to a solution in this work than in any other that he produced.

The drama is both an apotheosis of popular liberty and an arraignment of popular license; and, at the same time, a poet's complaint over the shipwreck of naive nature and esthetic enjoyment of life on the barren rocks of expediency and progressivism.

Ein Bruderzwist in Habsburg

The first reference to this drama occurs in 1824, but it was not completed until some time in the fifties. The tragedy was published in 1873, having been performed the year before — with great success, strange to say — for of all the poet's plays it is the one least suited to the stage. It is a book drama: the philosophical, political, and sociological bequest of the mature poet to the public, altho written for himself. Unrestrained by practical stage exigencies, he allowed his fancy to linger over characters and episodes that engrossed him.

The drama presents a faithful picture of the political disruption and dynastic weaknesses that made the Thirty Years' War (1618–1648) inevitable. It is one of the greatest historical dramas in German literature — both a sequel to his own *Ottokar* and a prolog to Schiller's *Wallenstein*.

Rudolf II is a dreamy soul, an irresolute monarch, devoted to the arts, and leading the life of a recluse at the time when political unrest and religious dissensions require a man of action. His brother, Archduke Matthias, opposes him and seizes the throne; but he too is irresolute despite his great vanity and ambition, and so disaster is not averted from the state. In the last act Wallenstein is introduced, the man of strength and action, the harbinger of the new era for Germany after the awful, protracted conflict will have cleared the atmosphere.

Grillparzer threw his whole heart and soul into the portrayal of Rudolf, in whose nature he saw a reflection of his own. Thus his Rudolf II is the most interesting and most successful character that he ever created. Both Rudolf and Grillparzer found themselves in an unhinged, vacillating epoch, and both withdrew from the cruel, uncouth world of realities and devoted themselves to literature, especially to their favorite, Lope de Vega. They were both victims of melancholy brooding, fatalists, facing a great crisis in history, longing for the new era that was dawning and yet shrinking from it, clinging to the old order of things, unable to stem the tide, yet incapable of countenancing its course.

Altho the drama is replete with philosophy and sociological disquisitions, and altho it lacks the technical compactness of his earlier works so that it has not been a lasting success on the stage, the play throbs with dramatic power, and the characters and situations, clearly drawn in masterful strokes, reveal a psychological depth that holds the reader thruout the book, even tho the central figure, Rudolf, dies at the end of the fourth act.

Die Jüdin von Toledo

The beginnings of this tragedy date back to 1816 and it seems to have been completed about 1857. It was played in Prague in 1872, and the next year in Vienna, but it did not please. It was published in 1873.

The King of Spain, Alfonso VIII, in the twelfth century, is depicted as a man of virtue, a thoughtful, tolerant ruler who is devoted to his queen and to his people. But his virtue is negative, that is he has never been tempted; he has had no youth. Early initiated into the responsibilities of government, he has never had the opportunity to see the human side of life. His marriage to a cold, prudish, unresponsive English princess was a political convenience. The passion that has slumbered in his heart rushes to the surface with overwhelming power, therefore, when he comes face to face for the first time in his life with a red-blooded woman, the fascinating Jewess, Rahel, who is all passion and physical charm, throbbing with unrestrained desire, eager for a victory over man. Animal woman appeals to animal man. Resistance is in vain, and the inexperienced king, mistaking designing coquetry for naive surrender, revels in sensual pleasure. But he is soon satiated and begins to turn from the courtesan. She, however, holds him with every trick of her shallow, coquettish nature: fawning, jealousy, anger, petulance.

The king neglects the affairs of state in his dalliance. A national crisis is at hand, but he is oblivious to duty. All other means of saving the monarch being exhausted, the nobles decree the death of the siren and slay her. The king swears vengeance upon the murderers, but the sight of the distorted features of his mistress, cold in death, fills him with horror and sobers his mind. He rushes into war to save his neglected country and to expiate his sin, for he is now possessed of positive virtue and feels the full force of the words he had uttered in the first act:

Beſiegter Fehl iſt all des Menſchen Tugend,
Und wo kein Kampf, da iſt auch keine Macht.

The drama is based upon one of the plays of Lope de Vega; but Grillparzer has created an independent work, even tho the main situations and characters are found in his source. The character of Rahel is one of the most daring that he ever attempted, a companion piece to his Otto in *Ein treuer Diener seines Herrn*. Rahel is a Salome nature, and her relations with the king, as depicted by the poet, reveal deep insight into the psychology of character and environment.

Alfonso, like Grillparzer, has an innate sense of duty. He dips into passion but turns away cold, just as the poet did in the case of his own love affairs. The action vibrates with life and passion; the characters are boldly delineated, with a realism that borders upon naturalism, especially in the case of the old Jew, Rahel's father. Thus this drama is the most "modern" of all of Grillparzer's plays and points towards the naturalistic school of the future.

Grillparzer as Lyric Poet

Grillparzer wrote an abundance of lyric poems on a wide range of subjects, but they add little to his reputation. As a poet of rank he must be judged by his dramas. He could not abandon himself freely to the expression of his moods, and so his lyrics lack the naive charm and lucidity of Goethe's poems, for instance. The expression of his feelings is labored, weighted down with reflections, and thus often obscure. His lyrics are crude in form; this is particularly true of his more personal poems. He did not file them into harmonious simplicity, as did Heine, for example, with whose satirical vein Grillparzer has much in common. He simply jotted down his feelings, and having given vent to his moods he sought to forget them. But he possessed a real lyrical gift which finds spontaneous expression in verses of rare beauty when his feelings reflect the moods of others; consequently his best lyrical verses are to be sought in his dramas.

The poet has explained the psychology of his moods as follows: "My soul is no less subject to spasms than is my body. Every intense emotion, even of a pleasant nature, produces a spasmodic convulsion of my soul, and my spirit can not again expand until all these causes and restrictions have passed away; then, as a rule, comes poetical inspiration."[1] And in his autobiography he has pronounced the following verdict upon himself as a lyrist: "I habitually sought refuge in lyrics as a means of relief from my cares and doubts, and therefore I can not lay claim to recognition as a genuine lyric poet."[2]

What Grillparzer thus sacrificed as a lyrist he gained as an epigrammist. He was a keen observer of men and a trenchant evaluator of merit. Hence his epigrams are excelled by but few.

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[1] *Grillparzers sämtliche Werke.* Edition Sauer. Cotta, Vol. 19, p. 185.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 149. Translated freely.

GRILLPARZER AS CRITIC AND ARTIST

The poet's critical acumen is attested not only by his epigrams but also by his literary studies and the notes which interlard his diaries and letters. Unfortunately, the editors of his works have broken up his diaries into personal and literary rubrics; therefore the necessary correlation is rendered difficult and is often neglected.[1] Like all thinking and feeling beings, Grillparzer changed his opinions according to experiences, circumstances, and moods; hence the apparent inconsistencies, contradictions, and repetitions that have led some critics astray. A careful study of his literary criticism will reveal a very consistent manifesto of theory, austere in spirit, yet broad in sympathy.

He was a severe critic, most severe towards himself. His ideals were lofty and not easily satisfied. He belonged to no school and subscribed to no system. He was an artist and judged, as an artist, all works by their esthetic beauty and perfection of form. Thus the classical and the romantic, the ancient and the modern, the idealistic and the realistic are approved, in as far as their exponents depict the poetry of life and make others feel it. These strains exist side by side in the poet's own works. A deep-seated realism, verging at times on naturalism, gives his idealism a firm footing and, on the other hand, his sublime idealism chastens his realism and preserves the esthetic; for he was an enemy of the crassly naturalistic, the didactic, and all *Tendenz*.

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[1] The new, definitive edition of the poet's works is remedying this defect in arranging all of his notes chronologically. See Bibliography below, p. cxxxii.

Grillparzer avoided all extremes. He disapproved of the Romantic School with its metaphysics and hazy outlines, yet his nature was intensely romantic. He was an exponent of conservative classicism, but he demanded that it be quickened with a modern spirit. Hence he could appreciate the ancients and the French, as well as Goethe and Schiller, Shakspere, Calderon, and Lope de Vega.

No other German poet was so intense an admirer and so profound a student of Spanish literature as Grillparzer. His *Studien zum spanischen Theater* contains reviews of about sixty Spanish writers, represented by some three hundred dramas, half of which are plays of Lope de Vega,[1] in addition to reviews of his lyrics and epics. Grillparzer classed Lope with Shakspere and Goethe as a "naive" poet, and in some respects he regarded the Spaniard as superior to both. He was by no means blind to Lope's faults, yet he pronounced him unexcelled as the true poet of nature, the versatile portrayer of life, the artist of fine sensibilities. From Lope de Vega Grillparzer learned the art of depicting characters and situations clearly, and of filling them out with pulsating life.

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[1] It has been estimated that Lope de Vega wrote about 3000 comedies. He himself did not know the number and estimated them at from 700 to 1000. Marino however, one of his personal friends, attributed 2000 dramas to him, all of which were staged.

Political Conditions and Their Effect

Emperor Joseph II was a progressive reformer, and the era of enlightenment made great progress during his reign (1765–1790). The imperial theater was established (1776) for the cultivation of classical drama. Austria began to play a rôle in the literary life of the German nation. The literature produced was rather mediocre, but its purpose was good, and it laid the foundation for better things to come.

The brief reign (1790–1792) of Leopold II was reactionary, and under Francis II the political situation grew even worse (1792–1835), without any amelioration of conditions during the reign (1835–1848) of Ferdinand I. The humiliating defeat of Austria by Napoleon (1806) was a national calamity, and after the overthrow of Napoleon (1815) the government sought to suppress all enthusiasm, even fervid patriotism, so as to hold the populace in check.

The minister Prince Metternich (1773–1859) was the dominating spirit from 1809 to his retirement in 1848. The people had no voice in the government, and the police system penetrated into even the privacy of the home. The government was in the hands of an idle bureaucracy; the public schools were behind the times and did more to further the policy of the government than to educate the people. The press was subjected to a very rigorous and oppressive censorship. Such deadening conditions developed hypocrisy. The more enlightened freely expressed their dissension in private, but publicly they fawned and cringed for favor. This duplicity led to a spirit of resignation and to a certain fatalism. The Viennese wagged their tongues eloquently, but with no thought of trying to change political conditions or of demanding their rights, seeking enjoyment in music and in the theater.

But such a state of affairs could not endure forever. Following the French revolution of 1848 a general uprising spread over Europe, and thrones began to totter. Emperor Ferdinand was persuaded to abdicate in favor of Francis Joseph I, and Metternich was forced to flee the country. The frightened government granted the people a constitution (1849), but after the restoration of peace promises were forgotten and the constitution was annulled. Then followed ten more years of reaction and absolutism. Since the Roman Catholic Church took its stand against popular freedom and in favor of the autocratic and strongly centralized government, the Concordat was established (1855), which gave the clerical party the greatest privileges and power. In 1859 Austria lost control over Lombardy, and the political unrest at home forced the government to give the people representation. Consequently the House of Lords (*Herrenhaus*) was established (1861).

The struggle for supremacy that had been carried on between Prussia and Austria was decided against the latter in the defeat at Sadowa (1866). Henceforth, in order to hold the discordant elements of the empire together, the government saw itself forced to adopt a more liberal policy. The Concordat was abrogated (1868), public education was removed from the control of the Church, the censorship of the press was relaxed, and other vital reforms were instituted. Modern Austria became a reality. The Prussian victory over France finally established the modern German empire in 1871, with Austria not a member, but a faithful ally.

Under such conditions, as they existed in the first half and about the middle of the century, "stanch, upright manhood can not thrive," and the poetry that arises must lack virility.[1] Grillparzer's thinking years coincide with the vacillating period of Austria's history, and no poet of Austria suffered more keenly under the pricks and torments of ingratitude and suspicion. His most patriotic dramas and the poems in which he voiced his love for his monarch were the very works that subjected him to the greatest disappointments and severest persecutions, and that placed him under a suspicion which prevented his preferment in office and embittered his soul.

Grillparzer often complained that the narrow-chested bureaucracy of his native land had dried up his inspiration. Yet, strange to say, he declared that the poet is not dependent upon his epoch for success. He must have meant that poetry is the refuge of the poet under adverse conditions. And in poetry Grillparzer sought refuge. He remained a stanch monarchist, filled with love for the common people so long as they did not presume to meddle in governmental affairs. He did not believe in popular rule, and the latest developments of the nation, during the closing years of his life, were too modern to win his sympathy.

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[1] Wilhelm Scherer: *Vorträge und Aufsätze zur Geschichte des geistigen Lebens in Deutschland und Österreich*, Berlin, 1874, p. 300.

CONCLUSION

Grillparzer was reticent and distrustful of his own ability. He was the wrong man at the wrong time. He needed encouragement but he did not receive it. Yet it is doubtful whether he would have developed differently under other conditions. He was far too independent. He clung to his lofty ideas and ideals of life and art, but he had not the necessary self-assertion to fight for these ideals against adversity. So he suffered for them. He felt that he was the last poet in a prosaic age. He harks back to the classical days of Goethe and Schiller and is colored by his own epoch, but he does not possess the vigor of a new era.

Vienna made him and Austria unmade him. The conditions under which he lived cramped him, yet he found the artistic atmosphere of Vienna too enticing to seek another field of activity. He could not leave Kathi and Vienna behind, and so he sacrificed himself on the altar of devotion to his country and to the woman he loved. Grillparzer's morose life is unattractive; but we must not be unkind in judging him. He fought bravely and accomplished much for a man and poet of his inborn temperament. He made much of a bad situation. He was honest and upright, steadfast in lofty ideals. That is much, that excuses much. His dramas are beautiful revelations of a noble soul and of a highly gifted poet, whatever his shortcomings. Let us remember the words of the great Goethe:

> Man lernt, daß wahre Schätzung nicht ohne Schonung ſein kann.

Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen

1. *The Legend of Hero and Leander in Literature before Grillparzer*

Two lovers are separated from each other by a broad expanse of water. Guided by the faithful lamp of his sweetheart, the young man swims over to her every night. Their bliss is short-lived, however, for on a stormy night the bold swimmer is drowned, and his sweetheart ends her life in despair.[1]

This is in bare outline the story that has spread in various countries, and is current among the common people to the present day. There are many forms of the tale, but the most famous in literature is the legend of Hero and Leander.

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[1] Max Hermann Jellinek: *Die Sage von Hero und Leander in der Dichtung*, Berlin, 1890, p. 1. An extensive study, to which the interested reader is referred.

The earliest literary treatments of this legend date back to the first century B.C. Virgil, Ovid, and Musæus (Musaios) among the ancients; Marlowe, Chapman, and Hood in England; Hans Sachs, Schiller, and Grillparzer in German literature, are but a few of the numerous poets who, at various times and in many nations, have used the legend for ballads, epics, dramas, operas, and travesties.

Ovid and Musæus are the two main literary sources of all the later works. During the Middle Ages Ovid was the model, but from the Renaissance on the poets have had recourse rather to Musæus. This Greek poet and grammarian, of whom little is known beyond the fact that he lived in the fifth century A.D., wrote an epic poem that has been handed down to us in various imperfect manuscripts,[1] the content of which is briefly as follows:

> The Muse is invoked to sing of the lamp which guided the amorous swimmer, Leander, to his nightly tryst with Hero; to sing of the lamp that was the witness of their secret nuptials; to sing of the fate "of the lamp extinguished, and of Leander perished."[2] Then follows the story.
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> In two neighboring cities, separated by the sea, lived a beautiful maiden and a handsome youth: Hero in Sestos, Leander in Abydos. Eros (Cupid) shot an arrow and pierced their hearts.

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[1] The Greek text, as published by Arthur Ludwich, contains 343 verses: *Musaios, Hero und Leandros*, mit ausgewählten Varianten und Scholien, Bonn, 1912. This edition of Musæus has been used for the résumé of the poem, and is also the basis of the following comparisons of Grillparzer and Musæus.

[2] *Ibid.*, l. 15.

Hero, daughter of a Zeus-favored race, was the priestess of Cypris,[1] but she herself was inexperienced in love. With a handmaid[2] she dwelt in the tower of her ancestors by the sea, chaste and prudent. She avoided her playmates and their pastimes, as well as "the jealous censure of women, for women are envious of beauty."[3] She conciliated Cypris and oft appeased the goddess and her son, Eros, whose flaming quiver she dreaded.

To the festival given at Sestos in memory of Aphrodite and Adonis hastened the multitude, hastened all maiden-loving youths, more eager to behold the beauty of the assembled maidens than to bring sacrifices to the immortals. Hero's beauty inflamed their hearts, and each desired her for his wife. "The ancients thought only three Graces had been born, but when Hero laughed, each of her eyes gleamed with a hundred Graces."[4]

Many youths gave fervid expression to their love and admiration, and many burned with passion in silence. Leander also suffered pangs of love, and he did not care to live if he could not possess Hero. Trembling in modesty, he gazed upon her beauty, and love gave him courage. Timidly he drew near her, and she, perceiving his yearning, blushed and betrayed her love.

When the evening star had appeared in the West, Leander with confidence approached the maiden, pressed her rosy fingers, and sighed from the depths of his heart. She withdrew her hand in silence, as if angry. "And when he understood the coquettish signs of the lovely maiden, with undaunted hand he seized her richly embroidered robes and led her into the innermost recesses of the sacred temple."[5] She followed, as if unwilling, and rebuked him for his boldness. She threatened him with the wrath of her wealthy parents and warned him that it was not proper to touch the priestess of Cypris. But Leander saw that her anger was only assumed, and burning with passion he kissed her. She listened to his eloquent words of love and answered accordingly. He promised to swim over to her every night, if she would guide him by a lamp in her tower. Thus the night passed, and they parted; she to her tower, and he by boat to Abydos.

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[1] As Aphrodite (Venus) was called from her sanctuary on the island of Cyprus, where she was most worshiped.

[2] Edition by Arthur Ludwich, *l. c.*, l. 188.

[3] *Ibid.*, ll. 36–37.

[4] *Ibid.*, ll. 63–65.

[5] *Ibid.*, ll. 117–119.

The next evening Hero lighted her lamp, and Eros enkindled Leander's heart. He divested himself of his garments and binding his mantle about his head plunged into the deep. Hero shielded her lamp from the winds with her mantle, and guided her weary lover safely to her shore. She received him with open arms, conducted him to her tower, refreshed and anointed his tired body, and then became his bride. In the morning Leander swam back to his native shore. Hero deceived her parents — "maiden by day, wife by night."[1]

Leander returned every evening to his love; but winter soon approached, and one stormy night extinguished the light of Hero's lamp and the light of Leander's life. In vain Hero waited for her lover, and when the dawn revealed his shattered form on the rocks at the foot of her tower, in despair she rent her garments and plunged from her lofty window. Thus the two lovers were united in death.

Schiller's ballad *Hero und Leander*, written in 1801, is very rhetorical and makes a much more extensive use of mythology than the epic of Musæus. Leander is a doughty hunter, and the impossibility of a union in marriage between the two lovers is attributed to the hostility of their fathers. Schiller follows Musæus in broad outline only. There is no mention of Leander's wooing, which comprises almost half of Musæus's epic; no scene of love and no meeting of the two lovers is depicted. We are simply told that Leander visits Hero for thirty nights, before he perishes during a violent storm, which extinguishes Hero's torch on a cold autumn night. As in Musæus, Hero casts herself into the sea when she discovers the body of Leander at the foot of her tower in the morning.

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[1] *Ibid.*, l. 287.

The simple Germanic folk-ballad has made of the unhappy lovers a prince and a princess, and tells the following naive story:

Es waren zwei Königskinder,
Die hatten einander ſo lieb;
Sie konnten zuſammen nicht kommen,
Das Waſſer war viel zu tief.

„Ach, Liebſter, könnteſt du ſchwimmen,
So ſchwimm doch herüber zu mir!
Drei Kerzen will ich anzünden,
Und die ſollen leuchten zu dir."

Das hört ein falſches Nönnchen,
Die tät als wenn ſie ſchlief;
Sie tät die Kerzlein auslöſchen,
Der Jüngling ertrank ſo tief.

The princess in her sorrow endeavors to secure her mother's permission to go walking by the sea, but in vain; and so while her mother is at church the daughter seeks out the fisherman, who casts his nets at her request and recovers the body of her drowned lover. She rewards the fisherman with her golden crown and her golden ring, presses her dead sweetheart to her breast, and plunges into the deep with him.

Da hört man Glöcklein läuten,
Da hört man Jammer und Not,
Hier liegen zwei Königskinder,
Die ſind alle beide tot![1]

Granted that Grillparzer knew this ballad in some form,[2] it offered him little that he could use in his drama.

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[1] *Deutscher Liederhort.* Erk und Böhme, Leipzig, 1893, Vol. I, p. 293.

[2] See below, p. cxvii.

The heroine is not a priestess and she does not dwell alone with a companion in a tower by the sea. But the "false nun" seems to be a remnant of the ancient religious motif and of Hero's handmaid in the ancient Greek legend, transferred to the realm of the Church. The original lamp has been changed to three candles, also suggestive of the Church, and a personal agent, the nun, has been introduced to extinguish the light which guides the swimmer. A motive for the perfidious act is suggested in the fact that it is committed by a nun. The princess ends her life with her lover by casting herself into the sea, but not from a tower.

2. *Genesis and Success of the Drama*

Among the many themes for dramas which Grillparzer noted in his diary between the fall of 1819 and the spring of 1821, we find the title *Hero und Leander* in an entry made probably in the fall of 1819. This is the earliest authentic record of the poet's plan to dramatize the well-known legend. He was completing his trilogy *Das goldene Vlies* at the time.[1] The second entry on the subject in his diary, made about a year later, i.e., in the fall of 1820, is the following brief outline of the plot:[2]

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[1] See above, pp. xliii ff.

[2] *Grillparzers Werke.* Im Auftrage der Reichs- und Residenzstadt Wien herausgegeben von August Sauer. Abt. II. 7. Tagebücher und literarische Skizzenhefte I, 1808–1821. Wien und Leipzig, 1914, p. 141.

Hero and Leander. How she remains insusceptible to all men and becomes the priestess of Venus. Then she sees Leander. While fetching water in the grove of the goddess she meets him again. He draws water for her. The third act closes as follows: Leander swims for the first time to the tower of Hero at Sestos and ascends to her, after she has thrown down to him a mantle with which to clothe himself. Conversation on love. Hero hears a noise outside, and as she takes the lamp to ascertain the cause, she bids Leander enter her bedchamber. Fourth act. Hero matured thru love (*mit dem Gefühle als Weib*). The priest has seen indications of the tryst, and fishermen have told him of the lamp that burns in the tower every night. He divines the situation, and determines to nip the evil in the bud with rigor and severity. Hero, who has been awake all night, is drowsy. He allows her no time for sleep; he occupies her incessantly. Evening comes. Hero lights her lamp and begins her vigil, but she falls asleep. The priest extinguishes the lamp. 5th act. Fishermen find the body of Leander.

We do not know how extensive the poet's knowledge of his forerunners may have been.[1] It is certain that he knew the epic of Musæus, and we may safely assume that he was acquainted with the ballad of Schiller. His early intense interest in Ovid[1] would make it likely that he knew that Latin poet's treatment of the subject;[2] and it would seem strange if he had not known the Germanic folk-ballad of the "zwei Königskinder" in some version. Musæus was his main source,[3] yet Grillparzer preserved his independence from the very beginning. He found in the Greek poet only certain details that he could use,[4] and the situation and atmosphere as a whole. The tragic motivation of *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen* is the invention of our poet, as is clearly indicated by this first sketch. It is interesting to see how this brief outline foreshadows the completed drama. Naturally, the succinctness of the sketch precluded the possibility of details, but it nevertheless reveals the trend of the drama as it was later completed.

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[1] Altho there is no documentary evidence available to show that Grillparzer knew the fragment of Marlowe, which was completed by Chapman, there are interesting parallels between the Marlowe-Chapman poem and Grillparzer's drama: The action is confined to three days. There is only one night of love. Hero and Leander love each other at first sight. Leander is depicted as a bashful, reticent youth, inexperienced in affairs of the heart; but his first meeting with Hero completely changes him: he boldly wears her purple hair ribbon about his arm and her consecrated ring on his finger as tokens of his triumph; and he is filled with but one desire — the enjoyment of Hero's love. Despite his father's rebuke and attempt to prevent further meetings of the lovers (in our drama the rôle of Naukleros), Leander surprises Hero by swimming over to her tower. Hero's ideals also undergo a complete change thru love. Finally, when she spies Leander's shattered form, she casts herself upon his body, and dies of a broken heart.

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[1] See footnote on p. lxxii.

[2] Simply two letters. A week of stormy weather has prevented Leander from swimming to Hero. So he writes her a letter, telling her of his unhappy solitude. She writes a letter in reply, in which she expresses her unhappiness but begs him not to venture into the stormy sea, as he had threatened to do if the bad weather lasted much longer. (Epistles 17 and 18 of the *Heroïdes*.)

[3] Grillparzer possessed a copy of the edition by Moebius, Halle 1814. This book is still preserved in his library as No. 326. He also mentions in his diary, in the fall of 1820, two other German editions and an Italian translation. See *Grillparzers Werke*, *l. c.*, pp. 298 and 299. See also p. 318, *ibid.*, where two verses of Musæus are quoted in Greek in the fall of 1820. This proves that Grillparzer was studying Musæus at the time when he wrote the sketch quoted above.

[4] Some of these are marked in the poet's copy of the Moebius edition, and refer almost exclusively to the attributes of Hero and her station in life.

As in Musæus, this outline does not suggest any characterization of Leander, the poet evidently rejecting from the very beginning, however, both Schiller's hunter and the prince of the folk-ballad. Later, in the completed drama, Grillparzer decided to make Leander a simple fisher lad, thus drawing a sharp contrast in the social stations of his hero and heroine, a trait which is very characteristic of the poet's dramas. Grillparzer also invented the despondency of Leander over the death of his mother, so that the effect of his meeting with Hero — the reawakening of joy in life — as the all-powerful motive of all his further acts, receives a deeper significance.

Altho Musæus mentions Hero's parents, this first sketch makes no reference to them. In *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen* Grillparzer has changed the "wealthy" parents of the epic to rather simple folk, retaining however the idea of Hero's belonging to a "Zeus-favored race," in making her a member of the family that has provided the temple with priests and priestesses for generations — a fact that is repeatedly mentioned in the drama. Our poet, furthermore, brings Hero's parents upon the scene in the first act, so as to explain the discordant note in Hero's character and also in order to portray more clearly the reason why she has grown up in the temple.

Whereas in Musæus Hero is already a priestess when she meets Leander for the first time at a religious festival, it was Grillparzer's plan from the outset to make her consecration as priestess of Aphrodite part of the exposition of the drama.[1] "Then she sees Leander." This departure from Musæus, which brings love into the life of the heroine immediately after she has taken her vows of celibacy, not only heightens the tragedy of Hero's life, but it also reveals Grillparzer's innate genius as a dramatic poet, and his insight into those forces which make life a tragedy. "Noch gestern, wenn ihr kamt, da war ich frei,"[2] says the priestess in regret, almost in rebuke, "Doch heut versprach ich's, und ich halt' es auch."[3]

The second meeting of Hero and Leander, in the first sketch, takes place in the grove of the goddess, where Leander was to draw water for the priestess. Both this first plan and the scene in the grove, as we have it in the second act of the drama, depart from the epic of Musæus, who lays the scene of Leander's wooing in "the innermost recesses of the sacred temple."

Whether it was Grillparzer's original plan to have an agreement between Hero and Leander as to their nocturnal tryst in the tower, after the model of Musæus, can not be seen from the first sketch; but it is clear that Leander was not to surprise Hero in her room, as he does in the third act of the completed drama, for she was to provide him with a mantle before he ascended to her.[1] In the epic, Leander binds his mantle about his head for future use before he plunges into the sea. It was evidently Grillparzer's first idea to have him swim over without his garments, and the poet's modesty and sense of propriety suggested the motif of the mantle as indicated in the first sketch. In the finished drama Grillparzer has Leander swim to Hero's tower and back home in his garments — a much more difficult task, which the poet however does not dwell upon.

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[1] The exposition of *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen* bears a striking resemblance to the exposition of *Ion* of Euripides. Ion, separated from his parents, has grown up in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. In the opening scene of the drama, Ion greets the morning sun and adorns the temple in a manner that closely resembles the opening scene of our drama. Also, the symbolical scene with the doves suggests the scene in Euripides where the birds that are building a nest in the façade of the temple are frightened away by Ion, because he does not wish to kill them.

[2] See l. 789 of the text.

[3] See l. 790 of the text.

The whole third act is original with Grillparzer: the rôle of Hero's uncle, Hero's state of mind, Leander's unexpected arrival, the lovers' narrow escape from detection by the temple guard, the motif of the lamp, and the conspiracy of all the attending circumstances, which force Leander to remain until morning. Altho in the first plan Hero at once urges Leander to enter her bedchamber, while she takes the lamp to investigate the cause of the disturbance in the hall; in the drama as completed she at first resents the idea of having Leander enter her chamber, and then permits him to do so, ordering him to take the lamp along, while she remains in the dark until the temple guard and Janthe have withdrawn.

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[1] About a year after writing the first outline, Grillparzer made the following note in his diary, i.e., in 1821: "Hero im Thurm [bis] Nun erkennt sie Leandern." This remark would seem to indicate that the poet had decided to have Leander swim over and surprise Hero, as in the finished drama. See *Grillparzers Werke, l. c.*, p. 355. (The quotation above is printed as published by the editors of the diary.)

The motivation of the whole fourth act is Grillparzer's invention, altho the suggestion that fishermen tell the priest "of the lamp that burns in the tower *every night* (*allnächtlich*), points to repeated visits, as in Musæus and Schiller. And yet the determination of the priest "to nip the evil in the bud" sounds as if he had knowledge of the first meeting in the tower, and was to destroy the lovers before their transgression could be repeated. The priest's plan to tire Hero and to keep her away from her tower during the day by occupying her incessantly until evening, Hero's lighting of the lamp as evening approaches, her vain attempt to remain awake, and the priest's extinguishing of the lamp[1] — are all motifs that our poet has invented.

The fifth act, in the first outline, does not seem to have taken shape fully in the poet's imagination. "Fishermen find the body of Leander." It would seem, then, that Hero was not to cast herself from her tower as she does in the epic, and there is no indication that she was to die of a broken heart. The poet had evidently not decided upon the catastrophe of his drama, but he clearly did not intend to follow Musæus.

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[1] Grillparzer did not plan to follow Musæus in having the elements by chance extinguish the lamp and thus seal Leander's doom. This act was to be performed by the priest for the distinct purpose of saving the temple from further desecration. Thus the act of the priest receives a deeper significance, and the destruction of Leander (and of Hero) is connected with their tragic guilt.

The secondary characters: Naukleros, Janthe, Hero's parents, and the temple guard had not yet taken shape in the poet's imagination at the time when he made his first plan. It is not insignificant that the confidants of Hero and Leander, Janthe and Naukleros, were introduced into the action only later; for Büssel's drama[1] contains similar rôles. Likewise, the distinction between the earthly Venus, Aphrodite Pandemos (*die ird'sche Aphrodite*), and the heavenly Venus, Aphrodite Urania (*die Himmlische*), is made in Büssel's drama. Thus it seems that Grillparzer may have received some important suggestions for his drama from a play that is on the whole a miserable patchwork of motifs taken from Musæus and Schiller.[2]

The sketch which we have just discussed was written at the time when the poet was entangled in his love affair with Charlotte von Paumgarten,[3] a relation which was not conducive to the further development of a love drama such as the poet had evidently planned. The early days of his engagement to Kathi[4] did not furnish him with ideas for a *tragedy* of love, and besides he turned his attention to historical subjects, so that he did not revert to his Hero and Leander drama until the winter of 1825–6.

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[1] *Hero und Leandros.* Ein Trauerspiel in fünf Acten. Von Aloys Joseph Büssel. Bamberg und Würzburg in den Goebhardtischen Buchhandlungen, 1822.

[2] Jellinek, *l. c.*, pp. 62–67, 88–91. For further discussion of the motivation of *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen* see the notes.

[3] See above, p. li.

[4] See above, pp. lii f.

In the meantime he had broken with Charlotte, his engagement to Kathi had caused him many unhappy hours,[1] and he had become involved in his infatuation for Marie von Smolenitz.[2] Matured by these experiences, the poet should have been prepared to write his drama on the tragic love of Hero and Leander; but the numerous trials and persecutions to which he had been subjected filled him with despair and with distrust of himself, so that he could derive no pleasure from poetical composition; in fact he found it difficult to do any literary work at all.[3]

In a diary entry of March 20, 1826, the poet has left a record of his vain attempts during the preceding winter. Speaking of his *Hero und Leander*, he says:

> "This plan I had conceived much earlier,[4] and if it had become somewhat hazy, I needed only to freshen it up. I was partially successful, but as soon as I took up my pen, intending to reserve the development of individual parts for the later prosecution of the work, the very first lines turned out so cold, so lifeless. That which really interested me in the characters was so little evident in the portrayal that I had to desist again." [5]

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[1] See above, pp. lviii, lxxiii.

[2] See above, pp. lxxi f.

[3] See above, pp. lviii ff., lxx ff.

[4] Meaning doubtless the first sketch of 1820 which has been discussed above. This seems to furnish proof that the poet did not occupy himself with the drama from 1821 to 1825.

[5] This and subsequent references to the poet's diary can easily be found under the pertinent dates in *Grillparzers Briefe und Tagebücher*. Glossy and Sauer editors. Vol. II, Cotta.

During the summer of 1826 Grillparzer was in despair and in poor health, so he took his trip to Germany.[1] Refreshed, upon his return in the fall he wrote *Ein treuer Diener seines Herrn*, completing the drama on December 5. He then turned his attention to *Hero und Leander*, and began the first *real* manuscript on January 8, 1827.[2] From now on to February 25, 1829, he seems to have occupied himself more or less steadily with the drama. That he was working on the tragedy in 1828 is attested by the following French citation under the heading *Motto zur Hero*. This throws light upon his conception of the psychological problem with which he was struggling:

> "I know of nothing so difficult as a dialog in which remark and response are linked only by sensations so delicate, ideas so fleeting, soul-impulses so rapid, sentiments so intangible, that they seem detached from it, especially to those who are by nature incapable of experiencing the same things under the same circumstances. Diderot, *Discours sur la poésie dramatique*."

Having evidently completed the drama by the winter of 1828, the poet began to subject his work to a thoro revision, so that by February 18, 1829, he was revising the fourth act; and there are references in his diary to his labors almost daily until February 26. At first his conception of Hero's state of mind in the fourth act is hazy, but gradually his vision grows clearer and he is hopeful of success. He revises and improves, and feels confident that he can complete the drama, altho the catastrophe seems to him to be too theatrical.

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[1] See above, pp. lviii ff.

[2] *Goedekes Grundriss*, Vol. 8, p. 427.

In spite of his doubts and ill-humor his work progresses rapidly, and on the twenty-fifth of the month he is determined to conclude the tragedy summarily, even tho he has misgivings as to its success:

> "This magnificent material," he writes on February 25, 1829, "has been composed without the necessary love, more in order to do something than because any inward impulse made just this production a necessity. Indeed, for my vexation with my uncontrollable disinclination and, as it were, with challenging defiance, I had chosen from a number of subjects the one which required the greatest devotion for its execution. Altho frequently enthusiastic at certain points, this mood did not have on the whole the proper effect, and I fear I have made a failure of it. That shall now be shown. I myself can no longer judge. I change and change, yet the new is no better than the old. Now the eyes of others must judge. Out into the world with it!
>
> "How different from former years! And what is to become of me?"[1]

The next day, February 26, 1829, he handed the manuscript to the copyist, and shortly after that he offered the drama to the imperial theater; but it was not staged for two years.[2] The première took place at the imperial theater on April 5, 1831, with but little success. The poet's own remarks on his failure, written in his diary April 20, are worthy of being quoted in full:

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[1] A complaint that is often repeated by the poet during these unhappy years.

[2] The gifted actress Sophie Müller, who was to play the rôle of Hero, was very ill when the drama was accepted by the imperial theater. She died in June 1830, and so the drama could not be performed until a suitable actress was found to take her place.

> "On the fifth of this month *Hero and Leander* played; did *not* please. The first three acts madly applauded, the last two passed by without interest. Sad, that the voice of the public corresponds so completely with my own doubts. To be sure, the fifth act is unfortunately too effective (*wirksam*), too theatrical (and on that account I always wanted to change it); it clearly suffered, however, from the ineffectiveness (*Wirkungslosigkeit*) of the fourth act; for nothing has an effect upon those whose thoughts have once wandered. Strange, just this fourth act I wrote with the greatest devotion, the greatest personal intimacy; and at the first moment it seemed to me a great success; but even at the second revision, a year later,[1] I could no longer acquiesce in it. The whole is evidently lacking in unity, incoherent, and written rather with a general inspiration than with special enthusiasm for the material as such. More sketch than picture. The task was huge. Had it succeeded, the gain for poetry had been great. It did not. And yet, and yet! If by a few successful future achievements I can maintain a place among the lasting poets, the time might easily come when the value of what I have accomplished, tho but partially, in this fourth act would be appreciated."

During the fall of the next year, 1832, we find the poet engaged in a complete revision of the drama. From October 13 to November 15 he records his progress in his diary, sometimes with satisfaction, sometimes with doubt. He writes:

> "The fourth act will always remain the chief difficulty, . . . but finished it must be. The fourth act is intentionally made some-

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[1] This mention of a "second revision" is the reason for assuming a preliminary manuscript made during the winter of 1825–6, a first revision of that manuscript in the winter of 1827–8, and another revision during the winter of 1828–9.

what misshapen and even sprawling in construction; of course, it is intended to give the impression of a considerable lapse of time. But people absolutely refuse to be the least bit bored. Being cleverly bored is being entertained too!"

Finally the poet overcame his doubts and scruples and submitted the manuscript to his publisher,[1] together with *Weh dem, der lügt* and *Der Traum, ein Leben.*[2]

After four performances in 1831 the drama disappeared from the boards. Its failure was due largely to the actress Julie Gley, who played the rôle of Hero. Altho very gifted, she did not possess the personal magnetism necessary to hold the audience thruout the psychological nuances of the precarious fourth act. When Laube revived Grillparzer's dramas at the imperial theater in 1851, Frau Bayer-Bürck appeared as Hero. Her charming stage presence and peculiar stage talents were adapted to the rôle. She portrayed Hero's complete abandon to her love reveries with a delicacy that had no touch of commonplace sensuality, and with a charm and grace that bridged over the dangerous chasm of the fourth act. Consequently these performances were an unqualified success. After that the drama remained a favorite on the Austrian stage and it has in recent years been favorably received in Germany.

[1] The drama was played and printed under the present title, *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen.* This title, according to the poet's own words, was to indicate at the very outset the modern, romantic treatment of the ancient, classical legend. Nevertheless, Grillparzer himself always called the drama *Hero und Leander.*

[2] The three dramas, printed in 1840 in an edition of 2000 copies each, brought the poet 2500 florins, about $1250.

Critics are now quite agreed that this tragedy is the poet's most beautiful work, and many regard it the most delicate love tragedy in German literature. Emil Reich has pronounced it "*Das hohe Lied der Liebe.*" It is one of the most exquisite things in dramatic art.

"A model tragedy . . . is Grillparzer's *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen.* And indeed, Franz Grillparzer is a dramatist of the greatest importance, and his reputation is growing daily. Even tho his dramas have a lyrical strain, they are always distinguished by a strict unity of action, which is simple and clear, developing quietly and steadily, and which is filled not only with material but more especially with psychological conflicts. At the same time, Grillparzer is noteworthy as a portrayer of passion under restraint, and an especially prominent trait of his works is their charm. For that very reason most of his heroes are women, . . . magnificent women, such as are rarely found in dramatic literature. . . . He reveals the deepest intimacy with the heart and mind of woman and with the elemental force of love.

"Thus he has created in his Hero and Leander a work which, as a genuine love-drama, ranks with *Romeo and Juliet* and which, viewed as a love-drama pure and simple, even surpasses it; . . . for Love as such is center and conflict and tragedy itself." — Hermann Schlag: *Das Drama*, pp. 211–212.

QUESTIONS ON THE INTRODUCTION

1. When and where did the poet Franz Grillparzer live? (xi)[1]

2. Give a character sketch of his father and mother, and state the qualities he derived from them. (xii–xiv)

3. Describe the poet's boyhood life. (xiv–xv)

4. How and where was Grillparzer educated? (xv–xviii, xxi f.)

5. What were the boy's literary interests during his early years? (xviii–xix) During his youth? (xxii–xxiv)

6. How did Grillparzer earn a living after his father's death in 1809? (xxi–xxv)

7. What brought him into touch with Schreyvogel, and what influence did this friendship have upon his development? (xxiv–xxv)

8. What was Grillparzer's first successful drama; when was it written, and what are its characteristics? (xxvi–xxx)

9. What had he written before this? Why had he not published anything? (xviii–xx)

10. Why did the poet choose the subject of the poetess Sappho for his next drama? (xxx)

11. When was the drama written? What is its theme? Name its characteristics. (xxxi–xxxiv)

12. To what extent does this play reflect the poet's own experiences, and what characteristics in it foreshadow his further work? (xxxiv f.)

13. What sort of materials interested him after the completion of *Sappho*, and what does this reveal in his poetical temperament? (xxxvi f.)

14. What appointment did Count Stadion secure for the poet in 1818? What were the stipulations of this appointment? (xxxvii f.)

15. When and how did the poet hit upon the subject for his next drama, and why did he not finish it at that time? (xxxviii f.)

16. Why did Grillparzer take his trip to Italy? What were the results of this journey? (xl–xlii)

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[1] The figures in parentheses denote the pages in the Introduction, where the material is to be found upon which the questions are based.

17. When was *Das goldene Vlies* completed? Characterize this drama as a tragedy "of the will." What is the cultural background of the drama? (xliii ff.)

18. Describe the poet's appearance in 1817. (l)

19. What was the nature of his earliest affairs of the heart? (xxxiv) What were his relations with Charlotte von Paumgarten and Marie von Piquot? (li ff.)

20. To whom did the poet become engaged, and what was the outcome? (lii ff.)

21. When was his first historical tragedy written? Characterize it. With what success did it meet? (liv–lviii)

22. Why did Grillparzer visit Goethe? Describe his sojourn in Weimar. Why did he not enter into closer relations with Goethe later on? (lviii–lxi)

23. What is the nature of his next tragedy, and why was it soon withdrawn from the stage? (lxiii–lxvi)

24. How does this drama reflect the poet's own nature? (lxvi)

25. What rôle does music play in the poet's life and works? What brought him into touch with Beethoven, and what opinion did he hold of the great composer? (lxvi–lxx)

26. What does the cycle of poems, *Tristia ex Ponto*, represent in the poet's life? (lxx–lxxiii)

27. When did Grillparzer first begin work on *Der Traum, ein Leben?* Why did he not complete the drama at that time? (xxx, xxxvi, lxxv)

28. Characterize this drama. Why is its technic unique? (lxxvi–lxxviii) To what type of play does it belong? (lxxvii)

29. To what office was the poet appointed in 1832? (lxxviii)

30. Why was Grillparzer disconsolate in the early thirties? Where did he find some enjoyment? (lxxviii–lxxx)

31. What interested him especially in France and England? (lxxx f.)

32. What unfortunate experience robbed him of the benefits of his trip? (lxxxi f.)

33. In what sense is *Weh dem, der lügt* a "comedy"? (lxxxii) What traits of the play are biographical? What is the cultural background of the work? (lxxxiv)

34. What lasting effect did its failure have on the poet? (lxxxv) Sketch the poet's life of seclusion from 1838 to 1847. (lxxxv–lxxxviii)

35. What prompted Grillparzer to write his autobiography? How much of his life does it cover? (lxxxviii f.)

36. What was the poet's attitude towards the revolution of 1848? (lxxxix)

37. Outline his life from 1849 to his death. (xc–xciii)

38. To whom did the poet bequeath his fortune? Why was this especially fitting? Why did he never marry Kathi? (xciii–xcv)

39. What works did the poet withhold from the public during his life time? (xcvii) Why was he not able to solve the problem of married life in *Libussa?* (xcviii f.)

40. What relation does *Ein Bruderzwist in Habsburg* bear to *König Ottokars Glück und Ende* and to Schiller's *Wallenstein?* (xcix) In what respects is Rudolf II a reflection of the poet himself? (c)

41. Why is *Die Jüdin von Toledo* the most "modern" of Grillparzer's plays? (cii)

42. What is Grillparzer's rank as a lyric poet? Where are his best lyrical verses to be found? (cii f.)

43. What are his characteristics as critic and artist? (cii–cvi, cxxviii)

44. Sketch the political conditions under which the poet lived, and what effect did these conditions have on his life and development? (cvi–cx)

45. How widespread is the legend of Hero and Leander? Name the principal poets who have made use of this legend. (cx f.)

46. Who was Grillparzer's main source? With what other treatments of the subject was, or may he have been, acquainted? (cxvi f.)

47. Relate the story as told by Musæus; by the folk-ballad. (cxi–cxiii, cxiv)

48. What are the chief differences between the epic of Musæus and Grillparzer's drama? (cxviii–cxxii)

49. When did Grillparzer first occupy himself with the legend? (cv) Why, probably, did he not complete the drama then? (cxxii f.) When did he complete the drama? When was it first played? (cxxv) With what success? Why did it fail? (cxxv–ccxxvii) When was the drama first published? (cxxvii)

50. What rank do some critics assign to this tragedy among Grillparzer's works? In German literature? In the world's literature? (cxxviii)

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[1] A complete bibliography down to the year 1904 is given in *Goedekes Grundriss*, Vol. 8, pp. 317–459. Therefore only a few of the most important editions of the poet's works, and of the critical studies on the poet — those that the student is most likely to find in the average good library — are here listed.

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ON GRILLPARZER'S
DES MEERES UND DER LIEBE WELLEN

To wisest poets Time's old stories are
No wrinkled folk-lore long since over-sung;
But, like the world of wood and sky and star,
Forever musical, forever young;
For, like perennial Nature, they unfold
To wisest poets wondrous wisdom new—
Something before unguessed, unheard, untold,
Something perhaps unborn where first they grew.
So in this story of old Greek romance
Of maid and tow'r and lovèr drowned by night,
A Teuton singer, wise in circumstance,
Wise in the mind of man, and wise in light,
Won Opportunity to shadow forth
Life as man finds it in the tragic North.

The virgin, vowed to love divine, undone
By human love, shows strife of heaven and earth
Within all hearts of children of the sun. . . .
Which love should conquer, as of deeper worth?—
Urania lost with Hero. And the Night,
The Gulf between man's hopes and man, the Sea—
Estranging and irrevocable Might—
Leander could not master it—can we?
And the grim pomp of altar-guarding Priest
Trampling on life, austere, remote, precise
To serve his gods with festival and feast . . .
We too perhaps have been his sacrifice.
Thus to old Hellespont we come—but bring
New times, new tears, new poet's questioning.

William Ellery Leonard

(Written for this edition of the drama.)

Des

Meeres und der Liebe Wellen

Trauerſpiel in fünf Aufzügen

Perſonen

Hero
Der Oberprieſter, ihr Oheim
Leander
Naukleros
Janthe
Der Hüter, des Tempels
Heros Eltern
Diener
Fiſcher
Volk

Erſter Aufzug

Vorhof im Tempel der Aphrodite zu Seſtos. Den Mittelgrund bilden Säulen mit weiten Zwiſchenräumen, das Periſtyl bezeichnend. Im Hintergrunde der Tempel, zu dem mehrere Stufen emporführen. Nach vorne, rechts, die Statue Amors, links Hymenäus' Bildſäule. Früher Morgen.

Hero

(ein Körbchen mit Blumen im Arme haltend, tritt aus dem Tempel und ſteigt die Stufen herab)

Nun, ſo weit wär's getan! Geſchmückt der Tempel;
Mit Myrt' und Roſen iſt er rings beſtreut
Und harret auf das kommende, das Feſt.

Und ich bin dieſes Feſtes Gegenſtand!
Mir wird vergönnt, die unbemerkten Tage,
Die fernhin rollen ohne Richt' und Ziel,
Dem Dienſt der hohen Himmliſchen zu weihn,
Die einzelnen, die, Wieſenblümchen gleich,
Der Fuß des Wanderers zertritt und knickt,
Zum Kranz gewunden um der Göttin Haupt,
Zu weihen und verklären; ſie und mich.

Wie bin ich glücklich, daß nun heut der Tag,
Und daß der Tag ſo ſchön, ſo ſtill, ſo lieblich!
Kein Wölkchen trübt das blaue Firmament,
Und Phöbus blickt, dem hellen Meer entſtiegen,

Schon über jene Zinnen ſegnend her.
Schauſt du mich ſchon als eine von den Euren?
Ward es dir kund, daß jene muntre Hero,
Die du wohl ſpielen ſahſt an Tempels Stufen,
Daß ſie, ergreifend ihrer Ahnen Recht,
Die Prieſter gaben von Urväterzeit
Dem hehren Heiligtum — daß ſie's ergreifend,
Das ſchöne Vorrecht, Prieſterin nun ſelbſt;
Und heute, heut, an dieſem, dieſem Tage.
Auf jenen Stufen wird das Volk ſie ſehn,
Den Himmliſchen der Opfer Gaben ſpendend,
Von jeder Lippe ringt ſich Jubel los,
Und in dem Glanz, der Göttin dargebracht,
Strahlt auf der Prieſt'rin Haupt —
Allein, wie nur?
Beginn' ich mit Verſäumen meinen Dienſt?
Hier ſind noch Kränze, Blumen hab' ich noch,
Und jene Bilder ſtehen ungeſchmückt.

Hier, Hymenäus, der die Menſchen bindet,
Nimm dieſen Kranz von einer, die gern frei.
Die Seelen tauſcheſt du? Ei, gute Götter!
Ich will die meine nur für mich behalten,
Wer weiß, ob eine andre mir ſo nütz?

Dir, Amor, ſei der zweite meiner Kränze!
Biſt du der Göttin Sohn und ich ihr Kind,
Sind wir verwandt; und redliche Geſchwiſter
Beſchädigen ſich nicht und halten Ruh'.

So ſei’s mit uns, und ehren will ich dich,
Wie man verehrt, was man auch nicht erkennt.

Nun noch die Blumen auf den Eſtrich. — Doch,
Wie liegt nur das Geräte rings am Boden?
Der Sprengkrug und der Wedel, Baſt und Binden.
Saumſel’ge Dienerinnen dieſes Hauſes,
Euch ſtand es zu. Übt ſo ihr eure Pflicht?
Lieg immer denn und gib ein kundbar Zeugnis! —
Und doch, es martert mein erglühend Auge.
Fort, Niedriges! und laß mich nicht dich ſchaun!
(Sich mit Zurechtſtellen beſchäftigend)
Dort kommt der Schwarm, von lautem Spiel erhitzt,
Nunmehr zu tun, was ohne ſie vollendet.

Janthe und mehrere **Dienerinnen** kommen.

Janthe

Ei, ſchöne Hero, ſchon ſo früh beſchäftigt?

Hero

So früh, weil’s andre nicht, wenn’s noch ſo ſpät.
(Die Dienerinnen ſtellen das übrige zurecht.)

Janthe

Ei ſeht! ſie tadelt uns, weil wir die Kanne,
Das wenige Gerät nicht weggeſchafft.

Hero

Viel oder wenig, du haſt’s nicht getan.

Janthe

Wir waren früh am Werk und ſprengten, fegten;
Da kam die Luſt, im Grünen uns zu jagen.

Hero

Drauf gingt ihr hin und — nun, beim hohen Himmel!
Als du den leichten Fuß erhobſt und ſenkteſt,
Kam dir der Vorhof deiner Göttin nicht,
Dein unvollendet Werk dir nicht vors Auge?
Genug, ich faſſ' euch nicht. Wir wollen ſchweigen.

Janthe

Weil du ſo grämlich biſt und einſam ſchmollſt,
Beneideſt du dem Frohen jede Luſt.

Hero

Ich bin nicht grämlich; froher leicht als ihr;
Und oft hab' ich zur Abendzeit beklagt,
Wo Spiel vergönnt, daß ihr des Spielens müde;
Doch nehm' ich nicht dem Ernſte ſeine Luſt,
Indem ich mit des Scherzes Luſt ſie menge.

Janthe

Verzeih, wir ſind gemeines, niedres Volk,
Du freilich, aus der Prieſter Stamm entſproſſen —

Hero

Du ſagſt es.

Janthe

Und zu Höherem beſtimmt —

Hero

Mit Stolz entgegn' ich: Ja!

Ianthe

Ganz andre Freuden,
Erhab'nere Genüſſe ſind für dich.

Hero

Du weißt, ich kann nicht ſpotten. Spotte nur!

Ianthe

Und doch, gingſt du mit uns und ſahſt die beiden,
Die fremden Jünglinge am Gittertor —

Hero

Nun ſchweig!

Ianthe

Was gilt's? Du blinzelteſt wohl ſelber
Ein wenig durch die Stäbe.

Hero

Schweige! ſag' ich.
Ich habe deiner Torheit Raum gegeben,
Leichtfertigem verſchließt ſich dieſes Ohr.
Sprich nicht und reg' dich nicht! denn, bei den Göttern!
Dem Prieſter, meinem Oheim, ſag' ich's an,
Und er beſtraft dich, wie du's wohl verdienſt.

Ich bin mir gram, daß mich der Zorn bemeiſtert,
Und doch kann ich nicht anders, hör' ich dies.
Du ſollſt nicht reden, ſag' ich! Nicht ein Wort!

Der **Prieſter**, von dem **Tempelhüter** begleitet, iſt von der rechten Seite her aufgetreten.

Hero
(ihm entgegen)

O, wohl mir, daß du kommſt, mein edler Ohm!
Dein Kind war im Begriff, zu zürnen, heut,
Am Morgen dieſes feierlichen Tags,
Der ſie auf immer — o, verzeih, mein Ohm!

Prieſter

Was aber war der heißen Regung Grund?

Hero

Die argen Worte dieſer Leichtgeſinnten,
Der frevle Hohn, der, was er ſelbſt nicht achtet,
So gern als unwert aller Achtung malte.
O, daß die Weisheit halb ſo eifrig wäre
Nach Schülern und Bekehrten, als der Spott!

Prieſter

Und welche war's, die, vor den andern kühn,
Die Sitte unſres Hauſes ſo verletzt?

Hero
(nach einer Pauſe)

Genau beſehn, will ich ſie dir nicht nennen,
Ob ihr die Rüge gleich gar wohl verdient.

105 Schilt ſie nur alle, Herr, und heiß ſie gehn;
Die Schuld'ge nimmt ſich ſelbſt wohl ihren Teil.
(Zum Tempelhüter)
Du aber ſieh zum äußern Gittertor,
Damit nicht Fremde —

Prieſter

Hätte denn — ?

Hero

Ich bitte.

Prieſter

So geh! — Und ihr! Und meidet zu begegnen
110 Dem Zorne, der ſein Recht und ſeine Mittel kennt.
(Der Tempelhüter nach der linken, die Mädchen nach der rechten Seite ab.)

Hero

Nun iſt mir leicht! Ich könnte ſie bedauern,
Wenn ihre Torheit an ſich ſelber zehrte,
Nicht um Genoſſen würb' und Billigung.

Prieſter

So ſehr mich freut, daß du den Schwarm vermeideſt
115 Und aus der Menge nicht die Freundin wählſt,
So ſehr befremdet mich, ja, ich beklag' es,
Daß dich zu keiner unter deinesgleichen
Des Herzens Zug, ein ſtill Bedürfnis führte.
Ein einſam Leben harrt der Prieſterin,
120 Zu zweien trägt und wirkt ſich's noch ſo leicht.

Hero

Ich kann nicht finden, daß Geſellſchaft fördert:
Was einem obliegt, muß man ſelber tun.
Dann, nennſt du einſam einer Prieſt'rin Leben?
Wann war es einſam hier im Tempel je?
Vom frühen Morgen drängt die laute Menge,
Aus Oſt und Weſten ſtrömt herbei das Volk,
Von Weihgeſchenken und von Opfergaben,
Von Feſteszügen, fremden Beterſcharen
War nimmer dieſes Hauſes Schwelle leer.
Dann fehlt's ja nicht an mancherlei zu tun:
Der Waſſerkrug, der Opferherd, die Kränze,
Und Säul' und Sockel, Eſtrich und Altar
Zu reinigen, zu ſchmücken, zu bewahren.
Wo bliebe da zum Schwätzen wohl die Zeit,
Zum Koſen mit der Freundin, wie du meinſt?

Prieſter

Du haſt mich nicht gefaßt.

Hero

Wohl denn, es ſei!
Was man nicht faßt, erregt auch kein Verlangen.
Laß mich, ſo wie ich bin, ich bin es gern.

Prieſter

Doch kommt die Zeit und ändert Wunſch und Neigung.

Hero

Man klagt ja täglich, daß der Unverſtänd'ge
Beharrt und bleibt, man tadl' ihn, wie man will;

Weshalb nun den Verſtänd'gen unverſtänd'ger
Und unbeſtänd'ger glauben als den Tor?
Ich weiß ja, was ich will und was wir wählten,
Wenn wählen heißen kann, wo keine Wahl.
Vielmehr ein glücklich Ungefähr hat mich,
Nur halb bewußt, an dieſen Ort gebracht,
Wo — wie der Menſch, der, müd' am Sommerabend,
Vom Ufer ſteigt ins weiche Wellenbad
Und, von dem lauen Strome rings umfangen,
In gleicher Wärme ſeine Glieder breitet,
So, daß er, prüfend, kaum vermag zu ſagen:
Hier fühl' ich mich, und hier fühl' ich ein Fremdes, —
Mein Weſen ſich hintangibt und beſitzt.
Aus langer Kindheit träumeriſchem Staunen
Bin hier ich zum Bewußtſein erſt erwacht.
Im Tempel, an der Göttin Fußgeſtelle,
Ward mir ein Daſein erſt, ein Ziel, ein Zweck.
Wer, wenn er mühſam nur das Land gewonnen,
Sehnt ſich ins Meer zurück, wo's wüſt und ſchwindelnd?
Ja, dieſe Bilder, dieſe Säulengänge,
Sie ſind ein Äußeres mir nicht, ein Totes;
Mein Weſen rankt ſich auf an dieſen Stützen,
Getrennt von ihnen, wär' ich tot wie ſie.

Prieſter

Nur hüte dich, daß ſo beſchränktes Streben
Ein Billiger nicht möge ſelbſtiſch nennen.
Es hält der Menſch mit Recht von ſeinem Weſen
Jegliche Störung fern; allein ſein Leben,

Ablehnend alles andre, nur auf ſich,
Des eignen Sinns Bewahrung zu beſchränken,
Scheint widrig, unerlaubt, ja ungeheuer,
Und doch auch wieder eng und ſchwach und klein.
Du weißt, es war ſeit undenkbaren Zeiten
Begnadet von den Göttern unſer Stamm
Mit Prieſterehren, Zeichen und Orakeln,
Zu ſprechen liebten ſie durch unſern Mund:
Lockt’s dich nun nicht, zurück es zu gewinnen,
Das ſchöne Vorrecht; dir zum höchſten Ruhm
Und allem Volk zum ſegensreichen Frommen?
Ich riet dir oft, in ſtill verborgner Nacht
Zu nahen unſrer Göttin Heiligtum
Und dort zu lauſchen auf die leiſen Stimmen,
Mit denen wohl das Überird’ſche ſpricht.

Hero

Verſchiednes geben Götter an verſchiedne;
Mich haben ſie zur Seh’rin nicht beſtimmt.
Auch iſt die Nacht, zu ruhn, der Tag, zu wirken;
Ich kann mich freuen nur am Strahl des Lichts.

Prieſter

Vor allem ſollte heut —

Hero

Ich war ja dort,
Noch eh’ die Sonne kam, in unſerm Tempel,
Und ſetzte mich bei meiner Göttin Thron
Und ſann; doch keine Stimme kam von oben.

Da griff ich zu den Blumen, die du ſiehſt,
Und wand ihr Kränze, meiner hohen Herrin:
Erſt ihr, dann jenen beiden Himmliſchen,
195 Und war vergnügt.

Prieſter

Und dachteſt — ?

Hero

An mein Werk.

Prieſter

An andres nicht?

Hero

Was ſonſt?

Prieſter

An deine Eltern.

Hero

Was nützt es auch? Sie denken nicht an mich.

Prieſter

Sie denken dein und ſehnen ſich nach dir.

Hero

Ich weiß das anders, doch du glaubſt es nicht.
200 War ihnen ich doch immer eine Laſt,
Und fort und fort ging Sturm in ihrem Hauſe.
Mein Vater wollte, was kein andres wollte,

Und drängte mich und zürnte ohne Grund.
Die Mutter duldete und ſchwieg.
Mein Bruder — von den Menſchen all, die leben,
Bin ich nur einem gram — es iſt mein Bruder.
Als älterer, und weil ich nur ein Weib,
Erſah er mich zum Spielwerk ſeiner Launen;
Doch hielt ich gut und grollte ſtill und tief.

Prieſter

So zürnſt du deinen Eltern?

Hero

Zürnen? O!
Vergaß ich ſie, geſchah's, um ſie zu lieben.
Auch iſt mein Weſen umgekehrt und eben,
Seit mich die Göttin nahm in ihren Schutz.

Prieſter

Wenn ſie nun kämen?

Hero

Ach, ſie werden's nicht.

Prieſter

Dich heim zu holen?

Hero

Mich? Von hier? Vergebens.

Prieſter

Die Mutter mit dem Bräut'gam an der Hand.

Hero

(zum Gehen gewendet)

Du ſcherzeſt, Herr, und ich, ich ſcherzte nicht.

Prieſter

Bleib nur! auch iſt es Scherz. Doch deine Eltern
Sind hier.

Hero

Nein. Hier?

Prieſter

Seit geſtern abends.

Hero

O!
Und du verhehlteſt mir's!

Prieſter

Sie wollten's ſelbſt,
Die Weihe nicht zu ſtören dieſer Nacht,
Die dir ein Morgen iſt für viele Tage.
Doch biſt du ſtark, und mögen ſie denn nahn.
Sieh dort den Kommenden! Er wandelt — ſteht —
Holt tiefen Atem — nähert ſich.

Hero

Mein Vater?

Prieſter

Er ſelber, ja.

Hero

Und iſt der Mann ſo alt?

Prieſter

Die Frau an ſeiner Seite —

Hero

Mutter! Mutter!

Prieſter

Erbleichſt du? Eilſt den Lieben nicht entgegen
In froher Haſt?

Hero

O, laß mich ſie betrachten!
230 Hab' ich ſie doch ſo lange nicht geſehn.

Heros Eltern kommen.

Vater

Mein Kind! Hero, mein Kind!

Hero

(auf ihre Mutter zueilend)

O meine Mutter!

Vater

Sieh nur, wir kommen her, den weiten Weg —
Mein Atem wird ſchon kurz — ſo fern vom Hauſe,
Als Zeugen deines götternahen Glücks,

Zu ſchauen, wie du in der Ahnen Spur
Antrittſt das Recht, um das ſie uns beneiden,
Die andern alle ringsumher im Land,
Wie um das Amt, mit dem ſeit manchem Jahr
Bekleidet das Vertrau'n mich unſrer Stadt,
Und das — die böſe Bruſt! — Was wollt' ich ſagen? —
Nun, eben deshalb kamen wir hierher! —
Ei, guten Morgen, Bruder!

Hero

Meine Mutter!

Vater

Sie auch! Auch ſie! Ob kränkelnd ſchon und ſchwach,
Es duldete ſie nicht im leeren Hauſe;
Teilnehmen wollte ſie an deinem Glück.
Der Wagen faßt wohl zwei, ſo kam ſie mit,
Erfreuten Sinns. Und wer, wenn noch ſo ſtumpf,
Erfreute ſich an ſeinem Kinde nicht,
Wenn es einhergeht auf der Hoheit Spuren?
Wer horchte da auf kleinlich dunkle Zweifel?
Auf — was weiß ich? Nu, wie geſagt, erfreut.

Hero

Allein, ſie ſpricht nicht.

Vater

Nicht? Frag' ſie: warum?
Sie ſpricht wohl ſonſt, wenn's auch nicht an der Zeit,

Im Haus, den langen Tag. Frag' ſie: warum?
Und wieder iſt's auch beſſer, ſpricht ſie nicht;
Wer Förderliches nicht vermag zu ſagen,
Tut klüger, ſchweigt er völlig. Bruder, nicht?

Hero

O, guter Ohm, heiß deinen Bruder ſchweigen,
Daß meine Mutter rede.

Prieſter

Bruder, laß ſie!

Vater

So ſprich! Allein —

Hero

Nicht ſo! Nach ihrem Herzen.
Wie's ihr gefällt.

Mutter
(halblaut)
Mein gutes Kind!

Hero

Hörſt du? Sie ſprach. O, ſüßer, ſüßer Klang!
So lange nicht gehört! O, meine Mutter!

Prieſter
(in den Hintergrund tretend, zu einem Diener)
Komm hier!

Vater

Nun weint ſie gar! Daß doch! —
Was ſchaffſt du, Bruder?
(Er geht nach rückwärts, die Hand dem gleichfalls dort ſtehenden Tempelhüter auf die Schulter legend)
Ah, du mein Ehrenmann! Was ſchafft ihr da?

Prieſter

Ein Ringeltauber flog in dieſen Buſch,
Wohl gar zu Neſt. Das darf nicht ſein. He, Sklave!
Durchforſche du das Laub und nimm es aus!

Vater

Wie nur? Warum?

Prieſter

So will's des Tempels Übung.

Vater

Doch jene —

Prieſter

Laß ſie nur!

Vater

Sie reden.

Prieſter

Laß ſie!

Hero

(mit ihrer Mutter im Vordergrunde rechts)

Nun aber, Mutter, hemme deine Tränen!
Vielmehr ſag' deutlich, was du fühlſt und denkſt.
Ich höre dich und folge leicht und gern;
Denn nicht mehr jenes wilde Mädchen bin ich,
Das du gekannt in deines Gatten Hauſe:
Die Göttin hat das Herz mir umgewandelt,
Und ruhig kann ich denken nun und ſchaun.
Auch —

Mutter

Kind!

Hero

Was iſt?

Mutter

Sie ſehn nach uns.

Hero

Ei, immer!
Im Tempel hier hat auch die Frau ein Recht,
Und die Gekränkten haben freie Sprache.
Doch ängſtet dich ihr Aug', wohlan, ſo tret' ich
Hin zwiſchen dich und ſie. Kein Blick erreicht dich.
Nun aber ſag', ob ich dich recht erriet:
Nicht gleichen Sinns mit deinem Gatten kamſt du,
Und wäre dir der freie Wunſch gewährt,
Du führteſt gar die Tochter mit dir heim
Aus ihres Glückes ſturmbeſchützter Ruh'

In deiner dunkeln Sorgen niedre Hütte?
Iſt's alſo? Iſt es wahr? Sprich nein, o Mutter!

Mutter

Kind, ich bin alt und bin allein.

Hero

Allein?
Dir iſt dein Gatte ja! zwar er —! Ein reiches Haus,
Sind Dienerinnen, die dein ſorglich warten.
Dann — gute Götter! — ſo vergaß ich denn
Das Beſte bis zuletzt! Dir iſt mein Bruder;
Der bringt die Braut ins Haus und dehnt ſich breit
Und gibt dir Enkel mit der Väter Namen.

Mutter

Dein Bruder, Kind —

Vater

(im Hintergrunde zum Sklaven)

Greif herzhaft immer zu!

Mutter

Dein Bruder, Kind, iſt nicht mehr unter uns.

Hero

Wie? Nicht?

Mutter

Nach manchem herben Leid,
Den Eltern doppelt ſchwer, verließ er uns,

Verließ die Braut, die ſein in Tränen dachte,
Und zog dahin mit gleichgeſinnten Männern
Auf kühne Wagnis in entferntes Land.
Zu Schiff, zu Roß? Wer weiß? wer kann es wiſſen?

Hero

So iſt er nicht mehr da? Nun doppelt gerne
Kehrt' ich mit dir nach Haus, ſeit kund mir ſolches!
Doch iſt nicht er, ſind da noch hundert andre
Von gleichem Sinn und ſtörriſch wildem Weſen;
Das ehr'ne Band der Roheit um die Stirn,
Je minder denkend, um ſo heft'ger wollend;
Gewohnt, zu greifen mit der ſtarren Hand
Ins ſtille Reich geordneter Gedanken,
Wo die Entſchlüſſe keimen, wachſen, reifen
Am milden Strahl des gottentſprungnen Lichts,
Hineinzugreifen da und zu zerſtören,
Hier zu entwurzeln, dort zu treiben, fördern
Mit blindem Sinn und ungeſchlachter Hand.
Und unter ſolchen wünſcheſt du dein Kind?
Vielleicht wohl gar —?

Mutter

Was ſoll ich dir's verhehlen!
Das Weib iſt glücklich nur an Gattenhand.

Hero

Das darfſt du ſagen, ohne zu erröten?
Wie? und mußt hüten jenes Mannes Blick,

Des Herren, deines Gatten? darfſt nicht reden,
Mußt ſchweigen, flüſtern, ob du gleich im Recht?
Ob du die Weiſ're gleich, ſtillwaltend Beſſ're?
Und wagſt, zu ſprechen mir ein ſolches Wort?

Vater
(im Hintergrunde)
Die Mutter flattert auf!

Mutter
O wehe, weh!
Sie haben mir mein frommes Kind entwendet,
Ihr Herz geraubt mit ſelbſtiſch eitlen Lehren,
Daß, meiner nicht mehr denkend, harten Sinns,
Sie achtlos hört der Nahverwandten Worte!

Hero
(von ihr wegtretend)
Ich aber will mit heiterm Sinne wandeln
Hier an der Göttin Altar, meiner Frau;
Das Rechte tun, nicht, weil man mir's befahl,
Nein, weil es recht, weil ich es ſo erkannt;
Und niemand ſoll mir's rauben und entziehn —
(mit ſtarker Betonung)
Wahrhaftig!

Der Sklave
(der im Hintergrunde, auf einem Schemel ſtehend, den Buſch durchſucht, ſtrauchelnd)
Ah!

Hero

(umſchauend)

Was iſt?

Mutter

So ſiehſt du nicht?
Unſchuldig fromme Vögel ſtören ſie
Und nehmen aus ihr Neſt. So reißen ſie
Das Kind auch von der Mutter, Herz von Herzen,
Und haben des ihr Spiel. O, weh mir, weh!

Hero

Du zitterſt, du biſt bleich.

Mutter

O, ſeh' ich doch
Mein eignes Los.

Prieſter

(zu dem Diener, der das Neſt in ein Körbchen gelegt, auf dem oben die brütende Taube ſichtbar iſt)

Geh nur und trag es fort.

(Der Diener geht.)

Hero

Halt du und ſetz' es ab, wenn's jene kränkt.
Gib, ſag' ich!

(Sie hat dem Diener das Körbchen abgenommen.)

Armes Tier, was zitterſt du?
Sieh, Mutter, es iſt heil.
(Die Taube ſtreichelnd)
Biſt du erſchrocken?
(Sie ſetzt ſich auf den Stufen der Bildſäule links im Vorgrunde nieder, das Körbchen in den Händen, indem ſie bald durch Emporheben die Taube zum Fortfliegen anlockt, bald betrachtend und unterſuchend ſich mit ihr beſchäftigt.)

Prieſter
(zum Diener)
Was iſt? Befahl ich nicht —?
(Der Diener weiſt entſchuldigend auf Hero.)

Prieſter
(zu ihr tretend)
Biſt du ſo neu im Dienſt,
Daß du nicht weißt, was Brauches hier und Sitte?

Mutter
(rechts im Vorgrunde ſtehend)
Mein Herz vergeht! O jammervoller Anblick!

Prieſter
(zu ihr hinüberſprechend)
Nun alſo denn zu dir! Schwachmütig Weib,
Was kamſt du her, zu ſtören dieſe Stunde?
Und ſtaunſt ob dem, was du doch längſt gewußt,
Der heil'gen Ordnung dieſes Götterhauſes?
Kein Vogel baut beim Tempel hier ſein Neſt,
Nicht girren ungeſtraft im Hain die Tauben;

Die Rebe kriecht um Ulmen nicht hinan,
All, was ſich paart, bleibt ferne dieſem Hauſe,
Und jene dort fügt heut ſich gleichem Los.

Hero

(die Taube ſtreichelnd)

Du armes Tier, wie ſtreiten ſie um uns!

Prieſter

Scheint dir das ſchwer, und zitterſt du darob?
Was willſt du? ſoll ſie heim? Komm hier und nimm ſie!
Was braucht die Göttin dein und deines Kinds?
Nicht ehrt man hier die ird'ſche Aphrodite,
Die Menſch an Menſchen knüpft wie Tier an Tier,
Die Himmliſche, dem Meeresſchaum entſtiegen,
Einend den Sinn, allein die Sinne nicht,
Der Eintracht alles Weſens hohe Mutter,
Geſchlechtlos, weil ſie ſelber das Geſchlecht,
Und himmliſch, weil ſie ſtammt vom Himmel oben.
Was braucht die Göttin dein und deines Kinds?
Geh hin und bette ſie in Niedrigkeit,
In der du ſelbſt, dir ſelbſt zur Qual, dich abmühſt;
Sie ſei die Magd des Knechtes, der ſie freit,
Statt hier auf lichter Bahn, nach eignem Ziel,
Die einz'ge ſie des dürftigen Geſchlechts,
Ein Selbſt zu ſein, ein Weſen, eine Welt.
Allein, du willſt es, ſie iſt frei, hier nimm ſie!
Biſt du die Mutter doch. Du, Hero, folge!
Die Torheit ruft: folg' ihr als Menſch, als Weib!

Hero

(aufſtehend, zur Taube)

380 Da gilt es denn zu reden, kleines Ding!

(Das Körbchen dem Diener gebend)

Du nimm's und trag es hin und gib ihm Freiheit,
Die Freiheit, wie das Tier ſie kennt und wünſcht.

(Diener ab.)

Du aber, Ohm, ſchilt meine Mutter nicht,
Denn fromm iſt ihre Meinung, und ſie liebt mich.
385 Uns andre laß nur ſchweigen, Stille, Gute!
Hat er doch recht und tat nur, was ihm Pflicht.
Ich ſoll mit dir? Bleib du bei mir! O, Mutter,
Wenn dich die Deinen quälen, komm zu mir!
Hier iſt kein Krieg, hier ſchlägt man keine Wunden,
390 Die Göttin grollet nicht, und dieſer Tempel
Sieht immerdar mich an mit gleichem Blick.
Kennſt du das Glück des ſtillen Selbſtbeſitzes?
Du haſt es nie gekannt; drum ſei nicht neidiſch!
Nein, frohen Mutes folge mir zum Feſt!
395 Heut, ſtolz im Siegerſchritt, und kommt der Morgen,
Einförmig ſtill, den Waſſerkrug zur Hand,
Beſchäftigt, wie bisher, an den Altären,
Und fort ſo, Tag um Tag. Willſt du, ſo komm!
Sieh nur, ſonſt trag' ich dich, denn ich bin ſtark.
400 Allein, ſie weicht. — Sie lächelt. — Siehſt du, Ohm?

(Halblaut)

Gib nur das Zeichen nun!

Du aber folge,
Die Zeit verrinnt, man rüſtet ſchon das Feſt.

(Im Gehen, tändelnd)

Und ſiehſt du erſt den Schmuck, die reichen Kleider,
Und was man all mir Herrliches bereitet,
Du ſollſt wohl ſelbſt —
(ein paar Schritte voraus und dann zurückkehrend)
Und eile mir ein wenig!
(Beide nach der rechten Seite ab.)

Vater

Nun, Bruder, aber raſch —

Prieſter

Raſch? und warum?
Was lange dauern ſoll, ſei lang' erwogen;
Wüßt' ich ſie ſchwach, noch jetzt entließ' ich ſie.

Vater

Allein, bedenk' —!

Prieſter

Zugleich bedenk' ich wirklich,
Daß heilſam feſte Nötigung der Abſchluß
Von jedem irdiſch wanken, wirren Tun.
Du wählteſt ewig unter Möglichkeiten,
Wär' nicht die Wirklichkeit als Grenzſtein hingeſetzt.
Die freie Wahl iſt ſchwacher Toren Spielzeug;
Der Tücht'ge ſieht in jedem Soll ein Muß,
Und Zwang, als erſte Pflicht, iſt ihm die Wahrheit.
(Zu den Dienern gewendet)
Das Feſt beginnt.

Naukleros' Stimme
(hinter der Szene)
Hierher, nur hier, Leander!

Prieſter
Was iſt?

Tempelhüter
Zwei Fremdlinge, des langen Harrens müde,
Sie bahnen ſelbſt durch Büſche ſich den Weg. —
Kehrt ihr zurück? — Dieſelben ſind es, Herr,
Die heute morgens ſchon am Gittertor —
Auch dort von rückwärts wächſt des Volkes Drang,
Das murrend nur erträgt die Zögerung.

Prieſter
Weis jene dort zurück.
(Der Tempelhüter nach der linken Seite ab.)
Ihr andern öffnet
(zu mehreren Dienern, die nach und nach vom Hintergrunde her aufgetreten ſind)
Die äußern Pforten nach dem Weg zur Stadt!
(Zu ſeinem Bruder)
Gönn' nur indes ein Wort des Danks den Göttern,
Die Nachruhm dir in deinem Kind erweckt.
(Der Alte ſteht an ſeinem Stabe gegen den Tempel geneigt.)
Laßt ein das Volk und haltet Ordnung, hört ihr?
Daß Roheit nicht die ſchöne Feier ſtöre.
Auch über euch wacht ſorglich, eben heut;
Die Luſt hat ihren Tag, ſo wie die Sonne,
Doch auch wie jene einen Abend: Reue.

~~10700~~
34203

Tempelhüter
(hinter der Szene)
Nein, ſag' ich, nein!

Naukleros
(ebenſo)
So hört doch, lieber Herr!

Prieſter
Tut eure Pflicht, du, Bruder, aber komm!
(Beide nach der rechten Seite ab.)

Der Tempelhüter
(auftretend)
435 Hier ſteh' ich, hier! Und wagſt du's, kühner Knabe,
Und ſetzeſt über mich hin deinen Fuß?

Naukleros
(der gleichfalls ſichtbar geworden iſt)
Nicht über Euch, doch, ſeht Ihr, neben Euch.
Und alſo bin ich hier. Leander, komm!

Leander tritt auf.

Tempelhüter
O Jugendübermut! Ward euch nicht kund — ?

Naukleros
440 Nichts ward uns kund, denn Fremde ſind wir, Herr,
Und kommen von Abydos' naher Küſte
Nach Seſtos her, um euer Feſt zu ſchaun.

Tempelhüter

Doch lehrt man Sittſamkeit nicht auch bei euch?

Naukleros

Wohl lehrt man ſie, zugleich mit andern Sprüchen,
Als: „Sei nicht blöd', ſonſt kehrſt du hungrig heim.“

Tempelhüter

Ich aber —

Naukleros

Seht, indes Ihr hier Euch abmüht
Um uns, die zwei, ſtrömt dort das Volk in Haufen.

Tempelhüter

Zurück da! Hört ihr wohl?
(Er wendet ſich nach dem Hintergrunde und ordnet das Volk, das von der linken Seite, nahe den Stufen des Tempels, hereindringt.)

Naukleros

(zu Leander)

Was zerrſt du mich?
Wir ſind nun einmal da. Wer wagt, gewinnt.
Hier iſt der beſte Platz. Feſt auf den Sockel
Setz' ich den Fuß; laß ſehn, wer mich vertreibt.
Und ſieh mir nur nach all der Herrlichkeit!
Das Gotteshäuslein dort, das Tor, die Säulen,
So was erblickſt du nimmermehr daheim.
Schau', einen Altar ſetzt man in die Mitte,
Wohl um zu opfern drauf. Doch, wonach ſchauſt du?
Blickt er zu Boden nicht? Nun bei den Göttern!

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Befällt er hier dich auch, der alte Trübſinn?
Ich aber ſage dir —

(Das Volk hat ſich nach und nach, der linken Seite entlang, geordnet bis dahin, wo die beiden Freunde ſtehen.)

Naukleros

(umſchauend)

Nu, guter Freund,
460 Ihr drängt gar ſcharf.

(Zu Leander)

Hörſt du? ich ſage dir,
Weißt du nicht heute abend klein und groß
Mir zu erzählen, was ſich hier begab,
Und trinkſt nicht einen großen Becher Wein
Lautjubelnd drauf, ſind wir geſchiedne Leute.
465 Denn all der düſtre Sinn — Allein, ſieh dort!
Die beiden Mädchen! Schau', es ſind dieſelben,
Die heute früh wir ſahn am Gittertor.
Sie blinzeln her. Gefällt dir eine? Sprich!

Janthe und eine zweite **Dienerin** haben einen tragbaren Altar gebracht und ſtellen ihn rechts im Vorgrunde vor die Bildſäule Amors nieder.

Janthe

(während des Zurechtſtellens ihrer Gefährtin zuflüſternd)

Dort ſind ſie. Rechts der Blonde, Größere.
470 Der Braune ſcheint betrübt. Was fehlt ihm nur?

Naukleros

Abſichtlich zögern ſie. Hui, welch ein Blick!

Der Tempelhüter
(nach vorn kommend, zu den Mädchen)
Ei ja, und nun auch ihr! Das findet ſich.
(Die Mädchen gehen. Zu den Jünglingen)
Ihr ſcheint mir raſch zu allem, was verwehrt.

Naukleros
Je, wie's nun kommt. Wer zweifelt, der verliert.
(Man hat einen zweiten Altar gebracht, der links vor Hymenäus' Bildſäule hingeſtellt wird. Ein dritter ſtand ſchon früher an den Stufen in der Mitte.)

Tempelhüter
Ihr gebt nur Raum! Der Altar ſoll dort hin.

Naukleros
Hab' ich erſt Raum, ſo teil' ich gerne mit.

Tempelhüter
Und ſeid nur ſittig und vermeßt euch nichts.
(Muſik von Flöten beginnt.)
Der Zug beginnt. Zurück! Laßt frei die Mitte!
(Das Volk ordnend, das auf der linken Seite ſich in Reihen ſtellt.)

Naukleros
Sie kommen. Schau'! Betrachte mir's mit Fleiß!
Und naht die Prieſterin, ſtreif' an ihr Kleid,
Das ſoll den Trübſinn heilen, ſagt man. Hörſt du?

Unter Muſik von Flöten kommt der Zug von der rechten Seite her auf die Bühne. **Opferknaben** mit Gefäßen. **Die Oberhäupter** von Seſtos. **Tempeldienerinnen**, darunter **Janthe**. **Prieſter**. **Hero**, mit Mantel und Kopfbinde, an der Seite ihres **Oheims**. Ihre **Eltern** folgen.

Geſang

Mutter der Sterblichen,
Himmelsbewohnerin,
Neig' uns ein günſtiges,
Schirmendes Aug'!

(Die Begleiter des Zuges ſtellen ſich zur rechten Seite auf, den Reihen des Volkes gegenüber. Der mittlere Teil der Bühne iſt leer.)

Die Prieſter

(indem ſie ſich aufſtellen)

Den Göttern Ehrfurcht!

Das Volk

(antwortend)

Heil mit uns!

Naukleros

Dort kommt die Prieſterin. Ein ſchönes Weib!
Komm, laß uns knien. Doch nein, vorher noch ſchau' mir
Querüber hier dem Fußgeſtell nach rückwärts,
Wie ſie die Weihen üben, was ſie tun.

Hero

(im Hintergrunde bei dem dort hingeſetzten tragbaren Altare ſtehend. Vor ihr knien zwei Opferknaben, Rauchwerk in reichen Gefäßen haltend.)

Ein neuer Sprößling deines alten Hauſes!
Sei ihm geneigt, und mehr, als er verdient!

(Sie gießt Rauchwerk in die Flamme und geht dann nach vorn. Der Prieſter zu ihrer Linken, hinter ihr die Eltern. Der Tempelhüter in einiger Entfernung.)

Die Prieſter

Den Göttern Ehrfurcht!

Das Volk

Heil mit uns!

Naukleros

Sie kommen näher. Nun, Leander, knie!

(Sie knien. Leander hart an der Bildſäule des Hymenäus, Naukleros etwas zurück. Auch das übrige Volk kniet.)

Hero

(iſt zu Amors Bildſäule gekommen und gießt Rauchwerk in die Flamme des daneben ſtehenden Altares. Der Prieſter ihr zur Seite.)

495 Der du die Liebe gibſt, nimm all die meine!
Dich grüßend, nehm' ich Abſchied auch von dir.

(Sie entfernt ſich.)

Die Prieſter

Den Göttern Ehrfurcht!

Das Volk

Heil mit uns!

Hero

(an der Bildſäule des Hymenäus ſtehend)

Dein Bruder ſendet mich —

Naukleros

(leiſe zu Leander)

Siehſt du nicht auf?

Leander

(der gerade vor ſich hin auf den Boden geſehen hat, hebt jetzt das Haupt empor.)

Prieſter

Was iſt? Du ſtockſt?

Hero

Herr, ich vergaß die Zange.

Prieſter

Du hältſt ſie in der Hand.

Hero

Der du die Liebe —

Prieſter

So hieß der erſte Spruch. Laß nur! Zum Opfer!

(Hero gießt Rauchwerk ins Feuer. Eine lebhaftere Flamme zuckt empor.)

Prieſter

Zu viel! — Doch gut! — Nun noch zum Tempel. Komm!

(Sie entfernen ſich. In die Mitte der Bühne gekommen, ſieht Hero, als nach etwas Fehlendem an ihrem Schuh, über die rechte Schulter zurück. Ihr Blick trifft dabei auf die beiden Jünglinge. Die Eltern kommen ihr entgegen. Die Muſik ertönt von neuem.)

Der Vorhang fällt.

Zweiter Aufzug

Tempelhain zu Seſtos. Auf der linken Seite nach rückwärts eine Ruhebank, von Gebüſch umgeben.

Naukleros
(von der linken Seite auftretend)
Leander, komm! und eile mir doch nur!

Leander
(der von derſelben Seite ſichtbar wird)
Hier bin ich, ſieh!

Naukleros
So raſch? Ei doch! Man denke!
Wie lange noch, ſag' an, führ' ich, zur Strafe
Für ein Vergehn, derzeit noch unbekannt
Und unbegangen auch, dem Knaben gleich,
Der ſeinen blinden Herrn die Straße leitet,
Ringsum dich durch der Menſchen laute Städte,
Von Feſt zu Feſt, vom Markte zum Altar,
Den Ort ausforſchend, der dir Frohſinn brächte?
Wie lang' ſitz' ich, von Sprechen müd', dir gegenüber
Und forſch' in deinem Aug', dem leid'gen Blick,
Ob's angeglommen, ob erwacht die Luſt?

Und leſ' ein ewig neues Nein, Nein, Nein!
Wenn deine Mutter ſtarb, wer kann da helfen?
War's gut und recht, daß du, ein wackrer Sohn,
Solang' die Teure lebte, fromm bemüht
Und ihr, der Tiefbekümmerten, zu Willen,
Am Strand des Meeres wohnteſt, fern der Stadt
Und Menſchen fern, nur Kindespflichten übend:
Nun, da ſie tot, was hält dich länger ab,
Den gleichen als ein gleicher zu gehören,
Mitfühlend ihre Sorgen, ihre Luſt?
Wein' um die Gute, rauf' dein braunes Haar,
Allein dann kehre zu den Freuden wieder,
Die ſie dir gönnt, die du ihr länger gönnteſt.
Sag' ich nicht recht? und was iſt deine Meinung?
Nun?

Leander

Ich bin müd'.

Naukleros

Ei ja, der großen Plage!
Den ganzen Tag, am fremden Ort, umgeben
Von fremden Menſchen, fröhlichen Geſichtern,
Sich durchzuhelfen und zu ſchaun, zu hören,
Einmal zu ſprechen gar. Ei, gute Götter!
Wer hielte das wohl aus?

Leander
(der ſich geſetzt hat)

Und krank dazu.

Naukleros

Krank? Sei du unbeſorgt! Das gibt ſich wohl.
Sei du erſt heim in deiner dumpfen Hütte,
Vom Meer beſpült, wo rings nur Sand und Wellen
Und trübe Wolken, die mit Regen dräun;
Hab' erſt das gute Kleid da von den Schultern
Und umgehüllt dein derbes Schifferwams,
Dann ſitz am Strand, den langen Tag verangelnd,
Tauch' dich ins Meer, der Fiſche Neid im Schwimmen;
Lieg abends erſt — ſo fand ich dich ja einſt —
Im Ruderkahn, das Antlitz über dir,
Des Körpers Laſt vertraut den breiten Schultern,
Indes das Fahrzeug auf den Wellen ſchaukelt:
So lieg geſtreckt und ſchau' mir nach den Sternen,
Und denk' — an deine Mutter, die noch eben
Zur rechten Zeit dich, ſterbend, frei gemacht,
An ſie, an Geiſter, die dort oben wohnen,
An — denk' ans Denken; denk' vielmehr an nichts!
Sei nur erſt dort, und, Freund, was gilt die Wette?
Du fühlſt dich wohl, fühlſt wieder dich geſund.
Nun aber komm; denn fernab liegt die Heimat,
Die Zeit verrinnt, die Freunde kehren heim.

Leander

Es iſt ſo ſchattig hier! Laß uns noch weilen;
Leicht findet ſich ein Kahn. Ich rudre dich.

Naukleros

Ei, rudern, ja! Wie glänzt ihm da das Auge!
Am Steuer ſitzend, ausgeſtreckt die Hand,

Die prallen Arme vor- und rückwärts führend,
Jetzt ſo, dann ſo, und fort auf feuchtem Pfad!
Da fühlſt du dich ein Held, ein Gott, ein Mann;
Für andres mag man einen andern ſuchen.
Doch, ſchöner Freund, nicht nur ums Rudern bloß,
Hier fragt es ſich um andre, ernſt're Dinge.
Wir ſtehen, wiſſ' es, auf verbotnem Grund,
Im Tempelhain, der jedem ſich verſchließt,
Als nur am Tag des Feſts, von dem wir kehren:
Sonſt ſtreifen Wächter durch die grünen Büſche,
Die fahen jeden, den ihr Auge trifft,
Und ſtellen ihn dem Prieſter ihres Tempels,
Der ihn beſtraft, leicht mit dem Äußerſten.
Sprichſt du?

Leander

Ich ſagte nichts.

Naukleros

Drum alſo komm!
Um Mittag endet ſie, des Feſtes Freiheit,
Und faſt ſchon ſenkrecht trifft der Sonne Pfeil.
Mich lüſtet nicht, ob deines trägen Zauderns,
Den Kerkern einzuwohnen dieſer Stadt.
Hörſt du? — Noch immer nicht? — Nun, gute Götter,
Kehrt euch von ihm, wie er von euch ſich wendet!

Da lehnt er, weich, mit mattgeſenkten Gliedern,
Ein Junge, ſchön, wenngleich nicht groß, und braun.
Die finſtern Locken ringeln um die Stirn;

Das Auge, wenn's die Wimper nicht verwehrt,
Brennt heiß wie Kohle, friſch nur angefacht;
Die Schultern weit, die Arme derb und tüchtig,
Von prallen Muſkeln rundlich überragt,
Kein Amor mehr, doch Hymens treues Bild.
Die Mädchen ſehn nach ihm, doch er — ihr Götter!
Wo blieb die Seele für ſo art'gen Leib?
Er iſt — wie nenn' ich's? — furchtſam, töricht, blöd'.
Ich bin doch auch ein rüſtiger Geſell!
Mein gelbes Haar gilt mehr als noch ſo dunkles,
Und ſtatt der Inderfarbe, die ihn bräunt,
Lacht helles Weiß um dieſe derben Knochen;
Ein großer, wie's dem Meiſter wohl geziemt:
Und doch, gehn wir zuſammen unters Volk,
Im Mädchenkreis, beim Feſt, bei Spiel, bei Tanz;
Mich trifft kein Aug', und ihn verſchlingen ſie:
Das winkt, das nickt, das lacht, das ſchielt, das kichert.
Und ihm gilt's, ihm. Sie ſind nun mal vernarrt
In ſolche dumpfe Träumer, blöde Schlucker.
Er aber — Ei, er merkt nun eben nichts.
Und merkt er's endlich, hei, was wird er rot!
Sag', guter Freund, iſt das nur Zufall bloß,
Was? oder weißt du, daß du zehnmal hübſcher
Mit ſolcher Erdbeerfarbe auf den Wangen?
Nur heut, im Tempel. Gute Götter! war's nicht,
Als ob die Erde aller Weſen Fülle
Zurückgeſchlungen in den reichen Schoß
Und Mädchen draus gebildet, nichts als Mädchen?
Aus Thrazien, dem reichen Hellespont

Vermengten ſich die Scharen; bunte Blumen,
So Roſ' als Nelke, Tulpe, Veilchen, Lilie —
Ein Gänſeblümchen auch wohl ab und zu —
Im ganzen ein begeiſternd froher Anblick,
Ein wallend Meer, mit Häuptern, weißen Schultern
Und runden Hüften an der Wellen Statt.
Nun frag' ihn aber einer, was er ſah?
Ob's Mädchen waren oder wilde Schwäne?
Er weiß es nicht, er ging nur eben hin.
Und doch war er's, nach dem ſie alle blickten.
Die Prieſt'rin ſelbſt; ein herrlich prangend Weib!
Die beſſer tat, am heut'gen frohen Tag
Der Liebe Treu' zu ſchwören ewiglich,
Als ihr ſich zu entziehn, ſo arm als karg;
Der Anmut holder Zögling und der Hoheit,
Des Adlers Aug', der Taube ſüßes Girren,
Die Stirn ſo ernſt, der Mund ein holdes Lächeln,
Faſt anzuſchauen wie ein fürſtlich Kind,
Dem man die Krone aufgeſetzt noch in der Wiege.
Und dann! Was Schönheit ſei, das frag' du mich!
Was weißt du von des Nackens ſtolzem Bau,
Der breit ſich anſchließt reichgewundnen Flechten,
Den Schultern, die, beſchämt nach rückwärts ſinkend,
Platz räumen den begabtern reichen Schweſtern,
Den feinen Knöcheln und dem leichten Fuß
Und all den Schätzen ſo beglückten Leibes?
Was weißt du? ſag' ich, und du ſahſt es nicht.
Doch ſie ſah dich. Ich hab' es wohl bemerkt!
Wie wir da knieten, rückwärts ich, du vorn

Am Standbild Hymens, des gewalt'gen Gottes,
Und ſie nun kam, des Opferrauchs zu ſtreun:
Da ſtockte ſie, die Hand hing in der Luft;
Nach dir hin ſchauend, ſtand ſie zögernd da,
Ein, zwei, drei kurze, ew'ge Augenblicke.
Zuletzt vollbrachte ſie ihr heilig Werk,
Allein noch ſcheidend ſprach ein tiefer Blick,
Im herben Widerſpruch des froſt'gen Tages,
Der ſie auf ewiglich verſchließt der Liebe:
„Es iſt doch ſchad'!“ und: „Den da möcht' ich wohl!“
Gelt, lächelſt doch? und ſchmeichelt dir, du Schlucker?
Verbirgſt du dein Geſicht? Fort mit den Fingern!
Und heuchle nicht und ſag' nur ja.
(Er hat ihm die Hand von den Augen weggezogen.)
Doch, Götter!
Das ſind ja Tränen. Wie? Leander! weinſt?

Leander
(der aufgeſtanden iſt)

Laß mich und quäl' mich nicht! Und ſprich nicht ohne Achtung
Von ihrem Hals und Wuchs. O, ich bin dreifach elend!

Naukleros

Leander! elend? — Glücklich! — Biſt verliebt.

Leander

Was ſprachſt du? Ich bin krank. Es ſchmerzt die Bruſt.
Nicht etwa innerlich; von außen, hier,
Hart an den Knochen. Ich bin krank, zum Tod.

Naukleros

Ein Tor biſt du, doch ein beglückter Tor.
Nun, Götter, Dank, daß ihr ihn heimgeſucht,
Nun ſchont ihn nicht mit euern heißen Pfeilen,
Bis er mir ruft: „Halt ein, es iſt genug,
Ich will erdulden, was die Menſchen leiden!“
Nun, Freund, gib mir die Hand! Nun erſt mein Freund,
Zu ſpät bekehrt durch allzu ſüße Wonnen.
Du Neugeborner, Glücklicher! — Doch halt!
Ein garſt’ger Fleck auf unſers Jubels Kleide. —
Komm mit zurück zur Stadt; dort ſind die Mädchen,
Die wir beim Feſt geſehn, noch all verſammelt,
Dort ſieh dich um, verlieb’ dich, wie du magſt;
Denn, Freund, die Jungfrau, die dich jetzt erfüllt,
Iſt Prieſterin und hat an dieſem Tag
Gelobt, dem Manne ſich auf ewig zu entziehn;
Und ſtreng iſt, was ihr droht, wenn ſie’s vergaß,
Und was dem Manne, der’s mit ihr vergeſſen.

Leander

Ich wußt’ es ja. Komm, Nacht! Und ſo iſt’s aus.

Naukleros

Aus? wieder aus? Und eh’ es noch begann?
Warum und wie? Friedfertiger Geſell,
Wagſt du ſo wenig an die höchſte Wonne?

Und ſagſt mir das mit zuckend fahlen Wangen
Und ſchlotterndem Gebein und meinſt, ich glaub's?
Nun ſollſt du bleiben. Hier! Und ſollſt ſie ſprechen.
Wer weiß, iſt ihr Gelübd' ſo eng und feſt
Und läßt ſich löſen, folgt alsbald die Reue.
Wer weiß, iſt deine Liebe ſelbſt ſo heiß,
Als jetzt ſie ſcheint? Doch, was es immer ſei:
Du ſollſt nicht zagen, wo zu handeln not.
Zum mind'ſten kenne dein Geſchick und trag's
Und lerne ſcheiden von den Knabenjahren.
Wir ſind hier fremd. Komm mit! Wer darf uns tadeln,
Wenn wir des Wegs verfehlen, fragen, gehn?
Zuletzt gelangen wir ins Haus, zum Tempel
Und ſtehn vor ihr und hören, was ſie ſpricht.
Dort kommt ein Mädchen mit dem Waſſerkrug
In ein und andrer Hand. Die laß uns fragen.
Sie weiß wohl —

(er geht)

Doch, Leander! Sohn des Glücks!
Was zerrſt du mich? Bleib hier! Sie ſelber iſt's,
Die Jungfrau, ſie, die neue Prieſterin;
Nach Waſſer geht ſie aus der heil'gen Quelle,
Das liegt ihr ob. Ergreif den Augenblick
Und ſprich, nicht allzu kühn, nicht furchtſam. Hörſt du?
Ich will indes rings forſchen durch die Büſche,
Ob alles ruhig und kein Lauſcher nah!
Komm hier! und ſag' ich: jetzt! ſo tritt hervor
Und ſprich — Doch nun vor allem ſtill! — Komm hier!

(Sie ziehen ſich zurück.)

Hero

(ohne Mantel, ungefähr wie zu Anfang des erſten Aufzuges gekleidet, kommt mit zwei leeren Waſſerkrügen von der linken Seite des Vorgrundes. Sie geht quer über die Bühne und ſingt:)

Da ſprach der Gott:
Komm her zu mir
710 In meine Wolken,
Neben mir.

(Leander iſt, von Naukleros leicht angeſtoßen, einige Schritte vorgetreten. Dort bleibt er geſenkten Hauptes ſtehen. Hero geht auf der rechten Seite des Vorgrundes ab.)

Naukleros

(nach vorn kommend)

Nun denn, es ſei! Du haſt es ſelbſt gewollt.
Kannſt du das Glück nicht faſſen und erringen,
So lern' entbehren es. Und beſſer iſt's.
715 Heißt ſie nicht gottgeweiht, und ihr zu nahn
Droht Untergang? Auch war's halb Scherz nur,
Daß ich dir riet, ein Äußerſtes zu tun:
Doch macht mich's toll, den Menſchen anzuſehn,
Der wünſcht und hofft, und dem nicht Muts genug,
720 Die Hand zu ſtrecken nach des Sieges Krone.
Doch iſt es beſſer ſo. Glück auf, mein Freund!
Dein zaghaft Herz, es führte diesmal ſichrer
Als Neſtors Klugheit und Achillens Mut.
Nun aber komm und laß uns heim. Doch niemals
725 Vermiß dich mehr —!

Leander

Sie kehrt zurück!

Naukleros

Ei doch!
Folg' du!

Leander

Ich nicht!

Naukleros

Was ſonſt?

Leander

Ihr nahen. Sprechen. Oh!
(Sie treten wieder zurück.)

Hero

(kommt zurück, einen Krug auf dem Kopfe tragend, den zweiten am Henkel in der herabhängenden rechten Hand. Sie ſingt:)

Sie aber ſtreichelt
Den weichen Flaum —
(Stehen bleibend und ſprechend:)
Mein Oheim meint, ich ſoll das Lied nicht ſingen
Von Leda und dem Schwan.
(Weiter gehend)
Was ſchadet's nur?

(Wie ſie in die Mitte der Bühne gekommen, ſtürzt Leander plötzlich hervor, ſich geſenkten Hauptes vor ihren Füßen niederwerfend.)

Hero

Ihr Götter, was iſt das? Bin ich erſchrocken!
Die Kniee beben, kaum halt' ich den Krug.
(Sie ſetzt die Krüge ab.)

Ein Mann! Ein zweiter! Fremdlinge, was wollt ihr
Von mir, der Prieſt'rin, in der Göttin Hain?
Nicht unbewacht bin ich und unbeſchützt;
Erheb' ich meine Stimme, nahen Wächter
Und laſſen euch den Übermut bereun.
So geht, weil es noch Zeit, und nehmt als Strafe
Des Fehls Bewußtſein mit, und daß es euch mißlang.

Naukleros

O Jungfrau, nicht zu ſchäd'gen kamen wir,
Vielmehr um Heilung tiefverborgnen Schadens,
Der mir den Freund ergriff, ihn, den du ſiehſt.
Der Mann iſt krank.

Hero

Was ſagſt du mir's?
Geht zu den Prieſtern in Apollens Tempel,
Die heilen Kranke.

Naukleros

Solche Krankheit nicht.
Denn wie ſie ihn befiel, beim Feſt, in eurem Tempel,
Verläßt ſie ihn auch nur am ſelben Ort.

Hero

Beim heut'gen Feſt?

Naukleros

Beim Feſt. Aus deinen Augen.

Hero

Meint ihr es alſo? und erkühnt euch des?
Doch wußt' ich's ja: frech iſt der Menge Sinn
Und ehrfurchtslos und ohne Scheu und Sitte.
Ich geh', und dienſtbar nahe Männer ſend' ich
Nach meinen Krügen dort, die, weilt ihr noch,
Euch ſagen werden, daß ihr euch vergingt.

Naukleros

Nicht alſo geh! Betracht' ihn erſt, den Jüngling,
Den du ſo ſchwer mit harten Worten ſchiltſt.

Leander
(zu ihr emporblickend)

O, bleib!

Hero

Du biſt derſelbe, ſeh' ich wohl,
Der heut beim Feſt an Hymens Altar kniete.
Doch ſchienſt du damals ſittig mir und fromm;
Mir tut es leid, daß ich dich anders finde.

Leander
(der aufgeſtanden iſt, mit abhaltender Gebärde)

O, anders nicht! O, bleib!

Hero
(zu Naukleros)

Was will er denn?

Naukleros

Ich ſagt' es ja, er hängt an deinem Blick,
Und Tod und Leben ſind ihm deine Worte.

Hero

Du haſt dich ſchlimm beraten, guter Jüngling,
Und nicht die richt'gen Pfade ging dein Herz;
Denn deut' ich deine Meinung noch ſo mild,
So ſcheint es, daß du mein mit Neigung denkſt:
Ich aber bin der Göttin Prieſterin,
Und ehelos zu ſein heißt mein Gelübd'.
Auch nicht gefahrlos iſt's, um mich zu frein;
Dem drohet Tod, der des ſich unterwunden.
Drum laßt mir meinen Krug und geht nur fort;
Mich ſollt' es reun, wenn Übles ihr erführt.
(Sie greift nach den Krügen.)

Leander

Nun denn, ſo ſenkt in Meergrund mich hinab!

Hero

Du armer Mann, du dauerſt mich, wie ſehr!

Naukleros

Bei Mitleid nicht, o Prieſt'rin, bleibe ſtehn!
Sei hilfreich ihm, dem Jüngling, der dich liebt.

Hero

Was kann ich tun? Du weißt ja alles nun.

Naukleros

So gib ein Wort ihm mind'ſtens, das ihn heilt.
Komm hier! Die Büſche halten ab des Spähers Auge.
Ich ſetze dir in Schatten deinen Krug,
Und ſo komm her und gönn' uns nur ein Wort.
Willſt du nicht ſitzen hier?

Hero

Es ziemt ſich nicht.

Naukleros

Tu's aus Erbarmen mit des Jünglings Leiden!

Hero

(zu Leander)

So ſetz' dich auch.

Naukleros

Ja, hier. Und du zur Seite.

(Leander ſitzt in der Mitte, den Leib an einen Baumſtamm zurückgelehnt, die Hände im Schoß, gerade vor ſich niederſehend. Hero und Naukleros zu beiden Seiten, etwas vorgerückt, ſo, daß ſie ſich wechſelſeitig im Auge haben.)

Hero

(zu Naukleros)

Ich ſagt' es ſchon und wiederhol' es nun:
Niemand, der lebt, begehr', um mich zu werben,
Denn gattenlos zu ſein heißt mich mein Dienſt.
Noch geſtern, wenn ihr kamt, da war ich frei;
Doch heut verſprach ich's, und ich halt' es auch.

(Zu Leander)

Birg nicht das Aug' in deine Hand, o Jüngling!
Nein, friſchen Mutes geh aus dieſem Hain;
Gönn' einem andern Weibe deinen Blick
Und freu' dich deſſen, was uns hier verſagt.

Leander
(aufſpringend)

So möge denn die Erde mich verſchlingen,
Sich mir verſchließen all, was ſchön und gut,
Wenn je ein andres Weib und ihre Liebe —!

Hero
(die auch aufgeſtanden iſt, zu Naukleros)

Sag' ihm, er ſoll es nicht. Was nützt es ihm?
Was nützt es mir? Wer mag ſich ſelber quälen?
Er iſt ſo ſchön, ſo jugendlich, ſo gut,
Ich gönn' ihm jede Freude, jedes Glück;
Er kehre heim —

Leander

Ich heim? Hier will ich wurzeln,
Mit dieſen Bäumen ſtehen Tag und Nacht
Und immer ſchaun nach jenes Tempels Zinnen.

Hero

Des Ortes Wächter fangen, ſchäd'gen ihn;
Sag' ihm's!
(Zu Leander)
Und, guter Jüngling, kehrſt du heim,
So laß des Lebens Müh' und buntes Treiben

So viel verwiſchen dir, als allzuviel,
Das andere bewahr'! So will ich auch.
Und kehrt ums Jahr und jedes nächſte Jahr
Zurück das heut'ge Feſt, ſo komm du wieder,
Stell' dich im Tempel, daß ich dich mag ſehn;
Mich ſoll es freun, wenn ich dich ruhig finde.

Leander
(zu ihren Füßen ſtürzend)
O himmliſch Weib!

Hero
Nicht ſo! Das ziemt uns nicht.
Und ſieh! Mein Oheim kommt. Er wird mich ſchelten,
Und zwar mit Recht, warum gab ich euch nach?

Naukleros
Nimm deinen Krug und laß daraus mich trinken,
Am beſten deutet ſo ſich unſer Tun.

Leander
(ihn wegſtoßend)
Nicht du! Ich, ich!

Hero
(ihm den Krug hinhaltend, aus dem er kniend trinkt)
So trink! und jeder Tropfen
Sei Troſt, und all dies Naß bedeute Glück.

Prieſter
(kommt)
Was ſchaffſt du dort?

Hero

Sieh nur! ein kranker Mann.

Prieſter

Nicht deines Amtes iſt der Kranken Heilung.
Sie mögen gehen in Apollens Tempel,
Dort heilt der Prieſter Schar.

Hero

So ſagt' ich auch.

Prieſter

825 Allein vor allem, ob nun krank, geſund:
Der Göttin Hain, der Prieſterwohnung Nähe
Betritt kein Mann, kein Fremder ungeſtraft.
Entlaſſ' ich euch, verdankt es meiner Huld;
Ein zweites Mal verfielt ihr dem Geſetz.

Naukleros

830 Doch ſah ich erſt nur viele dort verſammelt,
Im Tempel und im Hain, ſo Mann als Frauen.

Prieſter

Die Zeit des Feſts gibt ſolchem Einlaß Raum,
Vom Morgen bis zum Mittag währt die Freiheit.

Naukleros

Nun denn, die Sonne ſteht noch nicht ſo hoch,
835 Sie brennt und blitzt, doch lange nicht im Scheitel.

Prieſter

Des ſei du froh und nütze dieſe Friſt;
Denn wenn die Sonn' auf ihres Wandels Zinne
Mit durſt'gen Zügen auf die Schatten trinkt,
Dann tönen her vom Tempel krumme Hörner,
Dem Feſte Schluß, dir kündigend Gefahr.
Auch ſeid ihr aus Abydos, ſagt man mir,
Und wenig wohlgeſinnt das Volk uns jener Stadt.
Beim Fiſchzug und wo irgend ſonſt im Meer
Erhebt es Streit mit Seſtos' frommen Bürgern.
Auch das bedenkt, und daß der oft Gekränkte
Sich doppelt rächt, wenn lang' er es verſchob.

Naukleros

Ich aber denke: Mann, Herr, gegen Mann,
So hielt ich's gegen Seſtos' frommes Volk.
Auch ſtellen ſie uns nach auf dieſen Küſten,
Wir zahlen's ihnen jenſeits, dort bei uns.

Prieſter

Nicht ziemt es mir, dir Wort zu ſtehn und Rede.
Was not tut, ward geſagt, von andrem ſchweig!
(Zu Hero)
Du aber nimm den Krug und komm!
(Da die Jünglinge ihr helfen wollen)
Laß nur!
Dort gehen Dienerinnen.
(Er winkt nach links in die Szene.)
Und ſo folg'.
Im Tempel harrt noch mancherlei zu tun.
(Hero an der Hand führend nach der linken Seite ab.)

Janthe
(die indeſſen gekommen iſt)
Was habt ihr angerichtet, ſchöne Fremde?
Ich ſah euch wohl von fern. Nun aber eilt!
Wer hieß euch auch mit eurem raſchen Werben
Der Prieſt'rin nahn, die ſchon dem Dienſt geweiht?
Wär' ich ein Mann, ich ſuchte gleich für gleich.
(Mit den Krügen ab.)

Naukleros
(dem Prieſter nachſprechend)
Selbſtſücht'ger, Eigenmächt'ger, Strenger, Herber!
So ſchließeſt du die holde Schönheit ein,
Entziehſt der Welt das Glück der warmen Strahlen
Und ſchmückſt mit heil'gem Vorwand deine Tat?
Seit wann ſind Götter neidiſch, mißgeſinnt?
Daheim auch ehrt man Himmliſche bei uns;
Doch heiter tritt Zeus' Prieſter unters Volk,
Umgeben von der Seinen frohen Scharen,
Und ſegnet andre, ein Geſegneter.
Ihr aber habt's ererbt vom Morgen her,
Den ſchnöden Dienſt mißgünſt'ger Indusknechte,
Und hüllet euch in Greuel und in Nacht.
Doch iſt's nun ſo. Drum komm, Unglücklicher!

Leander
Unglücklich? Meinſt du mich?

Naukleros
Wen ſonſt? Nun, mind'ſtens
Genügſam denn! Komm mit!

Leander

Hier bin ich.

Naukleros

Wie?
Betrachteſt dir nicht einmal noch den Ort,
Von dem du nun auf immer —?

Leander

Immer?

Naukleros

Nicht?
So wollteſt du —? Wie meinſt du das? Sag' an!

Leander

Horch! Tönt das Zeichen nicht? Wir müſſen fort!

Naukleros

880 Rückhält'ger, was verbirgſt du deinen Sinn?
Du willſt doch nicht an dieſen Ort zurück,
Wo Kerker, Unheil, Tod —?

Leander

Fürwahr! Das Zeichen.
Die Freunde kehren heim. Komm, laß uns mit!
Mein Leben ſei nur ärmlich, ſprachſt du ſelbſt.
885 Wenn's nun ſo wenig, gäb' ich's nicht um viel?
Was noch geſchieht? Wer weiß es? — Und wer ſagt's?

(Schnell ab.)

Naukleros

Leander! Höre doch! — Befaſſe ſich nur eins
Mit derlei froſt'gen Jungen! Froſtig? Ei,
Das Beiſpiel lehrt's. Doch will ich dich wohl hüten.
890 Und kehrſt du mir zurück, eh' ich's gebilligt,
Soll man — So warte doch! — Hörſt du? Leander!
(Unter Händewinken und Gebärden des Zurückhaltens ihm folgend.)

Der Vorhang fällt.

Dritter Aufzug

Gemach im Innern von Heros Turm. Auf der rechten Seite des Hintergrundes, in einer weiten Brüſtung, das hoch angebrachte Bogenfenſter, zu dem einige breite Stufen emporführen. Daneben ein hohes Lampengeſtell. Gegen die linke Seite des Hintergrundes die ſchmale Tür des Haupteinganges. Eine zweite, durch einen Vorhang geſchloſſene Tür auf der rechten Seite des Mittelgrundes. Auf derſelben Seite, nach vorn, ein Tiſch, daneben ein Stuhl mit niederer Rücklehne.

Nach dem Aufziehen des Vorhanges kommt ein **Diener**, hoch in der Hand eine Lampe tragend, die er auf den Kandelaber ſtellt und dann geht. Unmittelbar hinter ihm der **Oberprieſter** mit **Hero**. Sie hat den Mantel um die Schultern, wie zu Ende des erſten Aufzuges.

Prieſter

Des Dienſtes heil'ge Pflichten ſind vollbracht,
Der Abend ſinkt, ſo komm denn in dein Haus,
Von heut an dein, der Prieſt'rin ſtille Wohnung.

Hero

(um ſich blickend)

Hier alſo, hier!

Prieſter

So iſt's. Und wie der Turm,
In deſſen Innern ſich dein Wohnſitz wölbt,
Am Ufer ſteht des Meers, getrennt, allein,
Durch Gänge nur mit unſerm Haus verbunden —
Auf feſten Mauern ſenkt er ſich hinab,

Bis wo die See an ſeinen Füßen brandet,
Indes ſein Haupt die Wolken Nachbar nennt,
Weitſchauend über Meer und Luft und Land —
So wirſt du fürder ſtehn, getrennt, vereint,
Den Menſchen wie den Himmliſchen verbündet,
Dein ſelber Herr und ſomit auch der andern,
Ein doppellebend, auserkornes Weſen,
Und glücklich ſein.

Hero

Hier alſo, hier!

Prieſter

Sie haben,
Ich ſeh' es, die Geräte dir verſammelt,
Mit denen man der Prieſter Wohnung ſchmückt.
Hier Rollen, reich mit weiſem Wort beſchrieben,
Dort Brett und Griffel, haltend Selbſtgedachtes.
Dies Saitenſpiel ſogar, ein altes Erbſtück
Von deines Vaters Schweſter und der meinen:
Einſt Prieſterin wie du an dieſem Ort.
An Blumen fehlt es nicht. Hier liegt der Kranz,
Den du getragen bei der heut'gen Weihe.
Du findeſt alles, was den Sinn erhebt,
Nicht Wünſche weckt und Wünſche doch befriedigt,
Den Göttern dienend, ihnen ähnlich macht.
(Auf die Seitentür zeigend)
Dies andere Gemach, es birgt dein Lager,
Dasſelbe, das die Kommende empfing
Am erſten Tag vor ſieben langen Jahren,

Das wachſen dich geſehn und reifen, blühn
Und weiſe werden, ſtill und fromm und gut,
Dasſelbe, das um rotgeſchlafne Wangen
Die Träume ſpielen ſah von einem Glück,
Das nun verwirklicht. — Doch du träumſt auch jetzt.

Hero

Ich höre, guter Ohm.

Prieſter

Geſteh' ich dir's?
Ich dachte dich erfreuter mir am Abend
Des ſel'gen Tags, der unſer Wünſchen krönt.
Was wir geſtrebt, gehofft, du haſt, du biſt es;
Und ſtatt entzückt, find' ich dich ſtumm und kalt.

Hero

Du weißt, mein Ohm, wir ſind nicht immer Herr
Von Stimmungen, die kommen, wandeln, gehn,
Sich ſelbſt erzeugend und von nichts gefolgt.
Das Höchſte, Schönſte, wenn es nun erſcheint,
Indem es anders kommt, als wir's gedacht,
Erſchreckt beinah', wie alles Große ſchreckt.
Doch gönne mir nur eine Nacht der Ruh',
Des Sinnens, der Erholung, und, mein Ohm,
Du wirſt mich finden, die du ſonſt gekannt.
Der Ort iſt ſtill, die Lüfte atmen kaum,
Hier ebben leichter der Gedanken Wogen,
Der Störung Kreiſe fliehn dem Ufer zu,
Und Sammlung wird mir werden, glaube mir.

Prieſter

Sammlung? Mein Kind, ſprach das der Zufall bloß?
Wie, oder fühlteſt du des Wortes Inhalt,
Das du geſprochen, Wonne meinem Ohr?
Du haſt genannt den mächt’gen Weltenhebel,
Der alles Große tauſendfach erhöht
Und ſelbſt das Kleine näher rückt den Sternen.
Des Helden Tat, des Sängers heilig Lied,
Des Sehers Schaun, der Gottheit Spur und Walten,
Die Sammlung hat’s getan und hat’s erkannt,
Und die Zerſtreuung nur verkennt’s und ſpottet.
Spricht’s ſo in dir? Dann, Kind, Glück auf!
Dann wirſt du wandeln hier, ein ſelig Weſen,
Des Staubes Wünſche weichen ſcheu zurück;
Und wie der Mann, der abends blickt gen Himmel,
Im Zwielicht noch, und nichts erſieht als Grau,
Farbloſes Grau, nicht Nacht und nicht erleuchtet,
Doch ſchauend unverwandt, blinkt dort ein Stern,
Und dort ein zweiter, dritter, hundert, tauſend,
Die Ahnung einer reichen, gotterhellten Nacht,
Ihm nieder in die feuchten, ſel’gen Augen.
Geſtalten bilden ſich, und Nebel ſchwinden,
Der Hintergrund der Weſen tut ſich auf,
Und Götterſtimmen, halb aus eigner Bruſt
Und halb aus Höhn, die noch kein Blick ermaß —

Hero

Du weißt, mein Ohm, nicht alſo kühnen Flugs
Erhebt ſich mir der Geiſt; ſo viel nicht hoffe!

Allein, was not, und was mir auferlegt,
Gedenk' ich wohl zu tun, des ſei gewiß.

Prieſter

Wohlan, auch das. Iſt's gleich nicht gut und recht,
Beim Anfang einer Bahn das Ziel ſo nah,
So ärmlich nahe ſich das Ziel zu ſetzen;
Doch ſei's für jetzt. Nur noch dies eine merk':
Bei allem, was dir bringt die Flucht der Tage,
Den erſten Anlaß meid'! Wer tatenkräftig
Ins rege Leben ſtürzt, wo Menſch den Menſchen drängt,
Er mag Gefahr mit blankem Schwerte ſuchen,
Je härtrer Kampf, ſo rühmlicher der Sieg;
Doch weſſen Streben auf das Innre führt,
Wo Ganzheit nur des Wirkens Fülle fördert,
Der halte fern vom Streite ſeinen Sinn,
Denn ohne Wunde kehrt man nicht zurück,
Die noch als Narbe mahnt in trüben Tagen.
Der Strom, der Schiffe trägt und Wieſen wäſſert,
Er mag durch Felſen ſich und Klippen drängen,
Vermiſchen ſich mit ſeiner Ufer Grund,
Er fördert, nützt, ob klar, ob trüb verbreitet;
Allein der Quell, der Mond und Sterne ſpiegelt,
Zu dem der Pilger naht mit durſt'gem Mund,
Die Prieſterin, zu ſprengen am Altar,
Der wahre rein die ewig lautern Wellen,
Und nur bewegt, iſt ihm auch ſchon getrübt.

Und ſo ſchlaf wohl! Bedarfſt du irgend Rat,
Such' ihn bei mir, bei deinem zweiten Vater!

Doch ſtießeſt du des Freundes Rat zurück,
Du fändeſt auch in mir den Mann, der willig
Das eigne Blut aus dieſen Adern göſſe,
(mit ausgeſtrecktem Arm)
Wüßt' er nur einen Tropfen in der Miſchung,
Der Unrecht birgt und Unerlaubtes hegt.
(Er geht nach der Mitteltür.)

Hero
(nach einer Pauſe)
Ich merke wohl, der Vorfall in dem Hain
Mit jenen Fremden hat mir ihn verſtimmt.
Und wahrlich, er hat recht. Geſteh' ich's nur!
Wenn ich nicht Hero war, nicht Prieſterin,
Den Himmliſchen zu frommem Dienſt geweiht,
Der Jüngere, der Braungelockte, Kleinre,
Vielleicht gefiel er mir. — Vielleicht? — Je nun!
Ich weiß nunmehr, daß, was ſie Neigung nennen,
Ein Wirkliches, ein zu Vermeidendes,
Und meiden will ich's wohl. — Ihr guten Götter!
Wie vieles lehrt ein Tag, und ach, wie wenig
Gibt und vergißt ein Jahr. — Nun, er iſt fern,
Im ganzen Leben ſeh' ich kaum ihn wieder,
Und ſo iſt's abgetan. — Wohl gut!
(Sie nimmt den Mantel ab.)
Hier liege du! Mit wie verſchiednem Sinn
Nahm morgens ich, leg' ich dich abends hin.
Ein Leben hüllſt du ein in deine Falten!
Bewahre, was du weißt, ich leg' es ab mit dir.

Doch, was beginnen nun?   Ich kann nicht ſchlafen.
(Die Lampe ergreifend und in die Höhe haltend)
Beſeh' ich mir den Ort? — Wie weit! — wie leer! —
Genug werd' ich dich ſchaun manch langes Jahr;
Gern ſpar' ich, was du beutſt, für künft'ge Neugier.
Horch! — Es war nichts. — Allein, allein, allein!
(Sie hat die Lampe ſeitwärts aufs Fenſter geſtellt und ſteht dabei.)
Wie ruhig iſt die Nacht!   Der Hellespont
Läßt, Kindern gleich, die frommen Wellen ſpielen.
Sie flüſtern kaum, ſo ſtill ſind ſie vergnügt.
Kein Laut, kein Schimmer rings; nur meine Lampe
Wirft bleiche Lichter durch die dunkle Luft.
Laß mich dich rücken hier an dieſe Stäbe!
Der ſpäte Wanderer erquicke ſich
An dem Gedanken, daß noch jemand wacht,
Und bis zu fernen Ufern jenſeits hin
Sei du ein Stern und ſtrahle durch die Nacht.

Doch würdeſt du bemerkt; drum komm nur ſchlafen,
Du bleiche Freundin mit dem ſtillen Licht.
(Sie trägt die Lampe.)
Und wie ich löſche deinen ſanften Strahl,
So möge löſchen auch, was hier noch flimmert,
Und nie mehr zünd' es neu ein neuer Abend an.
(Sie hat die Lampe auf den Tiſch geſetzt.)
So ſpät noch wach? — Ei, Mutter, bitte, bitte! —
Nein, Kinder ſchlafen früh! — Nun denn, es ſei!
(Sie nimmt das Geſchmeide aus dem Haar und ſingt dabei mit halber Stimme:)

Und Leda ſtreichelt
Den weichen Flaum.
Das ew'ge Lied! wie kommt's mir nur in Sinn?
Nicht Götter ſteigen mehr zu wüſten Türmen,
Kein Schwan, kein Adler bringt Verlaſſ'nen Troſt,
Die Einſamkeit bleibt einſam und ſie ſelbſt.
(Sie hat ſich geſetzt.)
Auch eine Leier legten ſie hierher.
Ich habe nie gelernt, darauf zu ſpielen;
Ich wollte wohl, ich hätt's! — Gedanken, bunt
Und wirr, durchkreuzen meinen Sinn,
In Tönen löſten leichter ſie ſich auf.

Ja denn, du ſchöner Jüngling, ſtill und fromm,
Ich denke dein in dieſer ſpäten Stunde
Und mit ſo glatt verbreitetem Gefühl,
Daß kein Vergehn ſich birgt in ſeine Falten.
Ich will dir wohl, erfreut doch, daß du fern;
Und reichte meine Stimme bis zu dir,
Ich riefe grüßend: gute Nacht!

Leander
(im Hintergrunde von außen am Fenſter erſcheinend)
Gut' Nacht!

Hero
Ha, was iſt das? Biſt, Echo, du's, die ſpricht?
Suchſt du mich heim in meiner Einſamkeit?
Sei mir gegrüßt, o ſchöne Nymphe!

Leander

Nymphe,
1065 Sei mir gegrüßt!

Hero

Das iſt kein Widerhall!
Ein Haupt! — Zwei Arme! — Ha, ein Mann im Fenſter!
Er hebt ſich, kommt! — Schon kniet er in der Brüſtung.
Zurück! Du biſt verloren, wenn ich rufe.

Leander

Nur einen Augenblick vergönne mir!
1070 Die Steine bröckeln unter meinen Füßen;
Erlaubſt du nicht, ſo ſtürz' ich wohl hinab.
Ein Weilchen nur, dann klimm' ich gern zurück.
(Er läßt ſich ins Gemach herein.)

Hero

Dort ſteh und reg' dich nicht! — Unſeliger,
Was führte dich hierher?

Leander

(im Hintergrunde, nahe beim Eingange, ſtehen bleibend)
Ich ſah dein Licht
1075 Mit hellem Glanze ſtrahlen durch die Nacht.
Auch hier war's Nacht und ſehnte ſich nach Licht,
Da klomm ich denn herauf.

Hero

Wer dein Genoſſe?
Wer hielt die Leiter dir? bot Arm und Hilfe?

Leander

Nicht Leiter führte mich, noch äußre Hilfe.
Den Fuß ſetzt' ich in lockrer Steine Fugen,
An Ginſt und Efeu hielt ſich meine Hand;
So kam ich her.

Hero

Und wenn du, gleitend, ſtürzteſt?

Leander

So war mir wohl.

Hero

Und wenn man dich erblickt?

Leander

Man hat wohl nicht.

Hero

Des heil'gen Ortes Hüter,
Die Wache gehen ſie zu dieſer Zeit.
Unſeliger! Ward dir denn nicht geboten,
Bat ich nicht ſelbſt, du ſollteſt kehren heim?

Leander

Ich war daheim, doch ließ mir's keine Ruh';
Da warf ich mich ins Meer und ſchwamm herüber.

Hero

Wie? Von Abydos' weitentlegner Küſte?
Zwei Ruderer ermüdeten der Fahrt.

Leander

Du ſiehſt, ich hab's vermocht. Und wenn ich ſtarb,
Der erſten Welle Raub erliegend, ſank,
War's eine Spanne näher doch bei dir,
Und alſo ſüßrer Tod.

Hero

Dein Haar iſt naß,
Und naß iſt dein Gewand. Du zitterſt auch.

Leander

Doch zittr' ich nicht vor Froſt; mich ſchüttert Glut.
(Im Begriff, immer im Hintergrunde bleibend, ſich auf ein Knie niederzulaſſen.)

Hero

Laß das und bleib! Ruh' dich ein Weilchen aus,
Denn bald, und du mußt fort. So war's mein Licht,
Die Lampe, die dir Richtung gab und Ziel?
Du mahnſt mich recht, ſie künftig zu verbergen.

Leander

O, tu es nicht! O, Herrin, tu es nicht!
Ich will ja nicht mehr kommen, wenn du zürnſt,
Doch dieſer Lampe Schein verſag' mir nicht!

Als dieſe Nacht ich ſchlaflos ſtieg vom Lager
Und, öffnend meiner Hütte niedre Tür,
Aus jenem Dunkel trat in neues Dunkel,
Da lag das Meer vor mir mit ſeinen Küſten,

Ein ſchwarzer Teppich, ungeteilt, zu ſchaun,
Wie eingehüllt in Trauer und in Gram.
Schon gab ich mich dem wilden Zuge hin;
Da, am Geſichtskreis, flackert hell empor
Ein kleiner Stern, wie eine letzte Hoffnung.
Zu goldnen Fäden tauſendfach geſponnen,
Umzog der Schein, ein Netz, die trübe Welt.
Das war dein Licht, war dieſes Turmes Lampe.
In mächt'gen Schlägen ſchwoll empor mein Herz,
Nicht halten wollt' es mehr in ſeinen Banden;
Ans Ufer eilt' ich, ſtürzte mich ins Meer,
Als Leitſtern jenen Schimmer ſtets im Auge.
So kam ich her, erreichte dieſe Küſte.
Ich will nicht wieder kommen, wenn du zürnſt,
Doch raube nicht den Stern mir meiner Hoffnung,
Verhülle nicht den Troſt mir dieſes Lichts!

Hero

Du guter Jüngling, halt mich nicht für hart,
Weil ich nur ſchwach erwidre deine Meinung;
Doch kann's nicht ſein, ich ſagt' es dir ja ſchon,
Ich bin verlobt zu einem ſtrengen Dienſt,
Und liebeleer heiſcht man die Prieſterin.
Ehgeſtern, wenn du kamſt, war ich noch frei;
Nun iſt's zu ſpät. Drum geh und kehr' nicht wieder.

Leander

Man nennt ja mild die Sitten deines Volks,
Sind ſie ſo ſtreng und drohen ſie ſo viel?

Hero

Die Meder und die Baktrer fern im Oſten,
Sie töten jene, die, der Sonne Prieſterin,
Das Aug' auf den geliebten Jüngling warf;
Mein Volk, nicht alſo mordbegier'gen Sinns,
Es ſchonet zwar das Leben der Verirrten,
Allein ſtößt aus ſie und verachtet ſie,
Zugleich ihr ganzes Haus und all die Ihren.
Das kann nicht ſein mit Hero, fühlſt du wohl,
Drum alſo geh und trage, was du mußt.

Leander

So ſoll ich fort?

Hero

Du ſollſt; doch nicht denſelben Pfad,
Der dich hierher geführt, er ſcheint gefährlich.
Durch jene Pforte geh und folg' dem Gang,
Der dich ins Freie führt.
(Mit erregter Aufmerkſamkeit einen Augenblick innehaltend)
Doch hab' mir acht,
Denn — Horch'! Bei aller Götter Namen!
Ich höre Tritte hierwärts durch den Gang.
Man kommt! Sie nahn! Unſel'ge Stunde! Weh!

Leander

Iſt hier kein Ort, der ſchützend mich verbirgt?
Ha, dort hinein!
(Auf die Seitentür zugehend.)

Hero

Beträtſt du mein Gemach?
Hier bleib! Haſt du's gewagt, laß ſie dich finden, ſtirb!
Ich ſelber will hinein.

Leander

Sie nahen.

Hero

(nach der Seitentür hinzeigend)

Hier!
Geh nur hinein! Und nimm die Lampe mit!
1155 Laß es hier dunkel ſein! Hörſt du? Nur ſchnell!
Allein, nicht vorwärts dring, bleib nah der Tür!
Schnell, ſag' ich, ſchnell!

Leander

Du aber —?

Hero

Still und fort!

(Leander hat die Lampe ergriffen und geht durch die Seitentüre ab. Das Gemach iſt dunkel.)

Nun! Götter, waltet ihr in eurer Milde!

(Sie ſenkt ſich in den Stuhl, mit halbem Leibe ſitzend, ſo, daß das linke herabgeſenkte Knie beinahe den Boden berührt, die Augen mit der Hand verhüllt, die Stirne gegen den Tiſch gelehnt.)

Des Tempelwächters Stimme

(von außen)

Iſt hier noch jemand wach?

Janthe

(ebenſo)

Du ſiehſt ja, alles dunkel.

(Die Türe wird halb geöffnet.)

Wächter

1160 Doch ſah ich Licht.

Janthe

Das ſchien dir wohl nur ſo.
Auch wohnt die Prieſt'rin hier, du weißt es ſelbſt.

Wächter

Doch, was ich ſah, laſſ' ich mir nicht beſtreiten.

(Die Türe ſchließt ſich.)

Und kommt der Tag, ſoll es ſich weiſen, ob —

(Die Worte verhallen, die Tritte entfernen ſich.)

Hero

O Scham und Schmach!

Leander

(aus der Seitentür tretend)

So ſind ſie fort? — Wo weilſt du?
1165 Biſt, Jungfrau, du noch hier?

(Er berührt ſuchend ihre Schulter.)

Hero

(emporfahrend)

Wo iſt das Licht?
Die Lampe, wo? Bring' erſt die Lampe, ſag' ich!

(Leander geht zurück.)

Hero

O, alles Unheil auf mein ſchuldig Haupt!

Leander

(der mit der Lampe zurückkommt)

Hier iſt dein Licht.

(Er ſetzt es hin.)

Und dank' mit mir den Göttern! —

Hero

(raſch aufſtehend)

Dank, ſagſt du? Dank? Wofür? Daß du noch lebſt?
Das all dein Glück? Entſetzlicher! Verruchter!
Was kamſt du her? nichts denkend als dich ſelbſt,
Und ſtörſt den Frieden meiner ſtillen Tage,
Vergifteſt mir den Einklang dieſer Bruſt?
O, hätte doch verſchlungen dich das Meer,
Als du den Leib in ſeine Wogen ſenkteſt!
Wär', abgelöſt, entglitten dir der Stein,
An dem du dich, den Turm erklimmend, hieltſt,
Und du — entſetzlich Bild! — Leander, o —!

Leander

Was iſt? Was ſchiltſt du nicht?

Hero

Leander, hörſt du?
Kehr' nicht den Weg zurück, auf dem du kamſt,
Gefahrvoll iſt der Pfad. — Entſetzlich, greulich!
Was iſt es, das den Menſchen ſo umnachtet

Und ihn entfremdet ſich, dem eignen Selbſt,
Und fremdem dienſtbar macht? — Als ſie nun kamen,
Drei Schritte fern, und nun mich fanden, ſahn —
Ich zitterte — doch nicht um mich! — Verkehrtheit!
Ich zitterte für ihn!

Leander

Und darf ich's glauben?

Hero

Laß das! Berühr' mich nicht! — Das iſt nicht gut,
Was ſo verkehrt die innerſte Natur,
Auslöſcht das Licht, das uns die Götter gaben,
Daß es uns leite, wie der Stern des Pols
Den Schiffer führt.

Leander

Das nennſt du ſchlimm?
Und alle Menſchen preiſen's hochbeglückt,
(er kniet vor ihr)
Und Liebe nennen ſie's.

Hero

Du armer Jüngling!
So kam denn bis zu dir das bunte Wort,
Und du, du ſprichſt es nach und nennſt dich glücklich?
(Sein Haupt berührend)
Und mußt doch ſchwimmen durch das wilde Meer,
Wo jede Spanne Tod; und kommſt du an,
Erwarten Späher dich und wilde Mörder —
(Mit einem Blick nach rückwärts, zuſammenfahrend.)

Leander
(der aufſpringt)
Was iſt?

Hero
O, jeder Laut dünkt mich ein Häſchertritt!
Die Kniee zittern.

Leander
Hero, Hero, Hero!

Hero
Laß das! Berühr' mich nicht! Du mußt nun fort.
Ich ſelber leite dich den ſichern Pfad;
Denn wenn ſie kämen, dich hier fänden, fingen —
(Sich an der Lehne des Stuhles feſthaltend.)

Leander
(nach einer kleinen Pauſe)
Und darf ich, Jungfrau, wiederkommen?

Hero
Du!?

Leander
So meinſt du: nie? — in aller Zukunft nie?
Kennſt du das Wort und ſeinen grauſen Umfang?
Dann auch: du warſt um mich beſorgt. Weißt du?
Ich muß zurück durchs brandend wilde Meer;
Wirſt du nicht glauben, daß ich ſank und ſtarb,
Bleibt kundlos dir mein Weg?

Hero

Send' einen Boten mir.

Leander

Ich habe keinen Boten als mich ſelbſt.

Hero

Nun denn, du holder Bote, komm denn, komm!
Allein nicht hier, an dieſen Todesort. Am Ufer
1215 Streckt eine Zunge ſandig ſich ins Meer:
Dort komm nur hin, verbirg dich in den Büſchen;
Vorübergehend hör' ich, was du ſprichſt.

Leander

Die Lampe aber hier, laß ſie mir leuchten,
Die Wege ſie mir zeigen meines Glücks.
1220 Wann aber komm' ich wieder? Jungfrau, ſprich!

Hero

Am Tag des nächſten Feſts.

Leander

Du ſcherzeſt wohl!
Sag', wann?

Hero

Wenn neu der Mond ſich füllt.

Leander

Bis dahin ſchleichen zehen lange Tage!
Trägſt du die Ungewißheit bis dahin? Ich nicht!

Ich werde fürchten, daß man uns bemerkt,
Du wirſt mich tot in deinem Sinne ſchaun,
Und zwar mit Recht! Denn raubt mich nicht das Meer,
So tötet Sorge mich, die Angſt, der Schmerz.
Sag': übermorgen; ſag': nach dreien Tagen,
Die nächſte Woche ſag'.

Hero

Komm morgen denn.

Leander

O Seligkeit! O Glück!

Hero

Und kehrſt du heim, Leander,
Das Meer durchſchwimmend, nächtig, wie du kamſt,
So wahre dieſes Haupt und dieſen Mund
Und dieſe meine Augen. Hörſt du wohl?
Verſprich es mir!
(Da er ſie umfaſſen will, zurücktretend)
Nein, nein! — Nun aber folge!
Ich leite dich.
(Sie geht nach dem Tiſche, die Lampe zu holen.)

Leander
(ihr mit den Augen folgend)

O herrlich, himmliſch Weib!

Hero

Was kommſt du nicht?

Leander

Und ſoll ich alſo darbend
Verlaſſen dieſen ſel'gen Götterort?
Kein Zeichen deiner Huld, kein armes Pfand
1240 Fort mit mir tragen, meiner Sehnſucht Labung?

Hero

Wie meinſt du das?

Leander

Nicht mindeſtens die Hand? —
Und dann — ſie legen Lipp' an Lippe —
Ich ſah es wohl — und flüſtern ſo ſich zu,
Was zu geheim für die geſchwätz'ge Luft.
1245 Mein Mund ſei Mund, der deine ſei dein Ohr!
Leih mir dein Ohr für meine ſtumme Sprache!

Hero

Das ſoll nicht ſein.

Leander

Muß ich ſo viel, du nichts?
Ich in Gefahr und Tod, du immer weigernd?
(Kindiſch trotzend)
Ich werde ſinken, kehr' ich trauernd heim.

Hero

1250 Du, frevle nicht!

Leander

Und du, gewähr'!

Hero

Wenn du dann gehſt.

Leander

(auf ein Knie niederſinkend)

Gewiß!

Hero

Und mir nicht ſtreiteſt,
Daß ich zu leicht die Wange dir berührt;
Nein, dankbar biſt vielmehr und fromm dich fügſt.

Leander

Du zögerſt noch?

Hero

Die Arme falte rückwärts,
Wie ein Gefangener, der Liebe, mein Gefang'ner.

Leander

Sieh, es geſchah.

Hero

(das Licht auf den Boden ſtellend)

Die Lampe ſoll's nicht ſehn.

Leander

Du kommſt ja nicht.

Hero

Biſt du ſo ungeduldig?
So ſoll auch nie — und doch, wenn's dich beglückt —

So nimm und gib!
(Sie küßt ihn raſch.)
Nun aber mußt du fort!

Leander

(aufſpringend)

1260 Hero!

Hero

Nein, nein!
(Zur Tür hinauseilend.)

Leander

Wenn ich dir flehe, Hero!
Verwünſcht! neidiſches Glück!
(An der Tür horchend)
Doch hör' ich Tritte,
Es ſind die ihren, nähern ſich der Tür,
Leis auf den Zeh'n — So kommt ſie wieder? —
Götter!

Der Vorhang fällt.

Vierter Aufzug

Offener Platz. Im Hintergrunde das Meer. Rückwärts, auf der linken Seite, Heros Turm, mit einem halb gegen das Meer gerichteten Fenſter und einem ſchmalen Eingange, zu dem einige Stufen emporführen. Daneben am Ufer einige hochgewachſene Sträucher. Nach vorn, auf derſelben Seite, laufen Schwibbogen und Säulen, die Nähe von Wohnungen bezeichnend. Die rechte Seite frei mit Bäumen. Quer in die Bühne hineinſtehend eine ſteinerne Ruhebank.

Nach dem Aufziehen des Vorhanges hört man hinter der Szene die **Stimme des Tempelhüters.**

Tempelhüter

Hierher, hierher, ihr Diener dieſes Hauſes!

Dann tritt **Hero** ganz vorne rechts auf.

Hero

1265 Er iſt hinüber! Allen Göttern Dank!
War's doch, als hätte ſich das All verſchworen,
Ihn hier zu halten bis zum lichten Tag!
Ein Gehen war und Kommen ohne Ruh'.
Und er ſtand da, im Winkel ſtill geduckt;
1270 Da endlich kam der günſt'ge Augenblick. —
Nun, er iſt fort, und ich bin wieder ruhig.

Auf derſelben Seite, mehr nach rückwärts, kommt der **Tempelhüter,** ein Horn am Bande um den Leib und einen Spieß auf der linken Schulter, ihr bei jeder Bewegung folgend.

Tempelhüter

Du ſahſt ihn wohl.

Hero

Wen doch?

Tempelhüter

Den fremden Mann.
Er ſprang nur jetzt ins Meer.

Hero

Nur jetzt? So raſch?

Tempelhüter

Drei Schritte kaum von dir.

Hero

Und ſah ihn nicht?
(Sie geht auf den Turm zu.)

Tempelhüter

1275 Wohl ſahſt du ihn und mußteſt wohl ihn ſehn.

Hero

(weitergehend)

Muß ich? Bin ich denn Wächter ſo wie du?

Tempelhüter

Nicht Wächter. — Zwar, wenn Wächter iſt, wer wacht —
Du wachteſt ziemlich lang' bei deiner Lampe.

Hero

Ei, daß du alles ſiehſt!

Tempelhüter

Wohl ſeh' ich, wohl!

Prieſter

(kommt von der linken Seite)

1280 Find' ich hier Streit?

Hero

(auf den Stufen des Turmes)

Der Mann da iſt nicht klug.

Tempelhüter

Wollt' ich nur reden, ei!

Hero

Er ſpricht und ſpricht.

Ich geh'.

Prieſter

Wohin?

Hero

In Turm.

Prieſter

Was dort?

Hero

Zu ſchlafen.

(Ab in den Turm.)

Tempelhüter

Zu ſchlafen, ja; nachdem ſie lang' gewacht.

Prieſter

Was war denn hier?

Tempelhüter

(Heron nachſprechend)

Und nennſt du mich nicht klug,
Weil ich ein Diener nur, ihr hohen Stamms?
Meinſt du, die Klugheit erbe eben fort
Vom Vater auf den Sohn, wie Geld und Gut?
Ei, klug genug und ſchlau genug und wachſam.

(Er ſtößt den Spieß in den Boden.)

Prieſter

Soll ich erfahren denn —?

Tempelhüter

(noch immer Heron nachſprechend)

Ei ja, ja doch!

Prieſter

(zum Gehen gewendet)

Du leiſteſt, merk' ich, ſelber dir Geſellſchaft!
Ich gönne ſie und überlaſſ' dich ihr.

Tempelhüter

Herr! Eben ſprang ein Mann vom Ufer in die Flut.

Prieſter

Das alſo war's?

Tempelhüter

Und Hero ſtand nicht fern.

Prieſter

Er ſprang wohl auch, ſtand ich in ſeiner Nähe.

Tempelhüter

Und dort in jenem Turme brannte Licht
Die ganze Nacht.

Prieſter

Das ſollte freilich nicht.
Doch Hero weiß wohl kaum, daß wir vermeiden,
Durch Licht und Flamme Bösgeſinnten, Feinden
Den Weg zu zeigen ſelber durch die Klippen,
Mit denen ſich die Küſte gürtend ſchützt.
Drum warne ſie.

Tempelhüter

Ei, daß ſie meiner ſpottet?
Sie wußt' es wohl, und dennoch brannte Licht.
Das macht: ſie wachte, Herr!

Prieſter

So?

Tempelhüter

Bis zum Morgen.
Und oben war's ſo laut, und doch ſo heimlich,
Ein Flüſtern und ein Rauſchen hier und dort.
Die ganze Gegend ſchien erwacht, bewegt:

Im dicht'ſten Laub ein ſonderbares Regen,
Wie Windeswehn, und wehte doch kein Wind;
Die Luft gab Schall, der Boden tönte wider,
Und was getönt und widerklang, war nichts.
Das Meer ſtieg rauſchend höher an die Ufer,
Die Sterne blinkten, wie mit Augen winkend,
Ein halb enthüllt Geheimnis ſchien die Nacht.
Und dieſer Turm war all des dumpfen Treibens
Und leiſen Regens Mittelpunkt und Ziel.
Wohl zwanzigmal eilt' ich an ſeinen Fuß,
Nun meinend, jetzt das Rätſel zu enthüllen,
Und ſah hinan, nichts ſchaut' ich als das Licht,
Das fort und fort aus Heros Fenſter ſchien.
Ein einzig Mal lief wie ein Mannesſchatten
Vom Meeresufer nach dem Turme zu.
Ich folg', und angelangt, war wieder nichts,
Nur Rauſchen rings und Regen, wie zuvor.

Prieſter

Scheint's doch, des ganzen Wunders voller Inhalt,
Mit Urſach' und mit Wirkung, lag in dir.

Tempelhüter

Ei, Herr! und warum brannte denn das Licht
Die ganze Nacht bis kurz, wie ich berichtet?
Als mich der Spuk zum Raſen halb gebracht,
Trat ich ins Innre des Gebäudes, jenſeits,
Wo an den Turm der Diener Wohnung ſchließt:
Da fällt Janthe mir zuerſt ins Auge,
Gekleidet und geſchmückt, als wär's am Tag.

Prieſter

Des Rätſels Löſung bietet ſich von ſelbſt.
Frag' du das Mädchen. Ruf ſie her. Du kennſt ſie
Und weißt, wie oft ſie Störung ſchon gebracht.

Tempelhüter

So dacht' ich auch und ſchalt ſie tüchtig aus;
Allein das Licht, an jenem, jenem Fenſter!
Und dann: als kurz ich vor im Haine ging,
Springt, hup! ein Mann ins brauſend ſchäum'ge Meer,
Und in demſelben Augenblick tritt Hero,
Drei Schritte kaum entfernt, aus dem Gebüſch.

Prieſter

Wenn du vermuten willſt, ſuch' andern Stützpunkt;
Nur was dir ähnlich, treffe dein Verdacht!

Tempelhüter

Nur was mir ähnlich? Ei, ich ſeh' es kommen!
Dem Diener ſei nicht Urteil noch Verſtand.

Prieſter

Ruf mir Janthen.

Tempelhüter

Aber, Herr, das Licht! —

Prieſter

Janthen, ſag' ich dir!

Tempelhüter

Und jener Mann,
Der ſprang ins Meer und gen Abydos ſchwamm?

Prieſter

Wie ſagſt du? — gen Abydos?

Tempelhüter

Wohl.

Prieſter

Abydos!
Ruf mir Janthen.

Tempelhüter

Wohl!

Prieſter

Und Heron ſage —!
(Eine Rolle aus dem Buſen ziehend)
Gib ihr dies Schreiben, das von ihren Eltern
Nur eben kam und das — Vielmehr, laß nur —
Sag' ihr, daß ich die Dienerin beſchied.
(Der Tempelhüter ab in den Turm.)
Abydos!
Was iſt's, daß dieſer Name mich durchfährt?
War aus Abydos nicht das Fremdenpaar,
Das jüngſt im Hain —? Wahnſinn, es nur zu denken!
Und doch! Iſt nicht das Jünglingsalter kühn
Und bleibt nicht gern auf halbem Wege ſtehn,

Vor allem, wo Verbotnes lockt? Wenn ſie
Verſucht, das Abenteuer zu beſtehn,
Das mein Dazwiſchentritt geſtört? — und Hero,
Unwiſſend trüge ſie des Wiſſens Schuld.
Nebſtdem, daß ſie noch jung und neu im Leben,
Noch unbelehrt, zu meiden die Gefahr,
Ja, zu erkennen ſie. — Genug, genug!
In meinem Innern reget ſich ein Gott
Und warnt mich, zu verhüten, eh's zu ſpät.

(Der Tempelhüter iſt zurückgekommen.)

Nun?

Tempelhüter

Hero hält Janthen noch bei ſich.
Die Prieſt'rin ruht, gelehnt auf weichen Pfühl,
Das Mädchen kniet vor ihr und ſpricht und tändelt.
Man läßt dich bitten, Herr —

Prieſter

Sie zögern? Wie?
Heiß du Janthen augenblicks mir nahn!

Tempelhüter

(ſich nach rückwärts bewegend)

Nun aber —

Prieſter

Und wenn ſtill auch ſonſt und klug,
Der Wahnſinn, der das kluge Weib befällt,
Tobt heft'ger als der Torheit wild'ſtes Raſen.

Janthe kommt.

Tempelhüter

Ei, komm nur immer, komm nur, du Geſchmückte!
Hier fragt man dich, warum ſo ſpät du wachſt?

Prieſter

Von allem, was ſich Schlimmes je begab
In dieſem Haus, fand ich dich immer wiſſend,
Belehrt durch Mitſchuld, oder Neugier mind'ſtens.
Nun meldet man, daß ſich in dieſer Nacht
Verdächtig Treiben hier am Turm geregt;
Auch fand dich dieſer Mann, da alles ſchlief,
Noch wachend und gekleidet in den Gängen.
Drum ſteh ihm Red' und ſage, was du weißt.

(Er entfernt ſich.)

Janthe

Bei allen Göttern, Herr —!

Prieſter

(zurückſprechend)

Laß du die Götter
Und ſorg' erſt, wie den Menſchen du genügſt!

Janthe

Nichts weiß ich ja! Ich hörte nur Bewegung,
Ein Kommen und ein Gehn. Die Nacht war ſchwül,
Da lauſcht' ich vor der Tür und ging dann ſchlafen.

Tempelhüter

So nennſt du: vor der Tür, zwei Treppen hoch?
Ich fand dich in dem Gang vor Heros Kammer.

Janthe

Ich war ſo bang, allein; da wollt' ich Hero fragen,
Ob ſie gehört, und ob ihr bang wie mir.

Prieſter
(ſich wieder nähernd)

Ich aber ſage dir: du ſollſt geſtehn;
Denn daß du weißt, zeigt mir dein ängſtlich Zagen.

Hero
(kommt)

Was iſt denn nur? Warum berief man uns?

Prieſter

Hier iſt Janthe, die du kennſt gleich mir.
Sie wird beſchuldigt, daß bei nächt'gem Dunkel —

Hero

Man tut ihr wohl zu viel.

Prieſter

So weißt du —?

Hero

Herr!
Ich weiß nur, daß der Menſch gar gern beſchuldigt,
Und vollends dieſer Mann iſt wirren Sinns.

Prieſter

Doch iſt's gewiß: ein Fremder war am Turm.

Hero

(nach einer Pauſe)

Nun, Herr, vielleicht der Überird'ſchen einer!
1405 Du ſprachſt ja ſelbſt: in altergrauer Zeit
Stieg oft ein Gott zu ſel'gen Menſchen nieder.
Zu Leda kam, zum fürſtlichen Admet,
Zur ſtrengverwahrten Danae ein Gott;
Warum nicht heut? zu ihr? zu uns? Zu wem du willſt?

(Sie geht auf die Ruhebank zu.)

Prieſter

1410 Sprach das der Spott? und dünkt das Heil'ge dir —?

(Zu Janthen)

Nun, Törin oder Schuldige, geſteh!

Janthe

Frag' doch nur Hero ſelbſt. Sie wohnt im Turm;
War dort Geräuſch, vernahm ſie es wohl auch.

Prieſter

(ſich Heron nähernd)

Hörſt du?

Hero

(die ſich geſetzt hat, halb ſingend, den Kopf in die Hand geſtützt)

Sie war ſo ſchön,
Ein Königskind.

(Sprechend)

1415 Nun, lichter Schwan, flogſt du zu lichten Sternen?

Prieſter

Hero!

Hero

(emporfahrend)

Was iſt? Wer faßt mich an? Was willſt du?

Prieſter

Haſt du vergeſſen ſchon?

Hero

Nicht doch! Ich weiß,
Was man beſchuldigt jene, ohne Grund.
Sei du nicht bang, Janthe, frohen Muts!
Wenn alle dich verließen, alle ſie,
In meiner Bruſt lebt dir ein warmer Anwalt.

(Sie wiederholt küſſend)

Wenn ſie dich quälen, Gute, komm zu mir;
Nun aber geh; ſie ſpotten dein und meiner.

Prieſter

Bleib noch!

(Janthe zieht ſich zurück.)
(Zu Hero)

Du liebteſt nie das Mädchen ſonſt;
Woher der Anteil nun?

Hero

(die aufgeſtanden iſt)

Was fragſt du mich?
Sie iſt gekränkt; braucht's da noch andern Grund?

Prieſter

Doch wem galt jene nächtlich dunkle Störung?

Hero

Warum denn ihr?

Prieſter

Wem ſonſt?

Hero

Die Lüfte wiſſen's;
Doch ſie verſchweigen's auch.

Prieſter

Nun denn, zu dir! Man ſah
1430 In deinem Turme Licht die ganze Nacht.
Tu das nicht mehr!

Hero

Wir haben Öl genug.

Prieſter

Doch ſieht's das Volk und deutet's, wie es mag.

Hero

Mag's denn.

Prieſter

Auch riet ich dir, den Schein zu meiden,
Den Schein ſogar! — viel mehr noch wahren Anlaß.

Hero

1435 Wir meiden ihn, doch meidet er auch uns?

Prieſter

Sprichſt aus Erfahrung du?

Hero

Was iſt die Zeit?
Wie lang' iſt's noch bis Abend?

Prieſter

Und warum?

Hero

Geſteh' ich's! Ich bin müd'.

Prieſter

Weil du gewacht?

Hero

So iſt's. Der Wind kommt uns von Oſten, denk' ich,
1440 Und ruhig iſt die See. Nun, gute Nacht!

Prieſter

Am hohen Tage? Hero, Hero, Hero!

Hero

Was willſt du, Ohm?

Prieſter

Hab' Mitleid mit dir ſelbſt!

Hero

Ich ſehe wohl, um mich geht manches vor,
Das mich betrifft, und nah vielleicht und nächſt,
1445 Doch faſſ' ich's nicht, und düſter iſt mein Sinn.
Ich will darüber denken.

Prieſter

Halt vorerſt!
Du kannſt noch nicht zurück in deine Wohnung; —
Erſt harrt noch ein und anderes Geſchäft.

Hero

Geſchäft?

Prieſter

(ſtreng)

Geſchäft!

(Gemildert)

Des neuen Amtes Bürde.
1450 Im Tempel iſt — und dann — vergaß ich's denn? —
Von deinen Eltern kam ein Brief — Vielmehr:
— Man meldet mir — ein Bote deiner Eltern,
Von ihnen, ſcheidend, noch zu uns geſendet,
Sei angelangt am öſtlich äußern Tor,
1455 Das abſchließt unſern heiligen Bezirk; —
Allein die Fiſcher, die am Meere wohnen,
Mißtrauiſch jedem Fremden und vielleicht
Der Störungen ſchon kundig dieſer Nacht,
Sie wehren ihm den Eintritt bis zu uns.
1460 Ich gönne dir die Freude, geh du hin
Und ſprich den Mann und höre, was er bringt.

Hero

So muß ich ſelbſt —?

Prieſter

Treibt dich Verlangen nicht?
Botſchaft von deinen Eltern — dann —

Hero

Ich gehe.

Prieſter

Du findeſt wohl den Mann bei jenen Hütten,
1465 Doch wär' es nicht, und hätt' er ſich entfernt,
So wirſt du mir ſchon weiter wandeln müſſen,
Bis du —

Hero

Es ſoll geſchehn.

Prieſter

Tritt nur indes
Bei unſers Hauſes wackerm Schaffer ein,
Von dort aus ſende Diener, die ihn ſuchen.
1470 Und, einmal da: laß dir den Vorrat zeigen,
Den man dort ſammelt für der Göttin Dienſt.
Das letzte Feſt ließ unſre Tempel nackt.
Es fehlt an Weihrauch, Opfergerſte, Linnen,
Kannſt du davon mir bringen, dank' ich dir's.

Hero

1475 Dann aber kehr' ich heim.

Prieſter

Gewiß, wenn du
Der Pilgerruh' erſt einen Blick gegönnt,
Die dort ganz nah auf ſchlanken Säulen ſteht.
Vielleicht birgt unſer Mann ſich dort zumeiſt.
Auch haben Waller ſich, ſo heißt's, verſammelt,

Die ferneher zu unſerm Tempel ziehn.
Tritt unter ſie und ſprich ein nützlich Wort,
Den Opfern, die ſie bringen, wohne bei;
Und haſt du ſo dein heilig Amt vollbracht —
Es wäre denn, der Rückweg gönnte Zeit —

Hero

Genug, o Herr! beinah' ſagt' ich: zu viel.
(Einſchmeichelnd)
Geſteh' ich dir's, ich bliebe lieber hier.

Prieſter
(ruhig)

Doch muß es ſein.

Hero

Muß es? Nun, ſo geſcheh's.

Prieſter

Nimm nur die neue Freundin mit, Janthen,
Die dir ſo ſehr gefällt, das kürzt den Weg.

Hero

Haſt du doch recht, und alſo will ich tun.
Janthe, komm und leite mich den Pfad!
Dein froh Geſpräch laß uns den Weg verkürzen,
Und werd' ich müd', ſo leih mir deinen Arm!

Du aber, ſtille Wohnung, lebe wohl!
Eh' noch der Abend graut, ſeh' ich dich wieder.

Wo biſt du? — Ah! — Sei heute Hero du
Und denke, ſprich für mich! Ein andermal
Bin ich Janthe gern — Und ſei nicht grämlich, hörſt du?
(Janthens Nacken umſchlingend, ab.)

Prieſter

Zähm' ich den Grimm in meiner tiefſten Bruſt?
1500 Kein Zweifel mehr, die Zeichen treffen ein.
Ein Mann dem Tempel nah, und Hero weiß es.
Und einer war's von jenen Jünglingen,
Leander und Naukleros hießen ſie,
Die, aus Abydos, ich im Haine traf;
1505 Ob aber ſchon ſeit lang' mit Heuchlerkunſt
Sie mir's verbirgt, ob nun erſt heute, jetzt erſt —

Naukleros und Leander. Welcher war's?
(Die flachen Hände vor ſich hingeſtreckt)
In gleichen Schalen wäg' ich euer Los.
Die Namen beide ähnlichen Gehalts,
1510 Die Zahl der Laute gleich in ein und anderm,
Desſelben Anſpruchs jeder auf das Glück:
Indes der eine doch ein Lebender, Beſeelter,
Sein Freund ein Toter iſt, ſchon jetzo tot;
Denn, weil ſie fern, leg' ich die Schlingen aus,
1515 Die ihn verderben, kehrt der Kühne wieder.

Unſeliger! Was ſtreckteſt du die Hand
Nach meinem Kind, nach meiner Götter Eigen?
(Nach rückwärts gewendet)
Ha, Alter, du noch hier? Laß uns hinauf!

Erforſchen jedes Zeichen, das der Tat,
Der noch verhüllten, dunkeln Fußtritt zeigt.
Kommt dann die Nacht und ſiehſt du wieder Licht —

Und doch, wer weiß, ob wir uns nicht getäuſcht?
Iſt Zutraun blind, ſieht Argwohn leicht zu viel,
(heftig)
Zum mindeſten befehl' ich dir, zu zweifeln,
Bis ich dir ſage: Glaub's! Erſchrick nicht, Alter!
Geh nur voran und öffne jene Tür!
(Der Alte geht dem Turme zu.)

Der Prieſter
(im Begriff, ihm zu folgen)
Fortan ſei Ruh'. Der Torheit Werk vergeh'!
Der Morgen find' es nicht. Es ſei geweſen.
(Mit dem Diener in den Turm ab.)

Kurze Gegend. Rechts im Vorgrunde Leanders Hütte. Daneben ein Baum mit einem Votivbilde.

Naukleros
(kommt und bleibt vor der Hütte ſtehen, mit dem Fuß auf den Boden ſtampfend)
Leander, hör'! Machſt du nicht auf? — Leander!

Bis jetzt hat meine Sorgfalt ihn bewahrt.
Ich ließ ihn geſtern abends in der Hütte,
Und heute tat, die Nachbarn ſagen's,
Sich noch nicht auf die feſtverſchloſſ'ne Tür.
Doch gilt's, zu wachen noch, zu hüten, ſorgen.

Was aber zögert er? es iſt ſchon ſpät.
Hat allzugroßer Schmerz —? Wie, oder gar?
Vergaß vielleicht den Gram und ſeine Leiden
Und träumt nun langgeſtreckt? Leander, ho!
Langſchläfer, Ohneſorg'! Beim Sonnengott,
Machſt du nicht auf, ſo ſpreng' ich dir die Tür.

Mit alledem dünkt's mich doch ſonderbar —
(Er ſieht durch die Spalte.)

Leander
(tritt links im Hintergrunde auf)

Huhup!
(Er zieht ſich wieder zurück.)

Naukleros
(raſch umgewendet)

Wer da? Freund oder Feind?

Leander
(vortretend)

Ha! Ha!
Erſchreckt?
(Er trägt einen Stab in der Hand und unter dem Arme ein Schleiertuch, deſſen eines Ende er während des folgenden in eine Schleife bindet.)

Naukleros

Du ſelbſt? Und alſo ſpöttiſch
Genüber deinem Meiſter, deinem Herrn?
Und dann — Was dünkt mir denn? — Wo kommſt du her?

Verließ ich dich nicht abends in der Hütte?
Und heute — ſieh, ich weiß, die Nachbarn ſagen's —
Ging noch nicht auf die feſtverſchloſſ'ne Tür.
Wo kommſt du her und wie?

(Er greift mit der Hand hin, um Leanders Beſchäftigung zu unterbrechen.)

Leander

(zurückkehrend)

Mein Stab, mein Wimpel, ei!

Naukleros

1550 Dein Haar iſt feucht, die ſchweren Kleider kleben.
Du warſt im Meer.

Leander

Wie bündig ſchließt der Mann!

(Er geht während des folgenden nach rückwärts zum Baume und legt Stab und Schleier auf einer Erderhöhung unter dem Götterbilde nieder.)

Naukleros

(ſeinen Bewegungen folgend)

Im Meer? Weshalb? Du warſt doch nicht —?
Leander!
Weißt du? Sie ſenden Späher aus von Seſtos,
An unſerm Ufer hat man ihrer ſchon geſehn.
1555 Wenn nun ſo weit, bis über Meeresgrenze
Ihr Argwohn reicht, um wie viel ſtrenger denkſt du
Das Jenſeits dir bewacht, uns feind von je?
Der wär' ein Tor, der irgend es verſuchte,

Zu ſtürzen ſich ins aufgeſpannte Netz.
1560 Dann aber: wie?

Leander

(der wieder zurückgekommen iſt, nach rückwärts ſprechend)

Bewahre mir's, du Gott!

Naukleros

Noch einmal: wie? Du weißt, ich brach das Steuer
Von deinem Kahn, und alle Nachbarn hielten
Auf mein Geſuch die Nachen unterm Schloß.
Wenn nun zu Schiffe nicht, wie ſonſt? Denn ſchwimmend,
1565 Leander, ſchwimmend —! Kennſt du auch den Raum,
Der trennt Abydos' Strand von Seſtos' Küſte?
Kein Lebender kömmt lebend drüben an;
Denn hielte auch die Kraft, ſo ſtarren Klippen,
Die reichen rings, ſo weit das Ufer reicht,
1570 Kein Ruheplatz, noch Anfurt, keine Stelle,
Die ſichre Landung beut.

Leander

Sieh nur! So ſchroff?

Naukleros

Nun ja: Ein Ort iſt zwiſchen ſcharfen Klippen,
Dort mag ein Glückskind, das ihn nicht verfehlt,
In finſtrer Nacht, dort mag dem Land er nahn.
1575 Ein Turm ſteht da, voreinſt zum Schutz gebaut;
Jetzt wohnt die Prieſterjungfrau drin, die einſt wir

Im Haine ſahn. Du wohl ſeitdem — Leander!
Birg nicht dein Aug'! zu ſpät! Denn es geſtand.

Nun, du warſt dort heut nacht, ſtatt hier zu ruhn,
Fandſt glücklich aus den einz'gen Platz der Landung
Und ſtandſt am Turm, den feuchten Blick empor,
Liebäugelnd mit dem Licht in ihrer Kammer;
Sahſt ihre Schatten an den Wänden fliehn,
Beglückt, um höhern Preis nicht, als den Tod,
Im Übermaß von ſo viel Glück zu ſchwelgen.

Leander

Armſeliger!

Naukleros

Auch das! Die Schild'rung war zu ſchwach.
Du ſahſt ſie, ſprachſt mit ihr, fandſt Haus und Pforte
Geöffnet, unbewacht, tratſt ein —?

Leander

(ſich in ſeine Arme werfend)

Naukleros!
Fühlſt du den Kuß? Und weißt du, wer ihn gab?

Naukleros

Laß ab! Dein Kuß iſt Tod!

Leander

So furchtſam?
Naukleros feig?

Naukleros

Nun ja, ich ſeh' es wohl, wir haben,
Die Plätze haben wir getauſcht. Ich furchtſam,
Du kühn; Leander frohen Muts, Naukleros —
Ich werde doch nicht gar noch weinen ſollen?
Wohlan, geh in den Tod! Nur eines,
Ein Einziges verſprich mir: Dieſes Mal,
Diesmal ſuch' nur ihn nicht; bleib fern von Seſtos!
Damit, wenn du nun daliegſt, bleich und kalt,
Ich mir nicht ſagen müſſe: Du warſt's, du,
Der treulos ſeine Freundespflicht verſäumt,
Ihm ſelber wies die todgeſchwellten Früchte,
Selbſt wob das Netz, das klammernd ihn umfing.
(Ein Knie zur Erde gebeugt)
Leander!

Leander

Biſt du krank? Was kommt dir an?

Naukleros

Haſt du doch recht, und fürder auch kein Wort!
Wer ſpräch' auch wohl zum brandend tauben Meer,
Zum lauten Sturm, dem wilden Tier der Wüſte,
Das achtlos folgt der angebornen Gier?
Darum kein Wort! Nur, denkſt du irgend noch
Der Freundſchaft, die uns einſt —?

Leander

Naukleros! einſt?

Naukleros

1610 Laß das! Es ſpricht die Tat. Schein' ich dir irgend
Noch eines kleinen, armen Dienſtes wert,
Tu mir die Lieb' und öffne jene Tür.

Leander

Wozu?

Naukleros

Ich bitte dich.

Leander

Der Schlüſſel, weißt du,
Liegt unterm Stein.

Naukleros

Tu's ſelbſt.

Leander
(der die Tür der Hütte geöffnet hat)

Es iſt geſchehn.

Naukleros

1615 Wohlan! und daß ich dankbar mich erweiſe:
Geh dort hinein!

Leander

Ich nicht.

Naukleros

Du ſollſt! Du mußt!
Der Stärkre war ich ſtets, der Ältre bin ich,

Und jetzt ſtählt Sorge dreifach meinen Arm.
(Leander anfaſſend)
So faſſ' ich dich, ſo halt' ich dich, ſo drück' ich
1620 Dich an den Grund. Gehorchſt du wohl?

Leander
(mit gebrochenen Knien)
Halt ein!

Naukleros
(ihn loslaſſend)
Armſeliger! von Lieb' und Wellen matt!
Und nun hinein!

Leander
(zurückweichend)
Fürwahr, ich werde nicht!

Naukleros
(ihn anfaſſend und zurückdrängend)
Du wirſt, du ſollſt, du mußt!

Leander
Laß ab!

Naukleros
Vergebens!
(Er hat ihn in die Tür gedrängt, die er jetzt raſch an ſich zieht.)
Nun zu die Tür!
(Er dreht den Schlüſſel.)
Und ſchwimm du künftig wieder!

Ich will als Schließer ſelbſt dir Nahrung bringen;
Doch daß du nicht entkommſt, bin ich dir gut.

Leander
(von innen)

Naukleros!

Naukleros

Nein!

Leander

Ein Wörtchen nur!

Naukleros

Nicht eins!

Leander

Doch wenn mein Heil, mein Leben dran geknüpft,
Daß du mich hörſt?

Naukleros

Was alſo wär' es denn?

Leander

Nur eine Spanne weit mach' auf die Tür!
Mein Daſein iſt bedroht, wenn du's verweigerſt.

Naukleros

Nun, handbreit öffn' ich denn.
(Zurückprallend)
Ha, was iſt das?

Leander

(ſtürzt aus der Hütte, das Haupt mit einem Helme bedeckt, den Schild am Arme, ein bloßes Schwert in der Hand)

Komm an! komm an! Warum nicht hältſt du mich?
Noch iſt mir meines Vaters Helm und Schwert,
Und Tod dräut jedem, der ſich widerſetzt!

Tor, der du biſt! und denkſt du, den zu halten,
Den alle Götter ſchützen, leitet ihre Macht?
Was mir beſtimmt, ich will's, ich werd's erfüllen;
Kein Sterblicher hält Götterwalten auf.

Ihr aber, die ihr rettend mich beſchirmt
Durch Wellennacht:

(er kniet)

Poſeidon, mächt'ger Gott!
Der du die Waſſer legteſt an die Zügel,
Den Tod mir ſcheuchteſt von dem feuchten Mund!
Zeus, mächtig über allen, hehr und groß!
Und Liebesgöttin du, die mich berief,
Den kundlos Neuen, lernend zu belehren
Die Unberichteten, was dein Gebot,
Steht ihr mir bei und leitet wie bisher!

(Aufſtehend und Schild und Schwert von ſich werfend, den Helm noch immer auf dem Haupte)

Drum keine Waffen! Euer Schutz genügt.
Mit ihm geharniſcht wie mit ehr'ner Wehr,
Stürz' ich mich kühn in Mitte der Gefahren.

(Schnell den Stab mit dem Schleiertuche aufnehmend und die darin geknüpfte Schleife an die Spitze des Stabes befeſtigend, indes er das andere Ende mit der Hand daran feſthält)

Und dieſes Tuch, geraubt von heil'ger Stelle,
Schwing' ich als Wimpel in vermeſſ'ner Hand;
Es weiſt den Weg mir durch die Waſſerwüſte!
1655 Und läßt ein Gott erreichen mich die Küſte,
Pflanz' ich, ein Sieger, es auf den erſtiegnen Strand.
Erlieg' ich, ſei's durch euch! Und alſo fort!
(Das Tuch flaggenartig ſchwingend)
Amor und Hymen, ziehet ihr voran,
Ich komm', ich folg', und wäre Tod der dritte!
(Er eilt fort.)

Naukleros

1660 Er iſt von Sinnen! Hörſt du nicht? Leander!
(Die Waffen aufnehmend)
Noch geb' ich ihn nicht auf. Die Freunde ſamml' ich,
Wir halten ihn, und wär' es mit Gewalt.

Dort ſchleicht ein Mann, gehüllt in dunkeln Mantel,
Ein Späher jenes Tempels ſchon vielleicht.
1665 Ich meid' ihn, folge jenem. O mein Freund!
(Er zieht ſich, ausweichend, nach der entgegengeſetzten Seite zurück.)

Platz vor Heros Turm, wie zu Anfang dieſes Aufzuges.

Hero kommt, die Hand auf Ianthens Schulter gelegt. Diener mit Gefäßen folgen.

Hero

Tragt die Gefäße nur hinauf zu meinem Ohm;
Sagt ihm — Ihr wißt ja ſelbſt. — Ich bleibe hier.
(Sie ſetzt ſich.)

War dieſer Mann doch, meiner Eltern Bote,
Wie Hoffnung, wie das Glück: man ſucht's, es flieht
Und läßt uns ſo zurück.

Janthe

Du gingſt ſo raſch.

Hero

Nun, ich bin wieder da.

Janthe

Willſt du nicht lieber
Hinauf in dein Gemach?

Hero

Nein, nein, nur hier.
Iſt's noch nicht Abend?

Janthe

Kaum.

Hero
(den Kopf in die Hand geſtützt)

Nu, nu! Ei nu!

Tempelhüter
(kommt von der linken Seite)

So biſt du hier? Wir harrten deiner längſt.

Hero

Längſt alſo? längſt? Ich glaub', ihr ſpottet mein!
Ging ich nicht unverweilt, den Boten ſuchend,

Der ewig mir entſchwand, jetzt hier, nun dort.
Mit Abſicht tatet ihr's. Weiß ich, warum?

Tempelhüter

Der Bote kam auf andern Wegen her,
1680 Du warſt kaum fort. Er iſt bei deinem Ohm.

Hero

Und ihr ließt unberichtet mich? Doch immer!
Ein andermal will ich wohl klüger ſein.

Tempelhüter

Dein Oheim harrt im Tempel.

Hero

So!
Er wird noch harren, denn ich bleibe hier.

Tempelhüter

1685 Doch er befahl —

Hero

Befahl er dir, ſo tu's;
Ich denke, künftig ſelbſt mir zu gebieten.
Geh nur!

(Zu Janthen)

Du immer auch.

Janthe

Befiehlſt du irgend ſonſt —

Hero

Ich nicht. — Und doch! Wenn's ſelber dir gefällt.
Geh nur hinauf, bereite mir die Lampe,
Gieß Öl noch zu, genug für viele Zeit.
Und kommt die Nacht — allein, das tu' ich ſelbſt.

(Die beiden gehen.)

Hero

Und kommt die Nacht — Sie bricht ja wirklich ein.
Da iſt mein Turm, dort flüſtern leiſe Wellen,
Und geſtern war er da, und heut verſprach er —
War's geſtern auch? Mich deucht, es wär' ſo lang',
Mein Haupt iſt ſchwer, die wirren Bilder ſchwimmen.
Des Tages Glut, die Sorge jener Nacht,
Die keine Nacht, ein Tag in Angſt und Wachen —
Das liegt wie Blei auf meinem trüben Sinn.
Und doch ein lichter Punkt in all dem Dunkel:
Er kommt. Gewiß? Nur noch dies eine Mal,
Dann bleibt er fern. — Wer weiß? — Auf lange Zeit.
Und ſpät erſt, ſpät — ich muß nur wachſam ſein!

(Den Kopf in die Hand lehnend.)

Der **Prieſter** kommt mit dem **Tempelhüter**.

Prieſter

So kommt ſie nicht?

(Der Tempelhüter zeigt ſchweigend auf die Ruhende.)

Prieſter

(zu ihr tretend)

Hero!

Hero

(aufſchreckend)

Biſt du's, mein Freund?

Prieſter

Ich bin's, und bin dein Freund.

Hero

(aufſtehend)

Sei mir gegrüßt!

Prieſter

Mir tut es leid, daß du im Irren gingſt:
Der Bote deiner Eltern, weißt du wohl —?

Hero

Ich weiß.

Prieſter

Er brachte Briefe mit, ſie liegen
In deinem Turmgemach. — Holſt du ſie nicht?

Hero

Auf morgen leſ' ich ſie.

Prieſter

Nicht heut?

Hero

Nicht jetzt.

Prieſter

Zu wiſſen, wie ſie leben, reizt dich nicht?

Hero

Nur kurz iſt's, daß ſie ſchieden; ſie ſind wohl.

Prieſter

Biſt du ſo ſicher des?

Hero

Ich bin es, Herr!
Aufs Zeugnis einer ſeligen Empfindung,
Die mich durchſtrömt, mein Weſen ſtill verklärt,
Daß alle, die mir teuer, froh und wohl.

Prieſter

Wie oft täuſcht ein Gefühl.

Hero

Was täuſchte nie?
Bleibt mir die Wahl, wähl' ich die ſüßre Täuſchung.

Prieſter

Wo iſt Janthe?

Hero

Eben ging ſie hin.

Prieſter

Nach den Ereigniſſen der letzten Zeit
Kann ſie nicht weilen mehr in unſrem Hauſe.

Hero

Ich ſagte dir, du tuſt dem Mädchen unrecht.

Prieſter

Doch wie erweiſeſt du's?

Hero

Ich glaub' es ſo.

Prieſter

Auf ein Gefühl auch?

Hero

Auch auf ein Gefühl.

Prieſter

1725 Doch ich will Klarheit, und Janthe ſcheide.

Hero

Verzeih! Du weißt, das kann nicht ohne mich.
Die Mädchen ſind der Prieſterin befohlen,
Und meine Rechte kenn' ich ſo wie meine —
Ich kenne, Herr, mein Recht.

Prieſter

Wie meine Pflichten;
1730 Du wollteſt ſagen ſo?

Hero

Ich wollte, Herr,
Und ſag' es jetzt: auch meine Pflichten kenn' ich;
Wenn Pflicht das alles, was ein ruhig Herz,
Im Einklang mit ſich ſelbſt und mit der Welt,
Dem Recht genüber ſtellt der andern Menſchen.

Prieſter

Dem Recht der Götter nicht?

Hero

Laß uns nicht klügeln!
Gib deinem Bruder und dir ſelbſt ſein Teil;
Die Götter ſind zu hoch für unſre Rechte.

Prieſter

Du biſt gereiſt.

Hero

Nun, Herr, die Sonne ſcheint,
Und auch der Mond läßt wachſen Gras und Kraut.

Prieſter

Da du ſo ſtreng ob deinen Rechten hältſt,
So muß ich bitten dich, mir zu verzeihn,
Daß ich erbrochen deiner Mutter Schreiben.

Hero

Was mein iſt, iſt auch dein.

Prieſter

Ich wollte wohl,
Du läſeſt dieſen Brief, ob einer Warnung,
Die er enthält.

Hero

Gewiß, ich werde. Morgen.

Prieſter

Nein, heut! Wär's nicht zu viel, ich bäte dich,
Ihn jetzt zu holen, gleich.

Hero

Du quälſt mich, Ohm.
Allein, damit du ſiehſt — Iſt's noch nicht Abend?

Prieſter

Beinah'.

Hero

Ich hole denn das Schreiben,
(mit verbindlichem Ausdruck)
Damit du ſiehſt, wie ſehr ich dir zu Dienſt.
(Ab in den Turm.)

Prieſter

Mein Innerſtes bewegt ſich, ſchau' ich ſie!
So ſtill, ſo klug, ſo Ebenmaß in jedem,
Und immer deucht es mir, ich müßt' ihr ſagen:
Blick' auf! Das Unheil gähnt, ein Abgrund, neben dir!
Und doch iſt ſie zu ſicher und zu feſt.
Gönn' ich ihr Zeit, und taucht ihr heller Sinn
Auf aus den Fluten, die ihn jetzt umnachten,
Denkt ſie auf Mittel nur, ihn zu erretten,
Entzieht den Strafbar'n unſrer Schlingen Haft
Und iſt ſo mehr und ſichrer dann verloren.

dramatic irony

Zwar, muß ſie ſchuldig ſein? Wenn ein Verwegner
Das Unerlaubte tollkühn unternahm —

Sei’s auch, daß ſie berührt nach Jugendart —
Muß im Verſtändnis ſie ihm ſelbſt die Zeichen,
1765 Die Mittel ſelbſt ihm bieten ſeiner Tat?
(Am Fenſter des Turmes erſcheint die Lampe.)
Was dort? Die Lampe ſtrahlt. Unſelig Mädchen!
Sie leuchtet deiner Strafe, deiner Schuld.

Tempelhüter
(kommt)

Siehſt du das Licht?

Prieſter

Ich ſeh’s. Sprachſt du die Fiſcher?

Tempelhüter

Ja, Herr. Sie rudern nicht, wie du befahlſt,
1770 Heut nacht ins Meer, das hoch geht ohnehin.

Prieſter

So beſſer denn! Du folge nun, ſie kommt.
(Sie entfernen ſich nach der linken Seite.)

Hero
(kommt zurück mit einer Rolle)

Hier iſt dein Brief. Nimmſt du ihn nicht? — Ei ja! —
Wo ging er mir nur hin? — Er kommt wohl wieder.
(Sie ſteckt den Brief in den Gürtel.)

Wie ſchön du brennſt, o Lampe, meine Freundin!
1775 Noch iſt’s nicht Nacht, und doch geht alles Licht,
Das ringsumher die laute Welt erleuchtet,

Von dir aus, dir, du Sonne meiner Nacht.
Wie an der Mutter Bruſt hängt alles Weſen
An deinem Umkreis, ſaugend deinen Strahl.

Hier will ich ſitzen, will dein Licht bewahren,
Daß es der Wind nicht neidiſch mir verlöſcht.
Hier iſt es kühl, im Turme ſchwül und ſchläfrig,
Die dumpfe Luft drückt dort die Augen zu;
Das aber ſoll nicht ſein; es gilt, zu wachen.
(Sie ſitzt.)

Sie haben mich geplagt den langen Tag
Mit Kommen und mit Gehn. Nicht abſichtlos!
Allein weshalb? Warum? Ich weiß es nicht.
(Den Kopf in die Hand geſenkt)
Doch immerhin! Drückt erſt nicht mehr die Stirn,
Erkenn' ich's wohl. Und dann — ſoll auch — wenn nur —
(Emporfahrend)

Was iſt? Wer kommt? — Ich bin allein. Der Wind nur
Weht ſchärfer von der See. — So beſſer denn
Treibſt du den Holden früher ans Geſtade.
Die Lampe brennt noch hell. Pfui, wer wird träumen?
Hellauf und friſch! Der Liebe ſüße Wacht!
(Den Kopf wieder in die Hand geſtützt)
Genau beſehn, wollt' ich, er käme nicht.
Ihr Argwohn iſt geweckt, ſie lauern, ſpähn.
Wenn ſie ihn träfen — mitleidvolle Götter!
Drum wär' es beſſer wohl, er käme nicht.

Allein, er wünſcht's, er flehte, bat. Er will's.
Komm immer denn, du guter Jüngling, komm!
Ich will dich hüten wie der Jungen Schar
Die Glucke ſchützt, und niemand ſoll dir nahn,
Niemand, als ich allein, und nicht zu ſchäd'gen;
Bewahr'! bewahr'! — Ich bin doch müd'.
Es ſchmerzt der Fuß. Löſt niemand mir die Schuh'?
(Sie zieht einen Fuß auf die Ruhebank.)
Hier drückt es, hier. Hat mich ein Stein verletzt?
(Auch den zweiten Fuß an ſich ziehend, in halbliegender Stellung)
Wie ſüß, wie wohl! — Komm, Wind der Nacht,
Und kühle mir das Aug', die heißen Wangen!
Kommſt du doch übers Meer, von ihm.
Und, o, dein Rauſchen und der Blätter Liſpeln,
Wie Worte klingt es mir: von ihm wir, ihm, von ihm.
Breit' aus die Schwingen, hülle ſie um mich,
Um Stirn und Haupt, den Hals, die müden Arme,
Umfaſſ', umfang! Ich öffne dir die Bruſt —
Und kommt er, ſag' es an — Leander — du?
(Pauſe.)

Der **Tempelhüter** kommt lauſchend auf den Zehen, hinter ihm der **Prieſter**, der am Eingange des Turmes ſtehen bleibt.

Tempelhüter

(ſich der Ruhebank nähernd, mit gedämpfter Stimme)

Hero! — Sie ſchläft.

Prieſter

Vom Turme ſtrahlt das Licht,
Der Götter Sturm verlöſche deine Flamme!
(Er geht in den Turm.)

Tempelhüter

Was ſinnt er nur? Mir wird ſo bang und ſchwer.
Wenn ich nicht ſprach — und doch, wie konnt' ich anders?
1820 Dort gehen Männer mit des Fiſchzugs Netzen.
(Sich der rechten Seite nähernd)
Was ſchafft ihr dort? Ward euch denn nicht geboten,
Zu bleiben heute nacht dem Meere fern
In eurer Hütten feſtverſchloſſ'nen Räumen?
(Zurückkommend)
Sie meinen, es gibt Sturm. Nun, Götter, waltet!
(Zum Turm emporblickend)
1825 Die Lampe wird bewegt. Er ſelbſt! — Unſelig Mädchen,
Erwacht ſie? Nein. So warnet dich kein Traum?
(Die Lampe verlöſcht. Hero macht aufatmend eine Bewegung und ſinkt dann tiefer in Schlaf. Das Haupt gleitet aus der unterſtützenden Hand und ruht auf dem Oberarme, indes der untere Teil ſchlaff hinabhängt. Es iſt dunkel geworden.)

Tempelhüter

Mich ſchaudert. Weh! Hätt' ich mein Oberkleid!

Prieſter
(kommt zurück)

Wer ſpricht? Biſt du's? — Komm mit! Es ſinkt die Nacht
Und brütet über ungeſchehne Dinge.
(Zu Hero hintretend)
1830 Nun, Himmliſche, nun waltet eures Amts!

Die Schuldigen hält Meer und Schlaf gebunden;
Und ſo iſt eures Prieſters Werk vollbracht.
Das Holz geſchichtet und das Beil gezückt,
Wend' ich mich ab. Trefft, Götter, ſelbſt das Opfer!

(Indem er ſich zum Fortgehen wendet, fällt der Vorhang.)

Fünfter Aufzug

Platz vor Heros Turm, wie zum Schluß des vorigen Aufzuges. Es iſt Morgen.

Beim Aufziehen des Vorhanges ſteht **Hero** in der Mitte der Bühne, den herabgeſunkenen Kopf in die Hand geſtützt, vor ſich hinſtarrend.

Janthe

(kommt)

Stehſt du noch immer da, gleich unbewegt,
Und ſtarrſt auf einen Punkt? Komm mit ins Wäldchen!
Die Luft hat ausgetobt, die See geht ruhig.
Doch hörteſt du den Aufruhr heute nacht?

Hero

Ob ich gehört?

Janthe

Du warſt ſo lang' hier außen.
Zwar endlich hört' ich Tritte über mir;
Doch leuchtete kein Licht aus deiner Kammer.

Hero

Kein Licht! kein Licht!

Janthe

Dich martert ein Geheimnis.
Wenn du’s vertrauteſt, leichter trügeſt du’s.

Hero

Errietſt du’s etwa ſchon und fragſt mich doch?
Ich ſollte wachen hier, doch ſchlief ich ein.
Es war ſchon Nacht, da weckte mich der Sturm;
Schwarz hing es um mich her, verlöſcht die Lampe.
Mit losgeriſſ’nem Haar, vom Wind durchweht,
Flog ich hinan. Kein Licht! Nicht Troſt und Hilfe.
Lautjammernd, auf den Knien, fand mich der Tag. —
Und doch, und dennoch —!

Janthe

Arme Freundin!

Hero

Arm?
Und dennoch! Sieh! Die Götter ſind ſo gut!
Ich ſchlief kaum ein, da löſchten ſie das Licht.
Beim erſten Strahl des Tags hab’ ich’s beſehn,
Mit heißem, trocknem Aug’ durchforſcht die Lampe:
Kein Hundertteil des Öles war verbrannt,
Der Docht nur kaum geſchwärzt. Klar war es, klar:
Kaum ſchlief ich ein, verlöſchte ſchon das Licht.
Die Götter ſind ſo gut! Geſchah es ſpäter,
(von ihr wegtretend, vor ſich hin)
So gab der Freund ſich hin dem wilden Meer,

Der Sturm ereilte ihn, und er war tot.
So aber blieb er heim, gelockt von keinem Zeichen,
Und iſt gerettet, lebt!

Janthe

Du ſcheinſt ſo ſicher.

Hero

Ich bin es, denn ich bin. Die Götter ſind ſo gut!
Und was wir fehlten, ob wir uns verſehn,
Sie löſchen es mit feuchtem Finger aus
Und wehren dem Verderben ſeine Freude.
Ich aber will, ſo jetzt als künft’ge Zeit,
Auch ihnen kindlich dankbar ſein dafür,
Und manches, was nicht recht vielleicht und gut
Und ihnen nicht genehm, es ſei verbeſſert,
Zum mindeſten entſchieden; denn die Götter,
Sie ſind dem Feſten, dem Entſchiednen hold.
Nun aber, Mädchen, tritt dort an die Anfurt!
Sieh, ob dein Aug’ die Küſte mir erreicht,
Das ſel’ge Jenſeits, wo — ſchau’ gen Abydos!
Ich hab’s aus meinem Turm nur erſt verſucht,
Doch lagen Nebel drauf. Nun iſt’s wohl hell.
Willſt du?

(Sie ſetzt ſich.)

Janthe

(nach dem Hintergrunde gehend)

Doch ſieh! Es brach der Sturm den Strauch,
Der dort am Fuße wächſt des Turms, und liegend
Verwehren ſeine Zweige mir den Tritt.

Hero

Erheb die Zweige nur! Biſt du ſo träg?

Janthe

Noch Tropfen hängen dran.
(Mit dem Fuße am Boden hinſtreifend)
Auch Tang und Meergras
Warf aus die See. — Ei, Muſcheln, buntes Spielzeug!
1885 Es pflegt der Sturm die Trümmer ſeines Zorns
Hierher zu ſtreun. — Das Ende eines Tuchs!
Es iſt ſo ſchwer. Ein Laſtendes von rückwärts
Hält es am Boden feſt. — Fürwahr, ein Schleier!
Faſt gleicht es jenen, die du ſelber trägſt;
1890 Zu Schleifen eingebunden beide Enden,
Nach Wimpelart. Sieh zu! vielleicht erkennſt du's.
Doch iſt es feucht, ſonſt würf' ich dir's als Ball.

Hero

Laß das Getändel, laß! Erheb die Zweige.

Janthe

Sie ſind ſo ſchwer. O weh, mein gutes Kleid!
1895 Nun, denk' ich, halt' ich ſie. Ei ja, ſie weichen.
Tritt ſelber nur herzu. Ich halte. Schau'!
(Sie hat die auf den Boden herabhängenden Zweige zuſammengefaßt
und emporgehoben. Leander liegt tot auf der Anfurt.)

Hero
(aufſtehend)

Ich komme denn. — Ein Mann! — Leander! — Weh!
(Nach vorn zurückeilend)

Betrogne und Betrüger meine Augen!
Iſt's wirklich? Wahr?

Janthe
(die mit Mühe über die Zweige nach rückwärts geblickt)
O mitleidvolle Götter!

Prieſter
(kommt von der rechten Seite)
Welch Jammerlaut tönt durch die ſtille Luft?

Hero
(zu Janthen)
Laß los die Zweige, laß!
(Janthe läßt die Zweige fallen, die Leiche iſt bedeckt. Hero, dem Prieſter entgegen und bemüht, ihm die Ausſicht nach rückwärts zu benehmen)
Mein Oheim, du?
So früh im Freien? Doch der Tag iſt ſchön.
Wir wollten eben beide — freudig — froh —
(Sie ſinkt, von Janthen unterſtützt, zu Boden.)

Prieſter
Was war, was iſt geſchehn?

Janthe
(mit Hero beſchäftigt, nach dem Strauche zeigend)
O, Herr! mein Herr!

Prieſter
Erheb die Zweige! Schnell!
(Es geſchieht.)

Gerechte Götter!
Ihr nahmt ihn an. Er fiel von eurer Hand!

Janthe
(noch immer die Zweige haltend)
Erbarmt ſich niemand? Nirgends Beiſtand, Hilfe?

Prieſter
Laß das und komm!
(Indem er ſie anfaßt)
Hörſt du? und ſchweig! Entfällt
Ein einzig Wort von dem, was du vernahmſt —
(Sich von ihr entfernend, laut)
1910 Ein Fremder iſt der Mann, ein Unbekannter,
Den aus das Meer an dieſe Küſte warf!
Und jene Prieſt'rin ſank bei ſeiner Leiche,
Weil es ein Menſch, und weil ein Menſch erblich.

Der **Tempelhüter** und mehrere **Diener** ſind von der rechten Seite gekommen.

Prieſter
Am Strande liegt ein Toter. Geht, erhebt ihn,
1915 Daß ſeine Freunde kommen und ihn ſehn.
(Diener gehen auf den Strauch zu.)
Nicht hier. Den Turm herum. Rechts an der Anfurt.
(Diener auf der linken Seite ab. In der Folge ſieht man durch die Blätter Anzeichen ihrer Beſchäftigung. Endlich wird der Strauch emporgehoben und befeſtigt; wo dann der Platz leer erſcheint.)

Tempelhüter
(leiſe)
So iſt's denn —?

Prieſter

Schweig!

Tempelhüter

Nur, Herr, um dir zu melden:
Der ältre jener beiden Jünglinge,
Die du wohl kennſt, wir fanden ihn am Strand,
1920 Troſtloſen Jammers, ſuchend ſeinen Freund.
Die Diener halten ihn.

Prieſter

Führt ihn herbei!
Hat er die Freiheit gleich verwirkt und mehr,
Sei's ihm erlaſſen, bringt er jenen heim.

(Tempelhüter nach der rechten Seite ab.)

(Zu Hero, die ſich mit Janthens Hilfe aufgerichtet und einige Schritte nach vorn gemacht hat)

Hero!

Hero

Wer ruft?

Prieſter

Ich bin's. Du höre mich!

Hero

(ſcheu nach rückwärts blickend, zu Janthe)

1925 Wo iſt er hin? Janthe, wo?

Janthe

O mir!

Prieſter

Da 's nun geſchehn —

Hero

Geſchehen? Nein!

Prieſter

Es iſt!

Die Götter laut das blut'ge Zeugnis gaben,
Wie ſehr ſie zürnen und wie groß dein Fehl,
So laß in Demut uns die Strafe nehmen;
Das Heiligtum, es teile nicht die Makel,
Und ew'ges Schweigen decke, was geſchehn.

Hero

Verſchweigen ich, mein Glück und mein Verderben,
Und freveln unter Frevlern mich ergehn?
Ausſchreien will ich's durch die weite Welt,
Was ich erlitt, was ich beſaß, verloren,
Was mir geſchehn und wie ſie mich betrübt.
Verwünſchen dich, daß es die Winde hören
Und hin es tragen vor der Götter Thron.
Du warſt's, du legteſt tückiſch ihm das Netz,
Ich zog es zu, und da war er verloren!
Wo brachtet ihr ihn hin? — ich will zu ihm!

Der Tempelhüter und mehrere **Diener** führen **Naukleros** herbei. Der Wächter geht gleich darauf nach der linken Seite ab.

Hero

Ha, du, o Jüngling! Suchſt du deinen Freund?
Dort lag er, tot! Sie tragen ihn von dannen.

Naukleros

O Schmerz!

Hero

Ringſt du die Hände, da ’s zu ſpät?
Du ſtaunſt? Du klagſt? Ja, läſſ’ger Freund!
Er gab ſich hin dem wildbewegten Meer,
Beſchützt von keinem Helfer, keinem Gott,
Und tot fand ich ihn dort am Strande liegen.
Und fragſt du, wer’s getan? Sieh! Dieſer hier,
Und ich, die Prieſterin, die Jungfrau — So? —
Menanders Hero, ich, wir beiden taten’s.
Mit ſchlauen Künſten ließ er mich nicht ruhn,
Verſagte mir Beſinnen und Erholung;
Ich aber trat in Bund mit ihm und ſchlief.
Da kam der Sturm, die Lampe löſcht’ er aus,
Das Meer erregt’ er wild in ſeinen Tiefen,
Da jener ſchwamm, von keinem Licht geleitet:
Die ſchwarzen Wolken hingen in die See,
Das Meer erklomm, des Schadens froh, die Wolken,
Die Sterne löſchten aus, ringsum die Nacht.
Und jener dort, der Schwimmer ſel’ger Liebe,
Nicht Liebe fand er, Mitleid nicht im All.
Die Augen hob er zu den Göttern auf,
Umſonſt! Sie hörten nicht, wie? — oder ſchliefen?
Da ſank er, ſank! Noch einmal ob den Wogen,
Und noch einmal, ſo ſtark war ſeine Glut,
Doch allzumächtig gegen ihn der Bund
Von Feind und Freund, von Haſſern und Geliebten:
Das Meer tat auf den Schlund, da war er tot!
O, ich will weinen, weinen, mir die Adern öffnen,
Bis Tränen mich und Blut, ein Meer, umgeben,

So tief wie ſeins, ſo grauenhaft wie ſeins,
So tödlich wie das Meer, das ihn verſchlungen!

Naukleros

Leander! o mein mildgeſinnter Freund!

Hero

Sag': er war alles! Was noch übrig blieb,
Es ſind nur Schatten; es zerfällt, ein Nichts.
Sein Atem war die Luft, ſein Aug' die Sonne,
Sein Leib die Kraft der ſproſſenden Natur;
Sein Leben war das Leben: deines, meins,
Des Weltalls Leben. Als wir's ließen ſterben,
Da ſtarben wir mit ihm. Komm, läſſ'ger Freund,
Komm, laß uns gehn mit unſrer eignen Leiche.
Du haſt zwei Kleider, und dein Freund hat keins,
Gib mir dein Kleid, wir wollen ihn beſtatten.
(Naukleros nimmt ſeinen Überwurf ab, Janthe empfängt ihn.)

Hero

Nur einmal noch berühren ſeinen Leib,
Den edlen Leib, ſo voll von warmem Leben,
Von ſeinem Munde ſaugen Rat und Troſt,
Dann — Ja, was dann? — Zu ihm!
(Zum Tempelhüter, der zurückgekommen iſt)
Verweigerſt du's?
Ich will zu meinem Freund! Wer hindert's? Du?
(Sie macht eine heftige Bewegung, dann ſinken Haupt und Arme kraftlos herab. Janthe will ihr beiſtehn.)

Hero

1990 Laß mich! Der Mord iſt ſtark, und ich hab' ihn getötet.

(Ab nach der linken Seite.)

Prieſter

(zu Janthen)

Folg' ihr!

(Janthe geht.)

Prieſter

(zu Naukleros)

Du bleib! Dein Leben iſt verwirkt;
Doch ſchenk' ich dir's, bringſt heim du jenen Toten
Und ſchweigſt dein Leben lang. Kamſt du allein?

Naukleros

Mir folgten Freunde von der Küſte jenſeits.

Prieſter

1995 Halt ſie bereit. — Wo brachtet ihr ihn hin?

Tempelhüter

Zum Tempel, Herr.

Prieſter

Warum zum Tempel? ſprich!

Tempelhüter

So will's der Brauch.

Prieſter

Will's ſo der Brauch, wohlan!
Die Bräuche muß man halten, ſie ſind gut.
Und nun zu ihr! Entfernt die Störung erſt,
2000 Legt mild die Zeit den Balſam auf die Wunde.
Ja, dies Gefühl, im erſten Keim erſtickt,
Bewahrt vor jedem zweiten die Verlockte,
Und heilig fürderhin — Komm mit! Ihr folgt.

(Alle ab.)

Das Innere des Tempels. Der Mittelgrund durch einen zwiſchen Säulen herabhängenden Vorhang geſchloſſen. Auf der rechten Seite des Vorgrundes eine Bildſäule Amors, an deren Arm ein Blumenkranz hängt.

Mädchen kommen, mit Zurechtſtellen von Opfergefäßen und Abnehmen von Blumengewinden beſchäftigt. Zwei davon nähern ſich dem Vorhange.

Janthe

(kommt)

O, laßt ſie, laßt! gönnt ihr die kurze Ruh'!
2005 Wie mag ſie trauern um den Teuern, Guten.
Sie fand den Ort, wo man ihn hingebracht,
Blindfühlend aus, von niemanden belehrt,
Und ſtürzte auf die Knie und weinte laut,
Mit ihres Atems Wehn, mit ihren Tränen
2010 Zum Leben ihn zu rufen ohne Furcht bemüht.
Doch als er des nicht achtet, weil er tot,
Da warf ſie ſich auf den Erblaßten hin,
Die teure Bruſt mit ihrer Bruſt bedeckend,

Den Mund auf ſeinen Mund, die Hand in ihrer.
Seitdem nun iſt ihr Klagelaut verſtummt;
Doch, fürcht' ich, ſammelt ſie nur neue Kraft
Zu tiefrem Jammer. — Nun ich will auch nimmer
Ein Lieb mir wünſchen, weder jetzt noch ſonſt;
Beſitzen iſt wohl ſchön, allein verlieren —!

Der **Prieſter** kommt mit dem **Tempelhüter** und **Naukleros**, dem mehrere Freunde folgen, von der rechten Seite.

Prieſter

Wo iſt ſie?

Janthe

Dort.

Prieſter

Zieht auf den Vorhang!

Janthe

Herr!

Prieſter

Auf, ſag' ich, auf! Und haltet fern das Volk.

Der Vorhang wird aufgezogen. Die Cella erſcheint, zu der viele breite Stufen emporführen.

Leander liegt querüber auf einem niedern Tragbette. **Hero** in einiger Entfernung auf den Stufen, halb liegend auf den rechten Arm geſtützt, wie neugierig nach dem Toten hinblickend.)

Prieſter

Hero!

Hero

Wer ruft?

Prieſter

Ich bin's. Komm, hier!

Hero

Warum?

(Sie ſteht auf und tritt zu den Füßen der Tragbahre, den Toten immerfort betrachtend.)

Prieſter

Genug ward nun geklagt ob jenem Fremden!
Was ſchaffſt du dort?

Hero

Ich ſinne, Herr!

Prieſter

Du ſinnſt?

Hero

(nach vorn kommend)

Was nur das Leben ſei!
Er war ſo jugendlich, ſo ſchön,
So überſtrömend von des Daſeins Fülle,
Nun liegt er kalt und tot. Ich hab's verſucht,
Ich legte ſeine Hand an meine Bruſt,
Da fühlt' ich Kälte ſtrömen bis zum Sitz des Lebens,
Im ſtarren Auge glühte keine Sehe.
Mich ſchaudert. Weh!

Prieſter

Mein ſtarkes, wackres Mädchen.
So wieder du mein Kind!
(Zu Naukleros)
Du tritt hinzu!
Erkennſt du deinen Freund?

Naukleros

Er iſt's, er war's.

Prieſter

2035 Nun komm!

Hero

Warum?

Prieſter

Sie tragen ihn nun fort.

Hero

Schon jetzt?

Prieſter

So iſt's.

Hero

Wohin?

Prieſter

Nach ſeiner Heimat.

Hero

Gebt einen Mantel mir.

Prieſter

Wozu?

Hero

Ihm folgen.
Iſt er gleich tot, ſo war er doch mein Freund.
Am Strande will ich wohnen, wo er ruht.

Prieſter

Unmöglich! Du bleibſt hier!

Hero

Hier?

Prieſter

Prieſt'rin, hier!

Hero

So laßt an unſerm Ufer ihn begraben,
Wo er erblich, wo er, ein Toter, lag,
Am Fuße meines Turms. Und Roſen ſollen
Und weiße Lilien, von Tau befeuchtet,
Aufſproſſen, wo er liegt.

Prieſter

Auch das ſoll nicht.

Hero

Wie? Nicht?

Prieſter

Es darf nicht ſein.

Hero

Es darf nicht?

Prieſter

(ſtark)

Nein!

Hero

Nun denn, ich hab' gelernt, Gewaltigem mich fügen.
Die Götter wollten's nicht, da rächten ſie's.
Nehmt ihn denn hin! Leb' wohl, du ſchöner Jüngling!
Ich möchte gern noch faſſen deine Rechte,
Doch wag' ich's nicht, du biſt ſo eiſeskalt.
Als Zeichen nur, als Pfand beim letzten Scheiden,
Nimm dieſen Kranz, den Gürtel löſ' ich ab
Und leg' ihn dir ins Grab. Du ſchönes Bild,
All, was ich war, was ich beſaß, du haſt es,
Nimm auch das Zeichen, da das Weſen dein.
Und ſo geſchmückt, leb' wohl!

(Einige nähern ſich der Leiche.)

Und dennoch, halt!
Seid ihr ſo raſch? — Und dennoch, dennoch nicht!

(Zur Bahre tretend)

Nie wieder dich zu ſehn, im Leben nie!
Der du einhergingſt im Gewand der Nacht
Und Licht mir ſtrahlteſt in die dunkle Seele,
Aufblühen machteſt all, was hold und gut,
Du fort von hier an einſam dunkeln Ort,
Und nimmer ſieht mein lechzend Aug' dich wieder?
Der Tag wird kommen und die ſtille Nacht,
Der Lenz, der Herbſt, des langen Sommers Freuden,

Du aber nie, Leander, hörſt du? — nie!
Nie, nimmer, nimmer, nie!
(Sich an der Bahre niederwerfend und das Haupt in die Kiſſen verbergend.)

Naukleros

Hab' Mitleid, Herr!

Prieſter

Ich habe Mitleid,
Deshalb errett' ich ſie.
(Zu Hero tretend)
Es iſt genug.

Hero

(mit Beiſtand ſich aufrichtend)
Genug?
Meinſt du? genug! — Was aber ſoll ich tun?
Er bleibt nicht hier, ich ſoll nicht mit.

Ich will mit meiner Göttin mich beraten.
Janthe, leite mich zu ihrem Thron;
So lang' berührt ihn nicht!
(Zu Naukleros)
Verſprich es mir!
Gib mir die Hand darauf. — Ha, zuckſt du? Gelt!
Das tat mir, der, dein Freund! — Du biſt ſo warm.
Wie wohl, wie gut! — Zu leben iſt doch ſüß!
Nun aber laß! — Wer wärmt mir meine Hand?
Janthe, komm! — Doch erſt zieh mir den Schleier
Hinweg vom Aug'!

Janthe

Kein Schleier deckt dein Haupt.

Hero

Ja ſo! — Komm denn! Und ihr, berührt ihn nicht!

Janthe

(die Hero angefaßt hat, zum Prieſter)

O, Herr, der Froſt des Todes iſt mit ihr.

Prieſter

Ob Tod, ob Leben, weiß der Arzt allein.

Janthe

(Heron leitend)

2085 Sieh hier! — Heb nur den Fuß! — Du wankſt. — Nur hier!

(Hero beſteigt, von Janthen geführt, die Stufen. Ein Teil der Jungfrauen folgt ihr, ſich in einer herablaufenden Reihe auf der rechten Seite aufſtellend, die übrigen treten unten auf die linke Seite, ſo daß die Tragbahre von ihnen verdeckt wird.)

Prieſter

(halblaut)

Ihr bringt indes ihn fort!

Naukleros

Bedenk'!

Prieſter

Es muß.

Kehrt ſie zurück, ſei jede Spur verſchwunden.

Dein Leben gilt's.

Naukleros

Wohlan!

(Seine Begleiter gehen von hinten herum und faſſen die Tragbahre.)

Hero

(die, von Janthen unterſtützt, bereits die oberen Stufen erſtiegen, ruft in demſelben Augenblicke, das Geſicht noch immer gegen die Cella gerichtet)

Leander!

(Raſch umgewendet, Haupt und Arme in die Luft geworfen)

Leander!

Janthe

(ſie umfaſſend, zu den Trägern)

Halt!

Prieſter

Nur fort!

Janthe

Sie gleitet, ſinkt.
Setzt ab! In Doppelſchlägen pocht ihr Herz.

Prieſter

Des Herzens Schlag iſt Leben, Doppelſchlag
Verdoppelt Leben denn. Ihr tragt ihn fort!
Der iſt kein Arzt, der Krankendrohung ſcheut.

(Man hat die Leiche zu der links gegen den Hintergrund befindlichen Pforte hinausgetragen. Der Prieſter folgt.)

Janthe

(bei Hero auf den Stufen kniend)

Iſt hier nicht Hilfe, Rettung? Sie vergeht!

(Den Trägern nachſehend)

Schon nimmt ſie auf die Wölbung. Die ſein warten,
Von jenſeits kommen ſie. Gedränge, Fackelglanz.
Die äußre Pforte tut ſich auf. Weh uns,
Sie donnert zu. Der Gang hüllt ſich in Dunkel.
Sie haben, halten ihn. Er kommt nicht wieder.
(Hero, die bisher halb ſitzend an Janthes Knie gelehnt, gleitet jetzt herab und liegt auf den Stufen.)

Janthe

Hero! O mir! Wer ſteht der Ärmſten bei?

Prieſter
(zurückkommend)

Sie führen ihn mit ſich, ſie rudern fort.
Bald trennt das Meer die unheilvoll Vereinten.

Janthe
(nach einer Pauſe aufſtehend und herabkommend)

Es braucht kein Meer, der Tod hat gleiche Macht,
Zu trennen, zu vereinen. Komm und ſchau'!
So ſehn die Toten aus in dieſen Landen.

Prieſter

Spricht das der Wahnſinn?

Janthe

Nein, er hört's.
Vorſicht'ger Tor, ſieh deiner Klugheit Werke!

Prieſter

Und gält's ihr Leben! Gäb' ich doch auch meins,
Um Unrecht abzuhalten. Doch es iſt nicht.
(Er eilt die Stufen hinauf, vor der Hingeſunkenen kniend.)

Janthe

Heißt nur die Männer, die den Jüngling tragen,
Drauß harren, es bedarf noch ihres Amts.
Zwei Leichen und ein Grab. O, gönnt es ihnen!
(Zum Prieſter, der die Stufen herabkommt)
Nun, Mann, du gehſt? So gibſt du ſie denn auf?
Bleib! Eine Dienerin begehrt der Freiheit;
Ich kehre heim zu meiner Eltern Herd.
(Der Prieſter geht, ſich verhüllend, ab.)
Du gehſt und ſchweigſt? Sei Strafe dir dies Schweigen!
Ihr ſorgt für ſie, wie ſonſt ich ſelbſt getan;
Mich duldet's länger nicht in eurem Hauſe.
(Sie nimmt den Kranz von Amors Bildſäule.)
Hier dieſen Kranz tragt mit der Leiche fort.
(Den Kranz nach der um Hero beſchäftigten Gruppe hinwerfend, gegen die Bildſäule ſprechend)
Verſprichſt du viel und hältſt du alſo Wort?

Der Vorhang fällt.

NOTES

NOTES

ACT I

Was man nicht faßt, erregt auch kein Verlangen.
Laß mich, ſo wie ich bin, ich bin es gern.

Stage Direction. The ancient city of Sestos was situated on the European coast of the Hellespont (the modern Dardanelles). Directly opposite lay the native city of Leander, Abydos (the present Turkish Nagara).

Periſtyl: the *peristyle* or colonnade surrounding a Greek temple.

Aphrodite: the goddess of love (Venus). Cf. note to ll. 363–9.

Amor: the god of love.

Hymenäus: *Hymen*, the god of marriage.

1. **Nun, ſo weit wär's getan!** *Well, so much is finished*, or familiarly: *Well, so far so good.* Hero surveys with satisfaction the preparations that have been made for the coming festival of her consecration as priestess of Aphrodite.

1–53. This monolog reveals Hero's present state of mind: the naiveté and self-centered complacency of a happy child not yet awakened to the seriousness of the step which she is about to take.

2. Myrtle and roses, as well as lilies and other tender plants and flowers, were sacred to Aphrodite.

4. Note Hero's naive egotism; in her childish, joyous mood she is thinking more of herself than of the goddess.

7. **der hohen Himmliſchen:** Aphrodite Urania, the heavenly Aphrodite. Cf. note to ll. 363–9.

15. **Phöbus:** Apollo, the sun god.

16. **über jene Zinnen ſegnend.** It is a beautiful day, so Hero feels that the gods are propitious and that Apollo is shedding his rays in blessing over the battlements of the tower in which she is to dwell henceforth, as priestess. Cf. l. 1575.

17. **Schauſt** = betrachteſt.

19. **ſpielen,** i.e., as a mere child. Hero has spent seven years in the temple, preparing for the office of priestess. Cf. l. 922.

20–23. Again, naive egotism. Hero, as priestess elect, thinks only of hereditary prerogatives (Recht, Vorrecht), not of duty and responsibility.

21. **Die;** relative.

24. **heute, heut, an dieſem, dieſem Tage.** Repetition to express intense emotion; reminiscent of Grillparzer's youthful style, as seen in his early fragments and in *Die Ahnfrau* (1816), where such expressions are abundant. Cf. Daß ſie . . ., daß ſie's . . ., ll. 20 and 22; also ll. 13, 262, and 1337.

25. **ſie,** i.e., the priestess. Cf. ll. 28–29; also note to l. 4.

33–43. Naive self-sufficiency. Never having experienced love, Hero regards herself superior to this earthly passion, like her goddess.

43. **was . . . auch;** concessive, *even what.*

46. **Baſt,** *bast:* the fibrous inner bark of trees, especially of the linden; used in binding garlands of flowers. — **Binden,** *fillets.*

50. **erglühend,** prolepsis: es martert mein Auge ſo, daß es erglüht.

54. Envious taunt. Cf. ll. 56 and 73–77. Grillparzer makes Janthe the "spokesman" for the servants, thus bringing her into the foreground at the very opening of the drama.

58. Hero naively attempts to be severe as priestess elect.

65. **ich faſſ' euch nicht.** True; as a result of her unhappy childhood, Hero can not understand the levity of youth.

68. **leicht** = vielleicht, *perchance.*

68–72. The tasks of her office must be performed first; they are her whole existence. Work first, then play.

79–80. The first suggestion of the Initial Impulse: the meeting with Leander.

83. Hero will later be the greatest victim of such "folly," and Janthe will be her confidante.

86. Hero is in reality not entirely self-sufficient, not able to cope with trying situations and preserve her poise.

97. **frevle** = frevelhafte, *insolent.*

97–98. Injured pride, because the girls do not acknowledge her dignity.

98. **malte;** subjunctive.

103–6. She is lacking in firmness; she is ruled by impulses.

This will be more evident still in the love-conflict. In her solemn, ecstatic mood, furthermore, Hero does not wish to have any unpleasantness mar the sacred day. Cf. ll. 92–94.

104. **Ob ihr die Rüge gleich . . . verdient** = obgleich ſie die Rüge . . . verdient (hat).

107–8. The second suggestion of the Initial Impulse. Cf. note to ll. 79–80.

108. **Ich bitte.** Striving to hide her error, she does not wish to have the occurrence investigated. Thus the fatal meeting with Leander, which might be prevented here, is prepared for.

110. Six accents, as frequently in blank verse. Cf. ll. 264, 291, 347, 413, 417, 512, 630, 655–6, 675, 726, 739, 780, 842, 887, 964, 980, 1021, 1041, etc. There are fifty-four such hyper-metrical verses in this drama.

111–13. Hero's feeling of superiority.

119–20. She will feel the truth of this statement later, but in a different way. The priest seems to fear, thruout the scene, that her utter isolation will not continue to satisfy her always. Cf. ll. 165 ff.

121–35. She is absorbed in her office, to be sure; but it is the more material, practical, and external features that interest her. Cf. note to ll. 184–95 and 403–5.

137–8. These two lines sum up Hero's present state of naive self-sufficiency. She will have a "desire" later when it is too late to gratify it with impunity.

139. The priest's maturer knowledge of life and human nature prompts him to speak this warning which, in reality, is a prophecy. Such forecastings occur in many of Grillparzer's dramas. Cf. note to l. 336.

140–3. Hero's argument, in answer to the priest's warning, is as follows: If the imprudent person (der Unverſtänd'ge) sticks to his purpose, no matter how much he is criticized, why believe the prudent person (den Verſtänd'gen, i.e., herself) more imprudent (unverſtänd'ger) and more unstable (unbeſtänd'ger) than the fool (i.e., der Unverſtänd'ge).

143. **den Tor**; poetic license for den Toren.

145–60. Hero was taken from a loveless home to the temple while a mere child; hence she regards the temple as an all-satisfying refuge from the unhappy, outside world. This suffices her now, and she naturally believes that it will suffice for all future time. Note the lyrical quality of ll. 148–60. Cf. Introduction, pp. cii f., and also ll. 946–69, 1932–41, and 1952–89.

154. **ſich hintangibt** = ſich hintanſetzt, ſich hingibt; *my being surrenders itself* (*to its surroundings*) *and* (*thus in reality*) *possesses itself.*

163–4. Despite her naive self-sufficiency, Hero admits that the temple and its activities are essential to her very existence. What will be the result if some other potent force enters her life and takes complete possession of her?

166. **Ein Billiger,** *a fair-minded judge.*

178. The priest, like Hero, proudly speaks of the prerogatives of their family; but note that he refers to the deeper, more spiritual gifts of priesthood.

184–95. Hero lacks spiritual depth. Cf. note to ll. 121–35.

202–6. A dim echo of Grillparzer's own home life. Also, the key to the situation which is amplified further in ll. 226 ff.; cf. note to these lines.

204. Four accents. Cf. ll. 261, 486, 493, 497, 743, 956, 1053, etc. Such incomplete verses are not so frequent (total twenty-seven) as the hyper-metrical verses cited above in note to l. 110.

209. **hielt ich gut,** *I stood my ground.*

212. **umgekehrt** = umgewandelt, *changed.* Cf. ll. 276–7.

221. Cf. l. 351.

222. **ein Morgen** = ein Anfang.

226 ff. This realistic scene with her parents shows clearly why Hero feels prompted to enter a life of celibacy. She has deep affection for her mother, absolutely none for her father, and her recollections of her brother are filled with hatred. In her limited knowledge of the world, she thinks all men are like her father and brother, all married life as unhappy as that of her parents.

231. Thruout the scene Hero pays no attention to her father; she does not call him "father"; cf. ll. 258, 275, 291, and 323.

236. Like Hero and the priest, the father thinks of the Recht of the family. Note the bombast, loquacity, and limited mentality of the father, and his cruelty towards his wife.

252. In reality, because he has "cowed" her.

256–7. He might well take this to himself.

266. The dove is a symbol of sensual love (Aphrodite Pan-

demos) and as such is not tolerated in the grove of Aphrodite Urania. Cf. note to ll. 363–9, also footnote, Introduction, p. cxix.

270. **Doch jene — . . . Sie reden.** The father is suspicious and jealous of mother and daughter.

278. **Sie ſehn nach uns.** The poor mother is afraid to speak while her husband is looking at her.

294. Sarcasm, of course.

299. **Wie? Nicht?** These words bear the metrical accent, and, on account of the interrogative, rising inflection, each is a complete iambic foot. A similar effect at the beginning of ll. 1147 and 1222. Cf., on the other hand, the simple unaccented value of Wie? in ll. 322 and 1090.

299–304. A reflection, broadly, of Grillparzer's brother Karl.

321–6. Cf. note to ll. 145–60 and 226 ff.

327. **Die Mutter:** the dove on the nest.

333. **Frau** = Herrin; older usage.

336. This forecast of the future will not be fulfilled. Such prophecies which end negatively are frequent in Grillparzer's dramas. Cf. note to l. 139.

339. Construe: Und nehmen ihr Neſt aus.

343. **Mein eignes Los.** Symbolism; the mother sees in the fate of the dove her own lot. Grillparzer is eminently the poet of symbolism. In l. 359, Hero identifies herself with the dove. Her tender-heartedness in her treatment of the dove reveals a lack of priestly austerity which prepares for her relenting when Leander presses his love upon her.

Stage Direction after l. 348. **im Vorgrunde;** Grillparzer uses both Vorgrund and Vordergrund, the more usual form, preferring the former.

363–9. The cult of Aphrodite originated among the Phenicians who called her Astarte, the sun goddess, the queen of heaven. The Greeks had various conceptions of Aphrodite, the two most important ones in later mythology being: Aphrodite Urania, the heavenly Aphrodite, the goddess of pure, spiritual love, as opposed to Aphrodite Pandemos, the goddess of earthly (animal) passion. Aphrodite Urania was worshiped at various places, but not at Sestos. Grillparzer selected this conception of Aphrodite, however, in order to explain the enforced celibacy of the priestess. Cf. remarks on Büssel, Introduction, p. cxxii.

These significant lines do not appear in the original edition of 1840; they were restored by the first editors of the poet's collected works, from his manuscripts.

365. **dem Meeresſchaum entſtiegen:** the literal meaning of Aphrodite, born of the sea-foam.

389. Tragic irony. It is just here, in the temple, that the deepest wound is to be inflicted upon her. Cf. note to l. 336.

392. Compare the priest's words in ll. 374–6; also ll. 946–69 and note.

403–5. A perfectly natural, feminine trait, but not in keeping with the asceticism of the temple. It is not only the naiveté of a child who is trying to interest her mother and divert her mind, but it is also suggestive of worldliness in Hero, indicative of latent sensuality, which she will discover later in her love for Leander.

406–8. Hero's father is anxious to see the prerogatives of the family realized without further delay or deliberation; but the cautious, zealous priest would forbid Hero's consecration if he felt her unequal to the obligations which she is about to assume. Cf. ll. 1000–3 and note.

409–16. An echo of Grillparzer's own vacillating struggle with his love for Kathi. Cf. Introduction, pp. lii f., lxxi ff., xciv f.

417. The Initial Impulse, the beginning of the action, with the entrance of Naukleros and Leander upon the scene.

420–1. Identification of the "two strangers" mentioned before. Cf. ll. 79–80 and note.

435. Note the boldness of Naukleros here and thruout the scene. His basic maxims are expressed in ll. 445, 449, and 474.

441. **Abydos' naher Küſte.** Cf. *Stage Direction* to this Act.

445. **Als = Wie zum Beiſpiel.**

446–7. Thruout the scene the blustering temple guard unwittingly plays a comic rôle.

452. **mir;** ethical dative, *And just look at all that splendor, I tell you.* Cf. ll. 479 and 488. Naukleros is the leader.

453–6. Idle curiosity. Cf. ll. 465–7 and 488–90.

458. Leander is depressed. Cf. ll. 465 and 470. Note that he does not utter a word thruout the scene. The reason for his unhappiness is not given until the opening of Act II, l. 516.

469–70. **der Blonde:** Naukleros. — **Der Braune:** Leander.

472. **Das;** used derogatorily of the girls and the two youths.

Stage Direction after l. 481. **Hero, mit Mantel und Kopfbinde:** the regalia of the priestess.

482 ff. The chants and responses are suggestive of the Roman Catholic liturgy.

486. **Heil mit uns!** This reading has been restored from the original edition of 1840, in preference to Glück mit uns! which is found in the Cotta edition. It occurs also in ll. 493 and 497.

487. **Ein ſchönes Weib!** This is all that she means to Naukleros.

499. Leander looks up, and his eyes meet Hero's; she falters and seeks to hide her embarrassment. It is her tragic fate to meet Leander the moment after she has renounced forever, with a sacred oath, all love. Cf. Introduction, p. cxix.

500. **Du hältſt ſie in der Hand.** Such momentary lapses are frequently depicted by Grillparzer. — **Der du die Liebe.** These words, a repetition of her liturgic invocation to Amor, she unconsciously and instinctively addresses to Leander, who appeals to her, at first sight, as the very incorporation of love. She, of course, is not yet conscious of her love for him. This symbolism is carried out further, when her confusion makes her pour too much incense upon the fire — she has lost her poise and sense of proportion.

Stage Direction after l. 502. Hero allows her eyes to linger with interest and fondness upon Leander. Thus the poet shows clearly that Leander has made a deep impression upon her.

ACT II

Noch geſtern, wenn ihr kamt, da war ich frei;
Doch heut verſprach ich's, und ich halt' es auch.

In Act I, Hero's situation and character were revealed, also her interest in Leander; in Act II, Leander's character and circumstances are portrayed, as well as the effect that his meeting with Hero has had upon him.

503. **mir;** cf. note to l. 452.

516. The cause of Leander's melancholy up to the present. Naukleros does not suspect that there is another cause now — Leander's love for Hero.

516–27. These lines emphasize the depth of Leander's affection and love.

518. This line does not appear in the original edition of 1840. It has been restored from the poet's manuscripts, by the first editors of his collected works.

529. **Ich bin müd'**; the languor of unsatisfied love.

534. **Und krank dazu**; the effect of his new passion. Cf. ll. 658–60, 743, and 745–8.

536–41. Leander's station in life is beneath that of Hero. In most of his dramas Grillparzer draws a similar contrast between hero and heroine. Cf. Introduction, pp. xxxv, xlviii, lxxxiv.

542. Leander's prowess in swimming is emphasized here, as well as his athletic strength in general. Cf. ll. 545, 558–62, and 585–6.

544. **das Antlitz über dir,** etc.; i.e., lying on his back, gazing up into the sky.

546–51. Note Leander's innate tendency towards isolated contemplativeness.

556. Why does he wish to remain?

572. **mit dem Äußerſten,** *with the extreme penalty*, i.e., perhaps even death.

574–5. They must leave the temple grove by noon. Cf. ll. 837–40.

577. **Den Kerkern einzuwohnen dieſer Stadt.** Legal style, *to dwell in the prisons of this city.*

580 ff. The opening scene, especially this monolog, contains fine character drawing in the contrast between gloomy, inactive Leander and light-hearted, vivacious Naukleros. The latter's love for his young friend is as sincere as it is ardent. It may seem a little too unmanly; but we must bear in mind that Grillparzer is depicting Greeks.

In his youthful fragment, *Spartakus* (1810), the poet has depicted a love-friendship that is even more passionate. In his diary of the same year there are recorded affectionate feelings for his friend, Altmütter, which show that young Grillparzer loved this youth ardently. Such love is quite common among the young. Further, during the sentimental period of German literature, in the second half of the eighteenth century, the theme of ardent friendship was very popular. This literary movement spread to Austria early in the nineteenth century, and so it is reflected not only in the works of our poet, but also in his youthful, romantic friendships.

587. Hymen is more mature than Amor: Leander is ripe not only for love, but even for marriage.

595. **Meiſter**. Naukleros calls himself "master," because, as the older of the two, he is endeavoring to introduce his inexperienced friend to the joys of life. Cf. l. 1544.

599. **ſchielt**. This reading has been taken from the original edition of 1840 in preference to ſchilt, in the standard Cotta text.

606. With a blush on his cheeks.

607. **Nur** = erſt.

622 ff. Naukleros evidently gazed intently upon Hero. He appreciates and describes her beauty, to be sure, but for him she is only *a beautiful woman*. To Leander she means much more — *the* woman. Cf. ll. 655–6.

625. "Poor," because she must live henceforth without love; "niggardly," because she deprives love of its rights.

635. **den begabtern reichen Schweſtern**: the breasts.

639–50. Naukleros watched carefully Hero's actions at the close of Act I.

651. **lächelſt** (du); colloquial omission of the subject. Cf. l. 654: weinſt?, l. 657: Biſt, and l. 876: Betrachteſt.

658–60. Cf. note to ll. 529 and 534. Leander tries to make Naukleros (and himself) believe that it is really physical illness.

661–8. Cf. l. 657. Naukleros is pleased with Leander's love, for has he not been endeavoring to interest his melancholy friend in life? Therefore he encourages Leander, for Hero may possibly be released from her vows (ll. 685–6) and besides, Leander's love may prove to be only a passing fancy (ll. 687–8).

676. **wenn ſie's vergaß** = wenn ſie's vergeſſen ſollte.

678. The instinctive despair of love. Cf. l. 774.

686. **folgt alsbald die Reue** = wenn alsbald die Reue folgt.

692–3. Naukleros is ready to gain his purpose even thru falsehood. Cf. ll. 564–72, 830–1, 834–5, and also ll. 817–8.

697. **In ein und andrer Hand** = in der einen und in der andern Hand. Cf. ll. 1448 and 1510.

708–11. This song, which Hero resumes in ll. 727–8 and to which she reverts in her love reveries (ll. 1044–5 and 1414), deals with the love of Zeus for the Spartan queen, Leda. He visited her in the disguise of a swan, and of their union were born Helen, Castor, and Pollux. One of Grillparzer's earliest fragments, *Psyche* (about 1810), opens with a poem on Leda and the swan. Cf. *Sämtliche Werke*, Cotta, Vol. XI, pp. 123–4.

713–4 and 718–21. These lines sound like self-reproach on the part of the poet himself for indecision in his love for Kathi.

716. Note the spondee at the end of the verse: **Scherz** and **nur** are both accented.

723. In Homer's *Iliad*, Nestor is the greatest and most eloquent among the Greek counselors, Achilles the most valiant warrior.

725. **Ei doch!** *You don't say so.* Naukleros taunts him, in order to spur him on.

727–8. Cf. note to ll. 708–11.

729–30. Cf. Hero's naiveté with ll. 29–31 of *Psyche*, cited in note to ll. 708–11 above:

Wie doch dies Lied, das ich kaum halb begreife,
Das Innerſte des Herzens mir bewegt!
Der Vater meint, ich ſoll es nicht mehr ſingen, . . .

736–7. But she does not "lift her voice." The same fatal indecision that she displayed in the scene with Janthe, Act I, ll. 107–8. Cf. l. 1068.

738. **weil** is temporal, *while;* older usage.

744. Apollo is also the god of medicine.

757–60. Hero admits that she recognizes him.

761. Instinctively Leander reveals his love. — **Was will er denn?** Fine touch: Hero's tender feelings make her shrink from addressing Leander. Cf. l. 806: Sag' ihm's!

767. **Neigung**. Hero avoids the word Liebe. Cf. ll. 1011 and 1194–6.

775. She pities him (and herself?).

778. Note her naive innocence.

781. **in Schatten** = in den Schatten; contraction of the preposition and article, as often in poetry and occasionally in prose; in may be regarded as long, i.e., in'n. Cf. in Sinn, l. 1046, and In Turm, l. 1282.

783. **Es ziemt ſich nicht.** And still she does it. Cf. note to ll. 736–7.

787. **Niemand.** Note the trochee. Cf. Sammlung, l. 946. An initial trochee (—⏑) or anapest (⏑⏑—) is very common in blank verse. Cf. also note to l. 1331.

789. **Noch geſtern, wenn ihr kamt** = Wenn ihr noch geſtern gekommen wäret. In South German dialects a word or phrase belonging to the conditional sentence is often placed before the wenn. The use of the imperfect indicative in place of the pluperfect subjunctive, for vividness, is common.

790. **und ich halt' es auch.** She will do her duty even against her inclinations.

795. The despair of love; but he is beginning to feel the courage of love; cf. ll. 802–4.

805–13. Hero's self-possession is admirable; yet she is untrue to her vows in wanting him to remember her and in promising to remember him. She can not renounce her love entirely. Cf. ll. 819–20. Little by little she allows herself to be compromised.

817–8. The resourcefulness of Naukleros noted before. Cf. note to ll. 692–3.

819. **Nicht du! Ich, ich!** A fine touch.

821. **Sieh nur! ein kranker Mann.** At the decisive moment Hero joins forces with Naukleros and thus further compromises herself.

829. *If you should be found here a second time, you would be amenable to the law.*

830. **erſt nur** = ſoeben noch, *a few moments ago*; a quibble. Cf. note to ll. 692–3.

831. **Mann;** collective for **Männer.**

835. **lange nicht.** Cf. l. 575.

838. **auf:** construe: auftrinkt.

840. *Announcing the close of the festival and danger to you.*

841. The priest was evidently so disturbed by the conduct of the two youths in the first Act, that he has investigated further. Naukleros told the temple guard, l. 441, that they had come from Abydos.

847–50. In keeping with the boldness of Naukleros.

851–2. The priest always preserves his poise and dignity.

860. **ich ſuchte gleich für gleich,** i.e., herself perhaps, as one might expect Janthe to advise.

861–73. Naukleros denounces the asceticism of the temple in bitter words and then he has done with the matter. Not so Leander. He feels that Hero loves him; therefore he is happy (l. 874) and he is ready to go (l. 879), because he has determined to return.

871. The cult of Aphrodite originated in Asia; not in India, however, but among the Phenicians. Cf. note to ll. 363–9.

887. **eins** = einer or jemand.

891. Leander from now on takes the initiative and is bolder in his love adventure than Naukleros can countenance. Cf. ll. 1591–4. Such is the effect of real love: the inactive dreamer has changed into an intrepid lover. The close of the Act fills us with suspense.

ACT III

Und Liebe nennen ſie's.

Stage Direction, par. 2, ll. 2–3. **und dann geht;** a peculiar mixed relative clause. Construe: kommt ein Diener, der eine Lampe hoch in der Hand trägt, ſie auf den Kandelaber ſtellt und dann geht.

895. Note the brevity of Hero's remarks. She is preoccupied with thoughts of Leander, and the much coveted priestly quarters, now hers, seem void and uninteresting. Cf. l. 1026 and note.

895–907. This striking simile is a splendid example of Grillparzer's predilection for concrete symbolism. Cf. note to l. 343. Follow out the details expounded by the priest.

906. **doppellebend;** this is explained by l. 904.

910. **Rollen,** *scrolls.*

911. **Brett und Griffel,** *wax tablet and stylus*, which Hero can use to preserve her own thoughts. — **haltend** = feſthaltend.

917–9. An ideal environment for the ideal life of the priestess; but she has caught a glimpse of a different ideal of life, and altho she does not realize its nature and potency, it has, nevertheless, completely changed her attitude towards her office.

920. **es birgt dein Lager,** etc. The bed that she has used during the past seven years of her novitiate has been removed from her former quarters to her new bedchamber in the tower.

935. **von nichts gefolgt**; an unusual passive of ſolgen, used in official language.

941. **die du** = wie du mich. Hero sincerely believes this and she longs for its realization. Yet she is not to experience that Sammlung, *concentration*, for which she longs.

943–4. Note how fond Grillparzer is of similes that deal with the sea. The picture here is that of circular ripples, caused by a disturbance of quiet water, growing larger and larger, until they finally are lost on the shore.

946–69. This passage, coming from the depths of Grillparzer's heart, is one of the profoundest and most beautiful lyrics he ever wrote. It is far superior to the poem, *An die Sammlung* (1835), in which he expresses the same idea with special reference to his own lot as a creative artist. Cf. *Sämtliche Werke*, Cotta, Vol. II, p. 35.

Grillparzer often gave expression to this favorite idea, both thru the characters of his dramas and in his critical utterances. Cf. Introduction, pp. xlvi f. His concretest exposition of the thought is found among his esthetic studies, written about 1836. Cf. *Sämtliche Werke*, Cotta, Vol. XV, p. 41. Here he uses the phrase, Konzentration aller Kräfte. This concentration of all his powers he regarded as absolutely essential to his poetical inspiration.

The opposite of Sammlung is Zerſtreuung. Cf. l. 955. He says in his autobiography (*Sämtliche Werke*, Cotta, Vol. XIX, p. 153): Nichts iſt gefährlicher als die Zerſtreuung. Yet he often sought Zerſtreuung, *dissipation*, in travel as a means of attaining Sammlung.

956. A verse of four accents, unless the words **Dann** and **Kind** are given the full value of two feet, as may easily be done.

970–3. The same lack of higher flights of mind and soul noted before. Cf. ll. 121–35 and note to these lines. Hero promises to do her duty, but there is no enthusiasm in her promise.

979. **Den erſten Anlaß meid'!** *Avoid the first impulse* (lit. *provocation*). Supply from the sense of the following lines: *Lest you be led into error*. He has in mind the occurrence in the grove, Act II.

982. **Je härtrer Kampf** = je härter der Kampf. — **ſo** = um ſo, or deſto.

984. Hero now lacks this Ganzheit, however, which made her so enthusiastic about her service in the first Act. She is the victim of Zerſtreuung now. Cf. note to ll. 946–69.

994. Construe: (Zu) dem die Prieſterin naht, Waſſer zu ſchöpfen, um am Altar zu ſprengen.

996. Construe: Und nur bewegt (ſein), iſt (heißt) ihm (für ihn) ſchon getrübt (ſein); ihm refers to Quell.

1000–3. True; and he will have occasion to prove it soon. This spirit of self-sacrifice ennobles the priest and elevates him above mean trickery and villainy in his act of extinguishing the lamp at the close of Act IV.

1004–17. Hero feels that the priest has seen thru her Zerſtreuung, and she admits that her heart has led her astray; so she determines to do her duty and forget the incident and her Neigung.

1007. **war** = geweſen wäre; likewise, **gefiel** = hätte . . . gefallen, l. 1010.

1018–9. Note the rime; depth of emotion.

1021. Symbolism; just as she takes off her mantle, so will she remove from herself the error that she has committed. Her first endeavor to close the incident definitely. Cf. ll. 1039–41 and note.

1022–6. Cf. note to l. 895.

1026. A very effective expression of the void in her life caused by the absence of Leander.

1027–8. A delicate simile, reflecting her tender feelings.

1035. **bis zu fernen Ufern jenſeits hin,** i.e., where Leander dwells.

1037. **bemerkt,** i.e., by the temple guard, perhaps.

1038. **Du bleiche Freundin:** the lamp. Since she has no other companion, she makes a friend of her lamp.

1039–41. Symbolism; her second attempt to drop the incident. Cf. l. 1021.

1042–3. Hero feels that she ought to be in bed and recalls evenings at home when her mother chided her for staying up late. An imaginary dialog between herself and mother, the first half of the lines being her mother's words, the second half the replies of Hero.

1044–5. Despite Hero's determination to put aside her new feelings, she unconsciously reverts to the forbidden love-song.

1047. Note the full significance of the adjective **wüſten** here.

1047–8. The reference is to three amorous episodes of Zeus: l. 1047, Zeus visited, in a shower of gold, Danaë, the daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos, while she was confined in a tower, and she became the mother of Perseus (cf. l. 1408); l. 1048, **Schwan** refers to the visit of Zeus to Leda, in the form of a swan; and **Adler** refers to his visit, in the form of an eagle, to Ægina, whom he abducted from her angry parents. Cf. note to ll. 1496–8.

A messenger of the gods, not of Zeus but of Amor, is near at hand, unknown to her.

1049. **ſie ſelbſt,** *itself*, i.e., Einſamkeit.

1052–4. As Grillparzer well knew from experience. Cf. Introduction, pp. xiv f., xx, lxvi ff., lxxxvii.

1061. A very clever turn and significant introduction of Leander. It shows that he has come in a happy mood.

1062–3. In her feeling of utter isolation from all other human beings, Hero has allowed her thoughts to dwell upon divine visitations to such an extent that she now mistakes Leander for a superhuman being.

1064. **o ſchöne Nymphe** = die Echo, i.e., the nymph "Echo"; otherwise das Echo.

1065. Leander's words are not identical with Hero's; thus she sees it is not an echo that she has heard.

1068. But again she does *not* call out. Cf. note to ll. 736–7.

1071. The first of the bantering threats which he uses thruout the remainder of the Act.

1076. Symbolism; **hier,** i.e., in his heart.

1081. **Ginſt** = Ginſter, *broom*.

1082. Hero's first utterance of fear for his safety which influences her so powerfully thruout the scene.

1083. **war** = wäre . . . geweſen.—**erblickt,** supply hätte. .Likewise, **ſtarb, ſank, War's,** ll. 1092–4, are to be construed as pluperfect subjunctive forms.

1086. **geboten;** past participle of gebieten.

1090. **Von Abydos' weitentlegner Küſte?** Cf. von Abydos' naher Küſte, l. 441. The seeming contradiction is due to difference of mood. Cf. ll. 1565 ff.

1091. **Zwei Ruderer ermüdeten der Fahrt,** i.e., two oarsmen, rowing alternately in shifts, would be tired out by the journey; der Fahrt is poetical genitive of cause. The distance, as a matter of fact, is only nine-tenths of a mile, altho the current is very powerful. Lord Byron, despite his lameness, swam the Hellespont in 1810, and others have done so since then. Hero's opinion of the feat simply expresses her surprise (cf. Naukleros' incredulity, ll. 1565 ff.), unless Grillparzer really wished to convey the impression that Leander has performed a great feat. In this case, note l. 441. Further, Leander explicitly states, ll. 1105–21, that he has swum over since the opening of the Act, i.e., since he first spied her light.

Altho this in no way detracts from the beauty of the scene, it is evident that the poet has confused matters somewhat. Either he should not have laid so much weight upon the distance here, or else he should not have dwelt upon the element of time. For other lapses, cf. note to ll. 1178, 1576, and 1708.

1097. **ſchüttert** = erſchüttert; a poetical form often used by Grillparzer.

1098. **Laß das**; cf. ll. 1188 and 1202.

1101. The better side of her nature, her sense of duty, still struggles against her longing.

1103–4. Cf. ll. 1122 and 1124.

1105–24 Note this beautiful lyrical passage.

1113. Cf. l. 1123.

1126. **deine Meinung**: *the opinion you have of me*, i.e., love.

1127. Cf. ll. 768 ff.

1129. **heiſcht**; English cognate = *asks; the priestess is required to be.*

1130. **Ehgeſtern** = vorgeſtern. Cf. l. 789 and note; also notes to ll. 1178 and 1576.

1134. **Die Meder und die Baktrer** (**Baktrier**): Asiatic tribes, *the Medes and the Bactrians* (*Persians.*)

1135. **der Sonne Prieſterin**; in apposition with the relative die. The reference is to Astarte. Cf. note to l. 871 and to ll. 363–9.

1138. **der Verirrten**; refers to Prieſterin above.

1139. Construe: Allein ſtößt ſie aus.

1143–9. Note her deep concern for Leander thruout the scene.

1147. **Denn — Horch'!** Each word receives the full value of an iambic foot. Cf. note to l. 299.

1151–4. Note the rapid fluctuations of her mood. She is instinctively incensed over his suggestion that he seek refuge in her chamber, but in a moment she relents, when she sees that he is really in danger of detection. The whole Act is a series of such fluctuations. Read the quotation from Diderot which Grillparzer wrote in his diary, in 1828; Introduction, p. cxxiv.

1156. A delicate touch. Altho she has allowed him to enter her chamber, she forbids him to go farther than the door.

1159–63. An indication of the rôle of Janthe and the temple guard from now on: Janthe will be the confidante of Hero, the guard will be her antagonist.

1165–6. Delicate psychology. The touch of Leander's hand on her shoulder makes her shudder. She is afraid to be with him in the dark.

1169–78. She begins with harsh words which selfishly express the anguish of her soul and she continues until the picture that her own words conjure up — the destruction of Leander — overcomes her; then love speaks.

1171. **denkend** = bedenkend.

1178. **Leander**. No one has told her his name. How does she know it? This is a lapse of Grillparzer's memory. In the epic of Musæus, Leander reveals his name at their second meeting, as Hero does in l. 1141.

1205 ff. Note the four stages of her relenting, as Leander cunningly pleads: (1) Du!?; (2) Am Tag des nächſten Feſts, l. 1221; (3) Wenn neu der Mond ſich füllt, l. 1222; (4) Komm morgen denn, l. 1230. This marks the climax of the dramatic action.

The effect upon the audience of Hero's unexpected surrender depends upon the psychology of the audience, as Laube has noted with clear insight. He says: Wenn Hero im dritten Akte auf Leanders Liebesdrängen unerwartet ſagt: „Komm morgen!" — da lächelt in Wien das Publikum zuſtimmend und findet die Dichtung reizend. Es begleitet eben vollkommen naiv die naive Dichtung. In der norddeutſchen Stadt dagegen lacht das ganze Haus: es faßt die Worte Heros moraliſch auf und findet ſie überaus dreiſt. Das Lachen iſt nahezu ein Auslachen, und die poetiſche Stimmung iſt zerriſſen. Cf. *Sämtliche Werke*, Cotta, Vol. VII, p. 106.

1233–4. His head, his mouth, his eyes are now hers; **Und dieſe meine Augen**, i.e., *these eyes which are now mine.*

1255. At last Hero pronounces the fatal word, Liebe.

1256. **Die Lampe ſoll's nicht ſehn;** an incident based upon an actual experience of the poet. Laube tells us that the following note was made by Grillparzer in the preliminary draft of the drama: Im dritten Akte zu gebrauchen, wie damals Charlotte, als ſie den ganzen Abend wortkarger und kälter geweſen als ſonſt, beim Weggehen, in der Haustür das Licht auf den Boden ſetzte und ſagte: ich muß mir die Arme frei machen, um dich zu küſſen. — Nicht gerade die Begebenheit ſoll dort Platz finden, ſondern die Geſinnung, die Gemütsſtimmung. Cf. *Sämtliche Werke*, Cotta, Vol. VII, p. 108.

1259. This kiss seals her doom; love has triumphed over her pride and over her vows.

1260–3. **Wenn ich dir flehe;** usually anflehen with the accusative. — **die ihren,** i.e., Tritte.

After Hero has kissed Leander, she rushes out of the room, frightened at her audacity and her love, which is now victorious; but she returns. The curtain drops.

ACT IV

Iſt's noch nicht Abend?

This Act gave Grillparzer much trouble, and it has militated against the success of the drama on the stage. For a clear statement of the difficulties and of the problems involved, read the poet's own criticism, Introduction, pp. cxxvi f.

1265. **Er iſt hinüber!** Leander has, as a matter of fact, plunged into the sea this very moment (l. 1273); but Hero is so glad that he has finally succeeded in escaping, that she regards his mere escape as a successful return.

1267. It *is* daylight, early morning; Leander *has* been detained till morning, and it seems to Hero that the whole universe conspired to keep him here. We must understand that Hero has surrendered completely to love for Leander during the night and that he has promised to return again tonight.

1273. **nur jetzt** = jetzt eben, *just now.* Note Hero's attitude towards the temple guard: mockery (ll. 1273, 1276, 1279), scorn (ll. 1280–1, 1402), indifference (l. 1675), defiance (l. 1685).

1275–8. Hero seeks to shield herself by mocking the guard and thru a play on the word **müſſen**. He retaliates, in kind, with a play on **Wächter** and **wachen**.

1291. **Ich gönne ſie (dir).**

1294. **ſprang, ſtand;** construe as pluperfect subjunctive. The priest protects Hero against suspicion.

1299. **Klippen;** points out the danger to Leander swimming over in the dark.

1303. **ſie wachte** is the subject and **Das** the object.

1307. **Regen** (neuter), *stir*, *commotion*. Cf. ll. 1315 and 1323.

1320. **lief (etwas) wie ein Mannesſchatten;** one of the attempts of Leander to escape to the sea, frightened back by the approach of the guard.

1324–5. Still the priest protects Hero. The guard has given such a fervid account of the mystery, that the priest sees in it all only a figment of the guard's over-excited brain.

1326. Note how the guard insists upon calling the priest's attention to the **Licht**. Cf. ll. 1337, 1346; also l. 1768.

1327. **bis kurz = bis vor kurzem.**

1331. A complete trochaic line; cf. ll. 1346–7, 1350, 1372, 1398, 1493, 1500, 1721, 2076, and 2082.

1333–5. The priest gladly throws suspicion upon Janthe, in order to protect Hero.

1338. **als kurz ich vor = als ich vor kurzem.**

1350. Now that the guard has repeated (ll. 1339–41) his statement, made in ll. 1292–3, and has mentioned Abydos, the priest feels certain that something is wrong; but he insists upon connecting the matter with Janthe.

1359. **ſie:** Naukleros and Leander.

1362–5. This means: If Hero knows of Janthe's guilt and, in her own inexperience, conceals it, she is innocently a party to the wrong, without realizing (**unwiſſend**) the grave danger involved.

1366–7. Prophetic of the course he will pursue. Cf. ll. 1527–8.

1373–5. The priest means Hero's apparent knowledge of and sympathy with Janthe's escapade.

1400. Hero's over-zealous anticipation of the accusation against Janthe, together with the latter's hesitancy in answering the priest's summons (cf. l. 1396), is proof to the priest that Janthe is guilty and that Hero knows of her guilt.

1404–9. Note Hero's bold indifference towards the priest himself.

1407. **Leda**; cf. note to ll. 708–11. — **Admet**; Admetus was a Thessalian king, a favorite of Apollo, who served him as a slave because of his fondness for him.

1408. Cf. note to ll. 1047–8.

1411. **Törin**, if she is the victim of mere folly; **Schuldige**, if she is conscious of the seriousness of her fault.

1414. In the midst of this serious scene, which ought to concern her deeply, Hero gives way to her love-reverie and sings the ballad of Leda and the swan.

1415. She is thinking of Leander, of course.

1420. **verließen**; subjunctive.

1424–5. Grillparzer has portrayed a similar change thru love in Medea. Cf. *Das goldene Vlies*, Part II; *Die Argonauten*, ll. 526 ff. Cf. Hero's actions in ll. 1368–70 and 1496–8.

1428. Hero's bold indifference from now on makes the priest suspicious of her.

1434. Cf. l. 979.

1439–40. She is thinking of Leander's return. The wind from the east (Abydos) and the quiet sea will make his journey easy and safe. Cf. ll. 1791–2.

1445. **düſter iſt mein Sinn**. This explains her strange conduct. She has not slept, her head is not clear, and her mind is filled with thoughts of love; thus she reveals her secret thruout the scene with no thought of hiding it.

1448. **ein und anderes Geſchäft** = das eine und das andere Geſchäft. Cf. ll. 697 and 1510.

1449. **Geſchäft?** How foreign this word seems to her now! The priest wishes to send Hero away for two reasons: first, so that he can make a thoro investigation of the tower and lay his plans for the apprehension of the guilty visitor (cf. ll. 1514–5); and, secondly, in order to tire Hero completely, so that he can carry out his plans the more easily. Cf. note to ll. 1499–1506.

1450–2. Note the halting speech of the priest. He is formulating his plans as he speaks.

1457. **jedem Fremden** = gegen jeden Fremden.

1468. **Schaffer;** the regular form is Schaffner = Verwalter, *overseer*, or *steward*. Grillparzer prefers the form Schaffer.

1469. **ihn:** the messenger sent by Hero's parents. Cf. ll. 1452 ff.

1475 ff. Suggestive of the Roman Catholic Church rather than of Greek customs. Cf. note to ll. 482 ff.

1478. **unſer Mann,** i.e., the messenger.—**zumeiſt** (lit. *mostly*, or *for the most part*, or *usually*) is to be taken with Vielleicht in the sense of *most likely*.

1484. *Unless, perchance, on your way back you should still have time (for some other task).*

1485–6. Realizing that she must obey orders, Hero tries to cajole the priest.

1488–9. The priest wishes to get rid of Janthe also, so that her presence will not interfere with his plans. Cf. note to ll. 1499–1506. Note the sarcasm of the priest.

1490–8. What a contrast to Hero's attitude towards Janthe in Act I! Cf. note to ll. 1424–5.

1496–8. The original edition of 1840 has the following reading:

Wo biſt du? Ah! Gemächlich laß uns gehn!
Und wandelnd hin, erzähl' mir eins der Märchen,
Die du, ſo viele, weißt.
(Mit dem Finger drohend)
Ei ja, ja doch! —
Ich will ſo ſtreng nicht ſein.
(Janthes Nacken umſchlingend)
Wie nur? Beginn!
Ei, gehn und gehn! O wär' ich wieder heim!
(Mit Janthen nach der rechten Seite ab.)

These lines throw light upon the source of Hero's knowledge of the legends of Leda, Danaë, and Ægina. Cf. notes to ll. 708–11, 1047–8.

1499–1506. The priest is now certain that Hero is the guilty party and, in keeping with human nature, he allows his suspicion to go too far (ll. 1505–6). The original edition of 1840 has the following reading in place of l. 1499:

Prieſter

Alſo entfern' ich ſie, und weil ſie fern,
Spannt hier ſich aus ein Netz, das raſchen Zugs
So Schuld als Mitſchuld einigend umſchlingt.

Cf. ll. 1514–15, which are omitted in the edition of 1840.

1507–15. The priest compares and weighs the two names as to meaning, sound, and symbolic significance. Naukleros means *master* or *owner of ships* and, in general, *leader;* Leander means *lion-man* or *lion-hearted:* thus they have the same claim on fortune (l. 1511). Further, the two names have the same number of syllables, the same accent, and strikingly similar phonic values. As yet, the priest can not distinguish between them, but one is living, the other dead; for he has determined to destroy the guilty one (ll. 1514–5).

Cf. Shakspere: *Julius Cæsar*, Act I, Scene 2, ll. 142–7:

Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

It is not necessary to assume, however, that Grillparzer had this passage in mind. He was very sensitive to the sound, form, and meaning of words and proper names, especially of his own name; and he has dwelt upon such comparisons in several of his dramas, e.g., *Sappho*, ll. 1015–7; *Die Argonauten*, ll. 1164–70.

1513. **jetzo**; older form of jetzt.

1514. **weil** = während.

1519–20. Construe: jedes Zeichen, das den dunkeln Fußtritt der noch verhüllten Tat zeigt.

1522. The priest would sincerely like to believe this.

1523. As, for example, in ll. 1505–6. The *Stage Direction after l. 1523* (heftig) has been added from the original edition of 1840.

1527–8. The priest's purpose from now on. Cf. ll. 1366–7.

We have seen the effect of love upon Hero. This "drop scene" not only portrays the change that has been wrought in Leander, but it also bridges over the gap between the first part of the Act, early morning, and the close of the Act, evening. The psychological effect of such a "short stage" (Kurze Gegend) is worthy of note: We feel that the scene is merely an interim, an incident, however important; our minds are not taken too far away from the main scene upon which Leander himself dwells thruout the interim. It is a temporary relief from the otherwise too wearying mood of the Act. There is a purposeful touch of humor and light-heartedness in Leander's demeanor at the beginning; but the close is very serious, foreboding ill, and thus the suspense of the reader or audience is effectively augmented during the remainder of the Act.

1530. Indeed? Naukleros thinks he has taken good care of his friend; but Leander has eluded him, as we know.

1531. ließ = verließ.

1542–3. Note the playful mood of Leander, which offends Naukleros.

1544. Cf. note to l. 595.

1551. **Wie bündig ſchließt der Mann!** Note the flippant mood. Modern slang might render it: *What a good guesser you are!* The original edition of 1840 has the following even more flippant reading: Und Waſſer, meinſt du, netzt?

Stage Direction after l. 1551. This veil, a souvenir of his visit, Leander places on the shrine in the protection of the gods. Cf. l. 1560.

1553–4. **Späher**; this can hardly be more than apprehension on the part of Naukleros, due to his solicitude for his friend. It is early morning and, as we have just seen, the priest has barely made up his mind that Hero is guilty; in fact, he has known nothing of the disturbance until a few minutes ago. It is not likely that he has sent spies over to Abydos, and there is no reason for assuming that anyone else would have done so without his order.

1561–71. Naukleros can not imagine that Leander has actually swum over to Sestos. He thought he would prevent Leander's return to Hero by breaking the rudder of his boat and by having the neighbors place their boats under lock and key. Grillparzer introduced this motif, in order to explain why Leander swims instead of rowing over, which would be infinitely easier and more natural under ordinary circumstances. Such motivation, which explains and accounts for incidents in a natural manner, is characteristic of the poet's technic.

1567. **kömmt** = kommt; often used by Grillparzer, also frägt for fragt.

1571. Leander knows better, for he has been there.

1572–4. Again emphasis is laid upon the danger of swimming to Hero's tower. Cf. ll. 1299–1300.

1576. **einſt**; it was only yesterday. This is a slip on the part of the poet. He evidently had in mind the epic of Musæus, where the love adventure continues thruout the summer.

1577. **wohl**; possibly a false reading for warſt. Cf. warſt, l. 1579.

1586. **Die Schild'rung.** Cf. ll. 1579–85. At last Naukleros realizes that Leander has actually visited Hero.

1589. How much more effective than any attempt to express his feelings in words.

1599–1602. Cf. Hero's chiding words, ll. 1945 and 1981.

1601. **die todgeſchwellten Früchte,** *fruits swelling with* (*concealed*) *death;* meaning his encouragement of Leander's love, in Act II.

1604. Naukleros has even begged Leander on bended knee to resist; but to no purpose. Therefore he will adopt other tactics, ll. 1612–26.

1605–7. Note the symbolism in these metaphors.

1625. **Schließer,** *jailer*, or *turnkey*.

1631. That is, he can not live without seeing Hero again.

Stage Direction after l. 1632. A startling, almost ludicrous episode, but charming because of its exaggeration; for it is indicative of and in keeping with the tragic despair of the imprisoned lover.

1637. Construe: Den alle Götter ſchützen, den ihre Macht leitet?

1639. Leander will experience the truth of this statement, but in a different sense. Prophetic of the end. Cf. note to ll. 119–20 and 139.

1641. **Wellennacht;** a very effective, happy compound, *the sea enshrouded in the darkness of night.*

1645. **Liebesgöttin:** Aphrodite, but not Aphrodite Urania. Cf. the following lines.

1646–8. Leander does not regard himself as merely a "pupil" of love, but as the "prophet" of true, natural love, as opposed to the false conception of love taught in the temple at Sestos.

1653–6. Note the rime; intense emotion.

1654. **Waſſerwüſte;** another very expressive compound. Cf. Wellennacht, l. 1641.

1658. Tragic irony: He forgets that he is robbing these gods of their priestess.

1662. The original edition of 1840 has the following reading after l. 1662:

(mit dem Schwert auf den Schild ſchlagend)
Herbei! Herbei! Die ihr mich liebt und ihn!

1663–4. Cf. ll. 1553–4 and note.

Leander has escaped from Naukleros; he is free to repeat his journey at night-fall. We know that the priest is laying his snares meanwhile, and so we are held in suspense.

Hero returns from her errands, tired physically but strengthened in her love and longing for Leander.

1670–1. **Du gingſt ſo raſch. . . . Nun, ich bin wieder da.** Hero walked fast in the performance of the duties imposed upon her, so that she might return home as soon as possible and wait for Leander.

1673. **Iſt's noch nicht Abend?** Note the reiteration of this inquiry, ll. 1437 and 1748. It is the *leitmotif* of the whole Act.

1678. Instinctively Hero feels that there is a purpose in all this, but she is too tired to inquire into the real cause. Cf. l. 1787.

1681. **Doch immer!** = Doch immerhin!, *but no matter.* Cf. immer, l. 1800.

1687–8. Note the change! Janthe now asks Hero for commands, but the latter no longer feels her importance as priestess; her thoughts are occupied with other things, and besides, Janthe is her dearest friend now, who *may* do her a kindness (Wenn's ſelber dir gefällt).

1691. Delicate touch: Hero wishes to light the lamp, the messenger of love, herself.

1692–1703. Hero is tired and confused, scarcely awake even now. This explains her lethargy thruout the remainder of the Act.

1703. **Und ſpät erſt, ſpät (ſeh' ich ihn wieder).**

1704. **Biſt du's, mein Freund?** Hero has been so completely occupied with thoughts of Leander that she mistakes the priest for him.

1708. **Briefe.** Note that the priest here speaks of *letters* from Hero's parents, whereas in ll. 1351–2, 1451, 1744, and 1772, only *one letter*, the letter of her mother, is mentioned. In the original edition of 1840 there is the following stage direction after l. 1279: Der Prieſter kommt von der linken Seite, eine Rolle in der Hand, die er während des Folgenden in den Buſen ſteckt. Cf. stage direction in this edition after l. 1350: Eine Rolle aus dem Buſen ziehend. After l. 1450, the edition of 1840 has: Die Rolle, die er früher im Buſen verborgen, hervorziehend, raſch aber wieder zu ſich ſteckend.

It is unreasonable to suppose that the messenger came early in the morning and left one letter (ll. 1351–2, 1450 ff.), returning later with others (ll. 1679–80, 1707–9). It seems likely that the confusion is due to the difficulties that Grillparzer had with this Act and the revisions that he made, extending over a number of years. Cf. Introduction, pp. cxxii ff. It is also possible that the fault lies with the editors, who have not chosen consistent readings from the various manuscripts.

1710. **Auf morgen** = morgen.

1716. Note the double meaning.

1720–1. The priest hopes to wrest a confession from her by threatening Janthe.

1726–9. Hero had already repudiated the priest's authority in her conversation with the guard, ll. 1684–6, and now she defies the priest to his face.

1730–7. Hero hesitated at the word Pflichten, and now the priest forces her to say it. She seems to feel conscious of guilt, tho not of moral guilt, and she begins to quibble (klügeln); but the priest is her superior in repartee and logic, and so she "quibbles her way out."

1736. **deinem Bruder** = deinem Nächſten, *thy neighbor*.

1739. She has matured over night; but note the facetious expression.

1744–5. The reason, apparently, for the introduction of the motif of the letter or letters. It seems strange, as Hero remarks in l. 1712, that her parents should have written her a letter on the very evening of their departure. Cf. note to l. 1708.

1750. In reality she goes to light her lamp, for the priest has just now told her that evening is approaching.

1760. **ſo** = um ſo.

1761–5. The original edition of 1840 has the following reading for these lines:

Ein Schlag deshalb belehre, rette ſie.
O, daß ich glauben könnte, irgend zweifeln,
Ob nicht der Zufall, Möglichkeiten ſchaffend,
Uns täuſchte mit geträumten Übels Schein —
(Im Turme erſcheint die Lampe.)

1766–7. A strong dramatic transition; the priest has almost convinced himself that Hero, altho she has received a visitor, may have been the victim of his boldness, passively, and may not be actively implicated. Then he sees the light of her lamp, and no longer is there room for doubt as to her premeditated guilt.

1774–84. Note the lyrical stanzas.

1783. This accounts for the fact that she remains out-of-doors in her vigil, and so it is possible for the priest to extinguish the light.

1787. She is too tired and too drowsy to think the situation over clearly.

1789. Note the broken sentence; she is momentarily overcome by sleep.

1795–8. These lines do not express real fear on her part; she is too drowsy to realize the danger that threatens Leander and herself. It is merely a passing thought; for immediately, l. 1800, she calls for him to come.

1799. **wünſcht's** = wünſchte es; a rather harsh contraction.

1800. **immer** = immerhin, *Come, then, nevertheless.*

1805. **Löſt niemand mir die Schuh'?** If Leander were only here to render her this service, how happy she would be!

1811. Construe: von ihm (kommen) wir.

1815. She has fallen asleep, and Leander has appeared to her in her dream.

1818–9. The sympathy and repentance of the guard is touching. Despite the mockery and scorn with which Hero has treated him, he is now sorry that he testified against her and would gladly save her from further sorrow, if he could.

1821–4. Evidently the fishermen are simply obeying the priest's orders to remain away from the sea. They do not intend to lay their nets during the night and so have gathered them and are taking them to their huts. The purpose of the episode seems to be merely to emphasize the fact that a storm is approaching.

Stage Direction after l. 1826. **Die Lampe verlöſcht**; restored from the original edition of 1840.

The suspense and atmosphere of tragic foreboding at the close of the Act is overpowering. A storm is approaching, the lamp is extinguished, darkness descends; but Hero sleeps tranquilly on. A shudder passes over the scene and grips our hearts.

ACT V

Sein Atem war die Luft, ſein Aug' die Sonne,
Sein Leib die Kraft der ſproſſenden Natur;
Sein Leben war das Leben: deines, meins,
Des Weltalls Leben. Als wir's ließen ſterben,
Da ſtarben wir mit ihm.

1840. **endlich hört' ich Tritte:** Hero's steps. Cf. ll. 1846–51.

1842. **Kein Licht! kein Licht!** Note the utter despair expressed in these words, and how the motif of the extinguished light is repeated (ll. 1847, 1849, 1853, 1858).

1859–63. We know, however, that Leander was ready to plunge into the sea the moment Hero's light appeared in the tower. **Geſchah, gab,** etc., are to be construed as pluperfect subjunctive forms.

1864. Construe: Ich bin ſicher (ruhig), denn ich bin ſicher (gewiß, daß er lebt). — **Die Götter ſind ſo gut;** repetition of ll. 1852, 1859. Hero is not conscious of her transgression of the laws of the gods. Cf. note to l. 1658. The security that she feels adds to the effect of the blow dealt her when she discovers Leander's dead body.

1870–2. She does not mean that she will give up Leander, but that she will renounce her priesthood.

1877. **nur erſt** = ſoeben.

1888–91. We recognize the „Schleier, nach Wimpelart" at once.

1893. **das Getändel.** Note the tragic effect of Janthe's innocent, playful mood in the presence of death.

1901–3. Truly pathetic. Hero's pride seeks to hide the truth from the priest, but her physical strength deserts her.

1905–6. Cf. ll. 1830–4.

1908–13. The explanation which the priest will make to the public, in order to hush up the matter and thus save Hero and the temple from disgrace.

1911. Construe: Den das Meer an dieſe Küſte auswarf!

1913. **erblich;** preterit of erbleichen, *die.*

Stage Direction after l. 1916. The servants remove Leander's body. — **wo** is temporal.

1922–3. **verwirkt,** i.e., Naukleros has forfeited his life, since he was in league with Leander. The priest wants to remove all traces of the tragedy at once, so as to cover up Hero's sin and restore her to herself as soon as possible.

1932–40. Hero feels no moral guilt; she abhors the priest's plan to hush up the affair and treat it as a crime; she will tell the whole world her sorrow and the wrong done her.

1944–73, 1975–84. The most beautiful lyric verses that Grillparzer ever wrote. They deserve a place among the sublimest and most beautiful passages in all poetry.

1945. **läſſ'ger Freund;** because Naukleros allowed Leander to swim over to her. Repeated in l. 1981.

1950. **die Prieſterin, die Jungfrau — So? —**, *the priestess, the virgin, — Indeed? —.* An instinctive confession of her inmost secret.

1951. Menander is her father's name. — **wir beiden:** the priest and she.

1955. **er;** refers to der Sturm. She is spared the painful knowledge that the priest, her uncle, extinguished the lamp.— Da = *then;* whereas, in l. 1957, Da may also be temporal, *as* or *while*, or locative, *where*.

1968. **Feind, Haſſern:** the priest and the temple guard; **Freund, Geliebten:** Naukleros and herself.

1969. Construe: Das Meer tat den Schlund auf.

1981. **Da ſtarben wir mit ihm:** there is nothing in the whole world to live for now. Prophetic of the end.

1991–3. Cf. ll. 1922–3 and note.

1997. It seems strange that the guard should be better acquainted with the customs of the temple than the priest himself.

1999. **Entfernt die Störung erſt** = Wenn die Störung erſt entfernt iſt; absolute participial construction.

2000–3. The priest does not suspect the depth of Hero's nature.

2006–7. Hero's intuition has led her to Leander's bier.

2010. **ohne Furcht,** i.e., Hero is not afraid to proclaim her love to the world. Cf. ll. 1932–40 and note.

2015–7. Janthe understands the human heart better than the priest does. Cf. ll. 2000–3.

2017–9. A thoroly human reaction in Janthe. Cf. l. 2120.

Stage Direction before l. 2022. **Cella:** the sanctum of the temple, where the image of the goddess stands.

2022. **Wer ruft?** Cf. l. 1924.

2025–32. Hero feels the approach of death. Her physical strength is waning, her breathing is irregular. This is indicated by the broken, irregular verses: l. 2025, three accents; l. 2026, four accents; l. 2027, five accents; l. 2030, six accents. Cf. ll. 2068–70.

2031. **Sehe** = Sehkraft.

2032–3. The priest does not understand the symptoms. Cf. ll. 2091–3.

2053–7. **Kranz, Gürtel;** the symbols of maidenhood. In placing these upon the bier, she symbolically weds herself to him.

2065–8. Note the deep pathos of these lines.

2077. **Das tat mir der, dein Freund! — Du biſt ſo warm.** Note the contrast. She has held Leander's cold hand so long that her own hand has grown cold, is what she means; but the symbolism of the lines lies in the fact that *the frost of death is upon her*, as

Janthe says below. Cf. ll. 2080–1: Her eyes are paling in death, thus she thinks there is a veil before her eyes.

2083–4. Janthe reads the signs correctly; the priest does not. Cf. ll. 2032–3 and 2091–3.

2095. **ſie**: die Träger. Construe: Schon nimmt die Wölbung ſie auf.

2106–7. Note Janthe's sarcasm.

2108–9. Cf. ll. 1000–3 and note.

2117. **wie ſonſt ich ſelbſt getan** (**hätte, wenn ich jetzt nicht fort müßte**); supplied from the sense of the following line.

2119. Symbolism.

2119–20. Note the rime.

2120. Thus Janthe pronounces the pessimistic benediction, a pessimistic view of life that Grillparzer felt keenly, as a result of his own unhappy experiences in love.

„Umgeben ſind wir rings von Zaubereien,
Allein wir ſelber ſind die Zauberer.
Was weit entfernt, bringt ein Gedanke nah,
Was wir verſchmäht, ſcheint andrer Zeit uns hold,
Und in der Welt voll offenbarer Wunder
Sind wir das größte aller Wunder ſelbſt."

— *Die Jüdin von Toledo, ll. 1429–34.*

Inhaltsangaben und Fragen
Rückblicke und Themen

EXPLANATORY NOTE

The Inhalt aims to present in fairly simple German a connected narrative of each act. This will be of service to the student in preparing the daily assignments, whether the class is conducted in German or in English. For classes conducted partly or wholly in German, the Inhalt will furnish, supplementary to the text of the drama, vocabulary for the answers to the Fragen.

The Fragen are based on the Inhalt, the text (Vers), and the notes (Anm.); but references are to the text and notes. In preparing answers to the Fragen, the student should read not only the Inhalt and Anmerkungen, but also the pertinent lines of the drama. The daily assignment should always be discussed in the form of simple questions and answers in German, based on the text and the Inhalt. The Fragen on the verses thus discussed should then be prepared for review and oral practice in the *next* recitation.

The Rückblicke and Themen are intended for summary review of acts and portions of acts, in the form of ſchriftliche *or* mündliche Übungen. The outlines are arranged for both shorter and longer themes and discussions. The work is graded, the more subtle themes coming towards the end.

This method is not intended to eliminate the use of English. On the contrary, it is presupposed that deeper psychological problems, motivation, and characterization will be taken up in the students' mother tongue.

Erſter Aufzug

Inhalt

Es iſt früher Morgen. Klar und wolkenlos der Himmel. Die erſten Strahlen der aufgehenden Sonne beleuchten die Zinnen des Turmes, der im Vordergrunde des Tempels der Aphrodite zu Seſtos ſteht. Hero hat den Tempel mit Roſen und Myrten geſchmückt, denn heute ſoll das jährliche Feſt der Göttin begangen werden. Für Hero hat das Feſt noch eine andere Bedeutung: ſchon ſeit ſieben Jahren bereitet ſie ſich darauf vor, ihr Leben dem Dienſte der Göttin zu widmen, und wird an dieſem Tage die prieſterliche Weihe empfangen. Kein Wunder alſo, daß ſie in ihrer kindlichen Unerfahrenheit und Selbſtüberhebung ſich für den Hauptgegenſtand des Feſtes betrachtet. Auch glaubt ſie ſich berechtigt, in gewiſſer Hinſicht ſtolz zu ſein, denn ſie entſtammt einem Geſchlecht, welches ſeit Urväterzeit das Vorrecht beſitzt, dem Tempel Aphroditens Prieſter zu geben.

Während Hero die Bilder Hymens und Amors bekränzt, bemerkt ſie allerlei Gerätſchaften in Unordnung im Hofe liegen. Darüber erzürnt ſchilt ſie die Dienerinnen und beſonders Janthe wegen der Vernachläſſigung ihrer Pflicht. Inzwiſchen iſt der Prieſter, ihr Oheim, herangekommen und erkundigt ſich nach der Urſache ihres Mißvergnügens. Hero will jedoch nichts über die ſpöttiſchen Bemerkungen Janthes verlauten laſſen, bittet vielmehr ihren Oheim, die Dienerſchaft mit einer Rüge wegzuſchicken.

Dem Prieſter will es nicht gefallen, daß Hero ſich ſo ganz und gar von allen Mädchen fern hält und ihre eigenen Wege geht.

Hero erklärt aber, ſie trage kein Verlangen nach Geſellſchaft, und Beſchäftigung gebe es ja im Tempel zur Genüge. Des Oheims Frage, ob ſie denn nicht wünſche Seherin zu werden, wird von Hero verneint. Sie habe des öfteren nach einer Stimme von oben gelauſcht — doch ſei der Ruf an ſie nicht ergangen. Deshalb ſei ihr Beſchluß, die alltäglichen Verrichtungen im Dienſte der Göttin als ihre Prieſterin getreulich zu erfüllen und darin volles Glück und volle Zufriedenheit zu finden. Ob ſie ſich nicht ſehne, in das elterliche Haus zurückzukehren, forſcht der Oheim weiter. Auch darauf antwortet Hero mit nein. Ihrem unwirſchen Vater ſei ſie nur eine Laſt geweſen und an das Verhältnis zu ihrem Bruder könne ſie nur mit tiefem Groll zurückdenken. Die arme Mutter ſei nie zu Worte gekommen: ihr Los ſei immer Schweigen und Dulden geweſen. Hierauf teilt ihr der Prieſter mit, ihre Eltern ſeien gekommen, um dem Feſt der Weihe beizuwohnen, und im nächſten Augenblick erſcheinen ſie ſelbſt. Hero eilt ihnen aber nicht entgegen, weil ſie ihren Vater nicht leiden kann, obgleich ſie ihre Mutter innig liebt.

Der geſprächige Vater beglückwünſcht ſeine Tochter zu ihrem Entſchluß, Prieſterin zu werden. Er iſt hocherfreut über die große Ehre, die ſeinem Hauſe dadurch widerfahren ſoll. Anders die ſchüchterne Mutter. Als ſie ſich mit Hero allein und unbelauſcht ſieht, verſucht ſie Hero umzuſtimmen. Sie ſei alt und allein, denn auch Heros ſtörriſcher Bruder habe die Eltern ſowie ſeine Braut verlaſſen und ſei in ferne Länder gezogen. Auf Heros Einwand, daß, wenn auch der Bruder fort ſei, hundert andere gleich heftige und rohe Jünglinge ſie beläſtigen würden, wagt die Mutter die Bemerkung, das Weib ſei glücklich nur an der Gattenhand. Doch damit hat ſie die wundeſte Stelle in Heros Herzen berührt. Sie erinnert die Mutter an all die Unterdrückung und Demütigung ſeitens des Vaters.

Nein, Hero will nicht die Sklavin eines Gatten werden. Mit heiterem Sinne will ſie „das Glück des ſtillen Selbſtbeſitzes“ im Tempel der Göttin genießen: „Hier iſt kein Krieg, hier ſchlägt man keine Wunden.“ Auch der Prieſter unterſtützt Hero in ihrem Vorhaben. Er ſagt zwar, die Mutter habe ja das Recht, ihr Kind zurückzufordern, doch erſieht man aus ſeiner Rede deutlich, wie gering er vom ehelichen und häuslichen Leben denkt und wie hoch er den prieſterlichen Beruf einſchätzt. (Auch iſt die Rede des Prieſters nur als Prüfung für die Geſinnung Heros anzuſehen.) Hero erklärt, ihr Entſchluß ſei unabänderlich, und bittet, man möge mit dem Feſte beginnen.

Der Prieſter iſt bereit das Zeichen zu geben. Da wird ihm von dem Tempelhüter gemeldet, daß zwei fremde Jünglinge trotz des Verbotes ihren Weg in den Hof durch die Büſche zu bahnen verſuchten. Man befiehlt ihm, die Fremdlinge ſowie das ſich hereindrängende Volk zurückzuweiſen und die Tore zu öffnen.

Unterdeſſen haben die Fremdlinge ſich einen günſtigen Schauplatz in der Nähe der Bildſäule Hymens erobert und laſſen ſich von dem Tempelhüter nicht verdrängen. Auf das Befragen des Tempelhüters erklärt Naukleros, einer der Jünglinge, ſie ſeien von Abydos’ Küſte gekommen, um das Feſt zu ſchauen. Naukleros iſt heiter und lebensfroh. Er iſt begierig, ſich nichts von dem feſtlichen Schauſpiele entgehen zu laſſen, und er muntert ſeinen Genoſſen auf, dasſelbe zu tun; dieſer jedoch verhält ſich ſtumm und teilnahmlos. Sein Blick iſt betrübt, ſein Auge haftet am Boden. Da naht Hero, von Prieſtern begleitet, der Bildſäule Hymens, um das Opfer zu entrichten. „Siehſt du nicht auf?“ flüſtert Naukleros ihm zu. Leander hebt das Haupt empor, und die Blicke Heros und Leanders begegnen ſich. — Hero ſtockt.

Den Prieſter befremdet dieſe Stockung. Hero entſchuldigt ſich, ſie habe die Zange vergeſſen, die ſie jedoch in der Hand hält. In ihrer Verlegenheit wiederholt ſie falſcherweiſe den erſten Spruch. Der Prieſter merkt ihre Verwirrung und fordert ſie auf, das Opferwerk zu vollenden. Darauf gießt Hero zu viel Rauchwerk ins Feuer. Dann entfernt ſich der Zug. In der Mitte des Hofes angelangt, ſchaut ſie noch einmal verſtohlen nach den beiden Jünglingen zurück.

Fragen

1. Beſchreiben Sie den Schauplatz im erſten Aufzug. (Bühnenanweiſung u. Anm. dazu)

2. Warum iſt der Tempel an dieſem Tage geſchmückt worden? (Anm. 1)

3. In welcher Stimmung befindet ſich Hero? (Anm. 1, 1–53, 4, 33–43)

4. Inwiefern iſt Heros Stolz berechtigt? (Anm. 20–23)

5. Welche Götter werden in dieſem Tempel verehrt? (Bühnenanweiſung u. Anm. 7)

6. Was erregt den Unmut Heros? (Vers 45–46, 56–57)

7. Schildern Sie das Geſpräch zwiſchen Janthe und Hero. (Vers 54–90)

8. Warum weigert ſich Hero die Schuldige zu nennen? (Anm. 58, 86, 103–6)

9. Weshalb ſondert ſich Hero von den anderen Mädchen ab? Wie ſtellt ſich der Prieſter dazu? (Anm. 65, 68–72, 111–13, 119–20, 139, 140–3; u. Vers 121–35)

10. Aus welchen Gründen will Hero ſich mit dem einfachen Amt der Prieſterin ſtatt Seherin begnügen? (Anm. 121–35, 184–95)

11. Was erfahren wir über Heros Familienverhältniſſe? (Anm. 145–60, 226 ff.; u. Einleitung, Seite cxviii)

12. Welchen Verlauf nimmt die Begegnung mit den Eltern? Wie äußert ſich der Vater über Heros Abſicht, Prieſterin zu werden? Wie die Mutter?

13. Welche Antwort gibt Hero auf die Bemerkung der Mutter, das Weib ſei glücklich nur an der Gattenhand? (Vers 321 ff.)

14. Welche Sinnbilder des eheloſen Lebens der Prieſterin werden vom Dichter angeführt? (Vers 354–8, auch 338–40, 359; Anm. 226 u. 343)

15. Was bezweckt der Prieſter mit ſeiner Rede in Vers 360–79?

16. Was meint Hero mit dem „Glück des ſtillen Selbſtbeſitzes“? (Vers 389 ff.)

17. Welche drei Ausſprüche kennzeichnen den Charakter Naukleros’ und erklären ſeine Handlungsweiſe? (Anm. 435)

18. Wie benimmt ſich Leander im Gegenſatz zu ſeinem Freunde? Schildern Sie die beiden Jünglinge. (Vers 437 ff.; Anm. 435, 452, 458, 469–70)

19. Beſchreiben Sie die Zeremonie der Weihe. (Vers 481 ff. u. Anm. dazu)

20. Warum läßt der Dichter Hero noch einmal verſtohlen nach den beiden Jünglingen zurückblicken? (Anm. 500; Bühnenanweiſung am Schluß des Aufzuges u. Anm. dazu)

Rückblick — Themen

I. Heros Kindheit

Einleitung: Heros Familie.
Hauptteil: (*a*) Heros Verhältnis zu Vater, Mutter und Bruder.
(*b*) Sie verläßt ihre Heimat.
Schluß: Heros Leben im Tempel.

II. Die Taube

Einleitung: Eine Taube hat ihr Neſt im Tempelhain gebaut.
Hauptteil: (*a*) Das iſt nicht erlaubt. Warum?
(*b*) Das Neſt wird zerſtört.
(*c*) Der Anblick kränkt die Mutter.
(*d*) Hero nimmt ſich der Taube an.
Schluß: Die Symbolik der Taube in Bezug auf Heros Los als Prieſterin.

III. Heros Weihe

Einleitung: Beſchreibung des Zuges.
Hauptteil: (*a*) Hero opfert dem Gott Amor.
(*b*) Hero opfert dem Gott Hymen.

(c) Die Jünglinge knien an Hymens Standbild.
(d) Leander ſieht auf.
(e) Heros Verwirrung.
Schluß: Hero ſieht ſich noch einmal um.

IV. **Hero die Auserwählte**

Einleitung: (a) Hero iſt unglücklich zu Hauſe.
(b) Ihr Oheim holt ſie zu ſich.
Hauptteil: (a) Der glückliche Tag iſt gekommen.
(b) Die Schmückung des Tempels.
(c) Heros Gemütszuſtand.
(d) Sie ſchilt die Dienerinnen.
(e) Sie will nicht Seherin werden.
(f) Ihre Eltern kommen.
(g) Hero will ihrer Mutter nicht nach Hauſe folgen.
(h) Naukleros und Leander drängen ſich herein.
(i) Die Zeremonie der Weihe.
Schluß: Hero begegnet Leander, der einen tiefen Eindruck auf ſie macht.

Zweiter Aufzug

Inhalt

Am Eingang des zweiten Aufzugs werden wir mit dem Freundespaar näher bekannt. Der lebhafte, geſprächige Naukleros ſchildert uns in ſchalkhaft ſpöttiſcher Weiſe ihre bisherigen Wanderungen. Folgendes wird uns mitgeteilt: Nach dem Tode von Leanders Mutter verfiel er in tiefen Trübſinn. Um ſeinen Freund aufzuheitern, hat Naukleros ihn von Zeit zu Zeit überall hingeführt, wo Luſt und Frohſinn wohnen, wo es etwas zu hören und zu ſehen gab. Und ſo ſind ſie auch heute nach Seſtos gekommen, doch umſonſt war der Beſuch. — Trüb wie zuvor blieb Leanders Blick. Nun rät ihm Naukleros, lieber wieder heimzukehren; der einzige Ort, an dem Leander geneſen dürfte, wäre der heimatliche Strand. Dort ſolle Leander wieder ſeiner Lieblingsbeſchäftigung — Angeln, Schwimmen und Rudern — nachgehen; dann werde er geneſen. Naukleros fordert ſeinen Freund auf, den Heimweg anzutreten. Das Feſt ſei aus, die Volksmenge verlaufen, und die Friſt, die das Verbleiben im Tempelhain erlaubt, bald zu Ende. Wen man nach der feſtgeſetzten Zeit noch auf dem verbotnen Grund fände, der dürfte dem ſtrengen Geſetz verfallen.

Dem Drängen Naukleros' begegnet Leander mit der Bitte, noch verweilen zu dürfen. Er ſei müde und krank dazu. Naukleros wird nun ungeduldig. Die Sonne ſtehe ſchon im Mittag, die Freiheit des Feſtes ſei zu Ende, und er habe keine Luſt wegen ſeines Zauderns, mit den Kerkern der Stadt bekannt zu werden. Dann gibt Naukleros eine launige Schilderung der Erlebniſſe mit Leander an den verſchiedenen Orten, die ſie beſucht haben. Wie die ſchönſten Mädchen nie an ihm, Naukleros, der doch auch wohlgebaut ſei, ſondern ſtets an Leander ihren größten Gefallen gefunden; er aber, der dumpfe Träumer, habe die Blicke der holden Schönen nie erwidert, ja nicht einmal bemerkt. Sogar die Prieſterin habe ihn mit Wohlgefallen betrachtet, als hätte ſie ſagen wollen: „Den da möcht' ich wohl!“ Bei dieſen letzten Worten bemerkt Naukleros, daß Leander das Geſicht in den Händen birgt. Er zieht ihm die Hand von den Augen und ſieht, daß Leander weint. Auf ſeine erſtaunte Frage erwidert Leander:

> „Laß mich und quäl' mich nicht! Und ſprich nicht ohne Achtung
> Von ihrem Hals und Wuchs. O, ich bin dreifach elend!“

Der erfahrene Naukleros errät ſofort Leanders Liebe zu der Prieſterin. Zunächſt iſt er darüber begeiſtert, dann warnt er ihn davor; als er aber Leanders tiefe Niedergeſchlagenheit ſieht, verſpricht er ihm, den Verſuch zu wagen, Hero noch einmal zu ſehen und zu ſprechen.

Der glückliche Zufall führt Hero gerade in dieſem Augenblick nach der Stelle, wo die Jünglinge ſich aufhalten. Heiter und froh geht ſie nach der heiligen Quelle, um dort ihre leeren Waſſerkrüge zu füllen. Wie ſie zurückkehrt, ſtürzt Leander hervor und wirft ſich vor ihr nieder. Hero iſt heftig erſchrocken. Sie ſchilt die Jünglinge und droht, wenn ſie ſich nicht ſofort entfernten, die Wächter zu rufen. Naukleros erklärt ihr nun den Sachverhalt. In äußerſt geſchickter Weiſe verſteht er, ihr Mitleid für Leander zu erwecken. Ein längeres Geſpräch entſpinnt ſich. Hero wendet ſich bald an Naukleros, bald an Leander, und verſucht ſie zur ſofortigen Heimkehr zu bewegen. Sie ſpricht die Hoffnung aus, Leander möchte ſie zwar in der Erinnerung behalten, ſeine Liebe aber einem anderen Weibe gönnen. Ihr ſei beſchieden, gattenlos zu bleiben. Noch geſtern habe ſie ihre Freiheit beſeſſen — heute komme die Liebeswerbung zu ſpät.

Das Geſpräch wird durch das Herannahen des Prieſters unterbrochen. Um ſeinen Argwohn zu beſchwichtigen, läßt Hero Leander aus dem Waſſerkrug trinken; dem Prieſter aber erklärt ſie, der Jüngling ſei krank — ihr erſter Betrug! Iſt es nur Mitgefühl oder eine tiefere Regung, die Hero bewegt, ihren Oheim zu täuſchen?

Der Prieſter rügt die Jünglinge wegen ihres langen Verweilens im Tempelhain und führt Hero mit ſich fort. Leander iſt wie umgewandelt. Er drängt nun ſelber zur Heimkehr, doch aus ſeinen Worten erſieht man, daß er nicht geſonnen iſt, den verbotenen Ort auf immer zu meiden.

Fragen

1. Was erfahren wir über Leanders Charakter, ſeine Lebensverhältniſſe, den Grund ſeines Trübſinns und über Naukleros' Freundſchaft für ihn? (Anm. 516, 516–27, 536–41, 580 ff., 587, 595)

2. Worin iſt Leander beſonders geſchickt? Warum wird das vom Dichter gleich am Anfang betont? (Anm. 542)

3. Weshalb fühlt ſich Leander krank, und warum will er noch länger im Tempelhain verweilen? (Anm. 529, 534; u. Vers 658–60)

4. Was beweiſt Naukleros' Schilderung Heros und ihres Benehmens während der Weihe? Wie unterſcheidet ſich ſeine Stellung zu Hero von der Leanders? (Anm. 622 ff., 639–50; u. Vers 655 ff.)

5. Wie hat Leander ſich immer den ſchönen, liebäugelnden Mädchen gegenüber benommen? (Vers 588 ff.)

6. Welche Wirkung hat Naukleros' ſchalkhafte Schilderung Heros auf Leanders Gemüt? (Vers 652–6)

7. Was errät Naukleros ſofort aus Leanders Tränen, und welche Empfindungen werden dadurch in ſeiner Bruſt erregt? (Anm. 661–8)

8. Warum ſingt Hero das Lied von Leda und dem Schwan, und wie gefällt es ihrem Oheim? Was iſt das Thema des Liedes? (Anm. 708–11, 729–30)

9. Weshalb erhebt Hero ihre Stimme nicht, Vers 736–9? Wo haben wir ſchon Heros Zaudern, Schuld zu beſtrafen, bemerkt? Welchen Charakterzug verrät das, und was iſt die Folge davon? (Anm. 736–7, 783, 821)

10. Wie erweckt Naukleros Heros Mitleid für Leander? (Vers 740 ff.)

11. Was erſieht Hero aus Leanders Benehmen, und wie ſtellt ſie ſich dazu? (Anm. 761, 775, 778, 790, 805–13)

12. Wie hintergeht Hero ihren Oheim? Weshalb? (Anm. 821)

13. Wie benimmt ſich Naukleros dem Prieſter und deſſen Drohungen gegenüber? (Anm. 817–8, 830, 847–59)

14. Wie verurteilt Naukleros die Bräuche des Tempels? (Anm. 861–73)

15. Was darf man aus Leanders Worten am Ende des Aufzuges ſchließen? (Anm. 861–73, 891)

Rückblick — Themen

I. Leander

Einleitung: (*a*) Lebensverhältniſſe. (*b*) Seine Mutter.
Hauptteil: (*a*) Leanders Trübſinn.
(*b*) Sein Freund nimmt ſich ſeiner an.
(*c*) Wanderungen.
(*d*) Der Beſuch in Seſtos.
Schluß: (*a*) Leander begegnet Hero. (*b*) Liebesverwirrung.

II. Szene im Tempelhain

Einleitung: Die Jünglinge verweilen im Tempelhain.
Hauptteil: (*a*) Hero geht vorbei.
(*b*) Sie kehrt zurück.
(*c*) Leander ſtürzt ſich vor ihr nieder.
(*d*) Hero weiſt die Werbung ab.
(*e*) Naukleros erweckt Heros Mitleid für Leander.
(*f*) Hero hintergeht ihren Oheim.
Schluß: Der Prieſter rügt die Jünglinge und führt Hero mit ſich fort.

Dritter Aufzug

Inhalt

Am Abend des Feſttages wird Hero von dem Oberprieſter in die ſtille Turmwohnung geführt, wo ſie von nun an hauſen ſoll. Mit trefflichen Worten zieht er einen ſymboliſchen Vergleich zwiſchen der Lage des Turms und der Stellung, die Hero fortan bekleiden wird. Die Ausſtattung der Gemächer, fährt er fort, ſei derart, daß ſie den Sinn erhebe, keine unberechtigten Wünſche erwecke und doch erfüllbare Wünſche befriedige.

Hero hat nur halb zugehört, ihre Gedanken ſcheinen anderswo zu weilen. Der Prieſter wundert ſich über ihre Gleichgültigkeit.

Hero meint, ſie werde an dieſem ſtillen Orte, fern von jeder Störung, die erwünſchte Sammlung finden. Der Prieſter fängt die letzten Worte Heros freudig auf. Sammlung? Damit habe ſie den Urſprung und den Weltenhebel aller großen Taten genannt. Durch Sammlung allein ſei es möglich, den „Hintergrund der Weſen“ zu erkennen und Götterſtimmen zu vernehmen.

Hero meint, eines ſo kühnen Fluges wäre ihr Geiſt wohl nicht fähig, doch werde ſie ihre Pflichten gewiſſenhaft erfüllen. Der Prieſter iſt etwas enttäuſcht über dieſe nüchterne Auffaſſung ihres Berufes, denn es ſei nicht ratſam, gleich beim Beginn einer Laufbahn ſich das Ziel „ſo ärmlich nahe“ zu ſetzen, aber auch damit ſei er vorläufig zufrieden. Nur das eine noch legt er ihr ans Herz: bei allem, was die Flucht der Tage bringen dürfte, den erſten Anlaß zu meiden (d. h. jeder irdiſchen Verſuchung aus dem Wege zu gehen). Der tatkräftige Kämpfer möge Gefahr ſuchen, der ſtille Denker müſſe ſich abſeits halten. Dem Strom, der nützliche Arbeit fördert, ſchade auch die Trübung nicht; wohl aber dem reinen Quell, aus dem der Pilger und die Prieſterin ſchöpfen, und der den Mond und die Geſtirne widerſpiegeln ſoll. Der Prieſter verabſchiedet ſich mit einer Anſpielung auf ſein Mißfallen über Heros Benehmen und gibt deutlich zu erkennen, daß er Hero gegen jedes ſittliche Vergehen, ja, wenn nötig, ſogar gegen ſie ſelber ſchützen würde.

Hero ahnt, worauf ihr Oheim mit den letzten Worten hinzielt. Sie geſteht ſich auch, daß der braungelockte Jüngling einen tiefen Eindruck auf ſie gemacht hat. Doch glaubt ſie ihn nun fern und betrachtet den Zwiſchenfall als für immer abgetan. Hero iſt zwar nicht müde, doch will ſie die Lampe löſchen und ihr ſtilles Schlafgemach aufſuchen. Und wieder ſchweifen ihre Gedanken zu Leander:

„Ja denn, du ſchöner Jüngling, ſtill und fromm,
Ich denke dein in dieſer ſpäten Stunde . . .
Und reichte meine Stimme bis zu dir,
Ich riefe grüßend: gute Nacht!“

„Gut' Nacht!“ klingt es wider. Hero glaubt, es ſei ihr Echo. „Sei mir gegrüßt, o ſchöne Nymphe!“ ruft ſie. „Nymphe, ſei mir gegrüßt!“ klingt die Antwort. Nun erſt merkt Hero ihre Täuſchung. Im ſelben Augenblick wird ſie eines Mannes im Fenſter gewahr. Es iſt Leander. Hero droht, die Wächter zu rufen, wenn er ſich nicht ſofort entferne. Leander bittet, nur einen Augenblick raſten zu dürfen, dann werde er gerne wieder gehen. Auf das Befragen Heros, wer ihm geholfen habe, die Turmwand zu erklimmen, erfährt ſie mit Erſtaunen, daß Leander nicht nur dies ohne fremden Beiſtand geleiſtet, ſondern, durch das Licht ihrer Lampe geleitet, ſogar die ſchier unglaubliche Tat vollbracht habe, den Helleſpont zu durchſchwimmen. Hero hält ihm nochmals vor, wie nutzlos ſein Liebeswerben ſei, und darum ſolle er ſie ferner meiden.

Man hört Tritte nahen. Nach einigem Zaudern heißt Hero Leander die Lampe nehmen und durch die Seitentür in ihr Gemach verſchwinden. Der Tempelhüter erkundigt ſich, ob jemand noch wach ſei, er habe Licht geſehen. Janthe antwortet ihm, er habe ſich wohl getäuſcht. Dem Wächter ſcheint die Sache verdächtig. Er entfernt ſich, ſagt aber, am Morgen werde man hierüber wohl weiteres erfahren.

Leander erſcheint wieder aus der Seitentür. Hero überhäuft ihn mit bitteren Vorwürfen, daß er ihr ſo viel Schmach und Angſt bereitet habe, und doch hat ſie ſich ausſchließlich um ihn geängſtigt. Daraus erſieht der Jüngling, daß Hero ihn liebt. Sein Werben wird inniger und ungeſtümer. In Heros Bruſt kämpfen Pflicht und Liebe. Die Liebe erweiſt ſich als die ſtärkere.

Sie erlaubt Leander wiederzukommen; erſt heißt es „Am Tag des nächſten Feſts,“ dann „Wenn neu der Mond ſich füllt,“ und ſchließlich „Komm morgen denn.“ Der Treffplatz ſoll am Meeresufer ſein. Auf das Drängen Heros iſt Leander bereit, ſie zu verlaſſen; nur um ein Zeichen ihrer Gunſt bittet er noch. Hero ſträubt ſich zuerſt, dann gewährt ſie ihm den Kuß und eilt zur Tür hinaus. Leander fleht, ſie möge zurückkommen. Zuerſt will es ſcheinen, ſie würde ihn nicht erhören. Er horcht. Leiſe Schritte nähern ſich der Tür; Hero kommt wieder. Darüber fällt der Vorhang.

Fragen

1. Beſchreiben Sie die Bühne in dieſem Aufzug.

2. In welchem Gemütszuſtand befindet ſich Hero? (Anm. 895)

3. Geben Sie eine genaue Erklärung der Symbolik in dem Gleichnis des Prieſters. (Vers 895–907; u. Anm. dazu)

4. Was vermag der Menſch kraft der „Sammlung“? Welche Wirkung hat die „Zerſtreuung“? (Vers 949 ff.)

5. Hero unterbricht den Prieſter. Von welchem Mangel Heros iſt dies ein weiterer Beweis? (Anm. 970–3)

6. Welche Hoffnung liegt in den Worten des Oheims „Doch ſei's für jetzt,“ Vers 977?

7. Welchen Gegenſatz bemerken Sie zwiſchen Heros jetziger Stellung zu ihrem Amt und ihrer Auffaſſung desſelben am Anfang des Dramas? (Anm. 984)

8. Wie bezieht ſich das ſinnbildliche Gleichnis des Prieſters zwiſchen dem Strom und dem Quell auf das Leben der Prieſterin? (Vers 988–96; u. Anm. zu Vers 994 u. 996)

9. Was würde der Prieſter ſich nicht ſcheuen zu tun, um Hero gegen Unrecht zu ſchützen? (Vers 997–1003)

10. Welchen Grund hat der Oheim zum Verdacht? Was beſchließt Hero daher zu tun? (Anm. 1004–17)

11. Wo liegt die Symbolik in Vers 1021 u. 1039–41? (Anm. zu dieſen Verſen)

12. Warum nennt Hero das Licht ihre „Freundin“? (Anm. 1038)

13. Weshalb ſtimmt ſie das Lied von Leda wiederum an? (Vers 1044–5 u. Anm. dazu)

14. Inwiefern bringt der Dichter ſelbſt ſeine Erfahrung in Vers 1052–4 zum Ausdruck? (Anm. dazu)

15. Warum hält Hero den Leander zunächſt für ein Echo oder eine Nymphe? (Anm. 1062–3)

16. Woraus erſieht ſie, daß es kein Echo iſt? (Anm. 1065)

17. Warum ruft Hero zum drittenmal nicht? (Anm. 1068)

18. Wie iſt Leander nach Seſtos und in Heros Turmzimmer gelangt? (Vers 1074–1121)

19. Welchen Ton ſchlägt Leander in Vers 1071 an? Suchen Sie alle ähnlichen Ausſprüche Leanders in dieſem Akt auf.

20. Welche Gefühle kämpfen miteinander in Heros Bruſt? (Anm. 1082, 1101, 1143–9, 1151–4)

21. Welche Andeutung über die zukünftige Rolle Janthes und des Wächters bekommen wir in Vers 1159–63? (Anm. dazu)

22. Woraus erſieht Leander, daß Hero ihn liebt? (Vers 1169–87 u. Anm. zu Vers 1169–78)

23. Welchen Verlauf nimmt Heros Einwilligung in Vers 1205 ff.? Was bedeutet ihr Nachgeben in der dramatiſchen Handlung? (Anm. zu dieſen Verſen)

24. Welche Tragweite und Bedeutung für Heros ferneres Schickſal hat der Kuß? (Anm. 1259)

25. Warum flieht Hero nach dem Kuß, und warum kehrt ſie wieder? (Anm. 1260–3)

Rückblick — Themen

I. Am Abend der Weihe

Einleitung: Der Prieſter führt Hero in ihre neue Wohnung ein.
Hauptteil: (*a*) Hero iſt zerſtreut.
(*b*) Ihr Oheim erteilt ihr gute Lehren: „Sammlung“ und „Zerſtreuung.“
(*c*) Der Prieſter warnt Hero vor Verſuchung und geht weg.
Schluß: Hero macht ein Geſtändnis und faßt einen Entſchluß.

II. Einſamkeit

Einleitung: Der Prieſter iſt ſoeben weggegangen.
Hauptteil: (*a*) Hero kann nicht ſchlafen.

(*b*) „Allein, allein, allein!"
(*c*) Hero geht ans Fenſter.
(*d*) Sie ſingt ein Lied.
(*e*) Sie entdeckt eine Leier.
(*f*) Ihre Gedanken ſchweifen wiederholt zu Leander.
Schluß: Hero wird ruhiger und ruft „Gute Nacht!"

III. Wiederum Einſamkeit

Einleitung: Leander liegt ſchlaflos auf ſeinem Lager.
Hauptteil: (*a*) Er verläßt die Hütte.
(*b*) Ein Licht erſcheint in der Ferne.
(*c*) Leander wirft ſich in das Meer.
(*d*) Er erklimmt den Turm.
Schluß: Leander ruft „Gut' Nacht!"

IV. Der Beſuch — Die Liebe ſiegt

Einleitung: Hero iſt allein im Turm.
Hauptteil: (*a*) Sie hört eine Stimme.
(*b*) Leander betritt Heros Zimmer.
(*c*) Hero droht ihm.
(*d*) Leander neckt ſie.
(*e*) Tritte nähern ſich.
(*f*) Leander geht durch die Seitentür ab.
(*g*) Der Wächter erkundigt ſich.
(*h*) Leander errät Heros Liebe zu ihm.
(*i*) Sie gewährt ihm einen Kuß und flieht.
Schluß: Hero kommt zurück.

Vierter Aufzug

Inhalt

Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen haben Leander zum erſtenmal ſicher über den Helleſpont getragen, und nun vertraut er ſich denſelben Mächten wieder an. Der Tempelhüter hat bemerkt, wie ein Mann ins Meer ſprang, und da er Hero in der nächſten Nähe erblickt, befragt er ſie darum. Hero will nichts geſehen haben und beantwortet die Fragen des Tempelhüters mit einer ſpöttiſchen Gegenfrage. Der gekränkte Wächter ſchlägt einen gleichen Ton an. Der Oberprieſter tritt dazwiſchen und will die Urſache des Wortſtreites wiſſen. Der Tempelhüter rede ungereimtes Zeug, meint Hero und wendet ſich zum Gehen. Wohin? In den Turm — ſie wolle ſchlafen.

Der Wächter erzählt nun dem Prieſter, was er in der vergangenen Nacht beobachtet habe: Erſtens das Licht in Heros Zimmer die ganze Nacht hindurch; dann ſei es ihm aufgefallen, daß Janthe ſchon ſo früh vollſtändig angekleidet geweſen; ferner habe er geſehen, wie ein Mann in das brauſende Meer geſprungen und gegen Abydos geſchwommen ſei, und im ſelben Augenblick ſei Hero, kaum drei Schritte entfernt, aus dem Gebüſch getreten, und doch wolle ſie den Mann nicht geſehen haben.

Bei dem Namen Abydos wird der Prieſter ſtutzig. Ein Verdacht regt ſich in ſeiner Seele, zuerſt gegen Janthe. Auf ſeinen Befehl erſcheint ſie, doch iſt aus ihr kein Geſtändnis herauszulocken. Etwas ſpäter tritt auch Hero hinzu. Sie nimmt Janthe in Schutz und verſichert ſie ihres Beiſtandes. Wie erkläre ſie aber die Anweſenheit des fremden Mannes am Turme, wird Hero gefragt. „Nun, Herr, vielleicht der Überird'ſchen einer!“ — lautet ihre Antwort. Der Prieſter iſt keineswegs befriedigt, im Gegenteil: Heros Gleichgültigkeit und ihre warme Freundſchaft für Janthe, die früher nicht beſtanden hatte, beſtärken nur ſeinen Verdacht und lenken ſeinen Argwohn auf Hero ſelbſt.

Als Hero ſich wieder zum Gehen wendet, erinnert der Prieſter ſie an die Geſchäfte ihres neuen Amts und meldet ihr, ein Bote ihrer Eltern ſei mit einem Brief gekommen. Dem Boten habe man jedoch den Eintritt verwehrt. Nun ſolle Hero ihn ſuchen und auf dem Wege einiges für den Tempel beſorgen.

Hero, von ihrer neuen Freundin Janthe begleitet, macht ſich auf den Weg. Sie ahnt nicht, daß ihre Abweſenheit dazu benützt werden ſoll, ihre Wohnräume zu beſichtigen, ob nicht vielleicht eine Spur des nächtlichen Beſuches zu entdecken wäre.

Und Leander? Naukleros klopft an die Tür ſeiner Hütte — keine Antwort! Daß Leander ſich entfernen konnte, ſcheint ausgeſchloſſen, denn Naukleros ſelbſt hatte am Abend die Tür feſt verſchloſſen, und ſo findet er ſie jetzt noch. Ganz unerwartet erſcheint Leander im Hintergrunde. Sein Haar iſt feucht, und die naſſen Kleider kleben ihm an den Gliedern. Daß er im Meer geweſen, iſt klar. Wozu aber? Er habe doch nicht den tollen Verſuch gemacht, Seſtos' Küſte ſchwimmend zu erreichen? Die Entfernung ſei zu groß, die Klippen an jenen Ufern zu ſchroff; höchſtens an der Stelle, wo der Turm der Prieſterin ſteht, wäre eine ſichere Landung möglich geweſen. Wie aber ſonſt? Alle Kähne ſeien auf ſein (Naukleros') Erſuchen unterm Schloß geweſen.

Leander geſteht dann auch, daß er die Prieſterin in der Nacht geſehen, geſprochen, ja im Arm gehalten habe. Die beiden Jünglinge ſcheinen nunmehr die Rollen gewechſelt zu haben: Naukleros furchtſam wegen der Gefahr, die ſeinem Freunde drohe, (denn ſchon ſeien Späher aus Seſtos angelangt), Leander kühn und frohen Mutes. Naukleros bittet inſtändigſt, Leander möge nur dieſes eine Mal der Küſte Seſtos' fern bleiben; die ausweichenden Antworten Leanders aber laſſen ihn deutlich fühlen, daß ſeine Bitten umſonſt ſind. Er verſucht daher, Leander durch Liſt in die Hütte zu locken und ihn dort mit Gewalt feſtzuhalten. Leander überliſtet ſeinen Freund aber und entweicht ihm.

Wir kehren wieder zu Hero zurück. Sie hat den Auftrag ihres Oheims ausgeführt, nur den Boten zu finden iſt ihr nicht gelungen. Der Tempelhüter teilt ihr mit, der Bote ſei in ihrer Abweſenheit auf anderen Wegen gekommen, jetzt werde ſie von ihrem Oheim im Tempel erwartet. Hero weigert ſich dem Befehl zu folgen. Sie heißt den Tempelhüter gehen und erſucht Janthe, die Lampe im Turm mit friſchem Öl zu füllen.

Nun ſucht der Oheim ſelber Hero auf. Er bedauert, daß Hero unſonſt nach dem Boten geſucht habe. Die Briefe, die er gebracht habe, lägen in Heros Turm, ſie möge ſie dort abholen. Hero zeigt kein Verlangen darnach, das habe ja Zeit bis morgen. Das Geſpräch wird dann auf Janthe gelenkt. Nach dem, was vorgefallen ſei, meint der Prieſter, dürfe Janthe nicht länger im Dienſte des Hauſes bleiben. Hero will von ihrer Entlaſſung nichts hören; ſie habe das Recht der Entſcheidung in dieſem Falle, ſie kenne ihre Rechte ſowie — ihre Pflichten.

Auf das wiederholte Erſuchen des Oheims zeigt ſich Hero endlich bereit, den Brief der Mutter aus dem Turm zu holen. Bald darauf erſcheint am Fenſter des Turmes die brennende Lampe. Nun hat der Prieſter keinen Zweifel mehr, daß Hero ſchuldig iſt. Von dem Tempelhüter erfährt er, daß gewiſſe Befehle, die er erteilt habe, ausgeführt ſeien.

Hero iſt inzwiſchen mit dem Brief der Mutter zurückgekehrt. Sie findet ihren Oheim nicht mehr vor. Sie läßt ſich auf die Ruhebank nieder, von der aus ſie das Licht im Turmzimmer deutlich ſehen kann. Trotz allen Verſuchen wach zu bleiben wird ſie vom Schlaf übermannt. So finden ſie der Prieſter und der Tempelhüter. Der Prieſter entfernt ſich, um den günſtigen Augenblick zu nützen. . . . Männer mit Fiſchnetzen gehen vorbei. . . . Der Wächter ſchilt ſie, daß ſie dieſe Nacht nicht zu Hauſe geblieben ſeien, wie der Prieſter ihnen doch befohlen habe. Darauf antworten ſie lakoniſch, ein Sturm ſei im Anzuge.

Kurz darauf bemerkt er, daß die Lampe im Turm bewegt wird und dann verlöſcht. Die Vorahnung ſchauriger Ereigniſſe beſchleicht ſeine Seele. Der Prieſter kehrt zurück Er hat ſein Werk vollbracht — „das Holz geſchichtet und das Beil gezückt.“ Nun mögen die Götter ſelber das ſchuldige Opfer treffen!

Fragen

1. Beſchreiben Sie den Schauplatz.

2. Worüber ſtreiten Hero und der Tempelhüter? Schildern Sie dieſen Streit. (Vers 1272–88; u. Anm. 1273, 1275–8)

3. Wie ſtellt ſich der Prieſter zu der Anklage des Wächters gegen Hero? (Anm. 1294, 1324–5, 1333–5, 1350)

4. Was berichtet der Wächter dem Prieſter? (Vers 1292–1348)

5. Welcher Name macht den Prieſter ſtutzig? (Vers 1348) Wen hat er trotzdem im Verdacht? (Vers 1354–67; u. Anm. 1350)

6. Inwiefern, glaubt er, dürfte Hero ſchuldig ſein? (Anm. 1362–5, 1373–5)

7. Was erwidert Hero ihrem Oheim? (Vers 1404–9, Anm. dazu u. Anm. 1428)

8. Was lenkt den Argwohn des Prieſters ſchließlich auf Hero ſelbſt? (Anm. 1428)

9. Weshalb entfernt der Prieſter Hero und Janthe? (Anm. 1449, 1488–9; u. Vers 1514–5)

10. Warum hält Naukleros es für ausgeſchloſſen, daß Leander fort ſei, womöglich Hero beſucht habe? Geben Sie vier Punkte an. (Vers 1546–8, 1561–3, 1565–7, 1568–71; Anm. 1561–71)

11. Inwiefern haben die beiden Jünglinge die Rollen getauſcht? (Vers 1590–4)

12. Welche inbrünſtige Bitte richtet Naukleros ſchließlich an Leander? (Vers 1596–7)

13. Welchen Plan verſucht er dann durchzuſetzen? (Vers 1612 ff.)

14. Wie überliſtet Leander ſeinen treuen Freund, und wie entweicht er ihm? (Vers 1633 ff.)

15. Warum iſt Hero ſo raſch gegangen? (Anm. 1670–1)

16. Wen meint Hero mit „Freund“ in Vers 1704? (Anm. dazu)

17. Weshalb droht der Prieſter, Janthe zu entlaſſen? (Anm. 1720–1)

18. Welche Zweideutigkeit liegt in Heros Worten, Vers 1714–6?

19. Inwiefern entſcheidet die angezündete Lampe Heros Schickſal? (Anm. 1766–7)

20. Warum durchſchaut Hero die Tücke des Oheims nicht? (Anm. 1692–1703, 1787, 1795–8)

21. Warum wartet Hero nicht im Turm auf Leander? (Anm. 1783)

22. Wie iſt der Vers 1815 zu deuten? (Anm. dazu)

23. Durch welche Bemerkung des Wächters ſteigt dieſer in unſerem Urteil? (Anm. 1818–9)

24. Weshalb hat wohl der Dichter die Fiſcher in dieſer Szene auftreten laſſen? (Anm. 1821–4)

25. Inwiefern hat der Prieſter ſein Werk vollbracht? (Vers 1830–4)

Rückblick — Themen

I. Geheimniſſe

Einleitung: Ein Mann iſt ins Meer geſprungen.
Hauptteil: (*a*) Hero ſtreitet mit dem Tempelhüter.
(*b*) Der Oheim erkundigt ſich nach der Urſache des Streites.
(*c*) Hero geht ſchlafen.
(*d*) Der Bericht des Wächters.
Schluß: Der Prieſter wird argwöhniſch und läßt Janthe rufen.

II. Verdacht

Einleitung: Janthe iſt im Verdacht.
Hauptteil: (*a*) Hero nimmt Janthe in Schutz.
(*b*) Heros Gleichgültigkeit gegen ihren Oheim.
(*c*) Er wendet ſich nun an ſie.
(*d*) Er entfernt Hero und Janthe.
Schluß: Der Prieſter entwirft einen Plan.

III. Freundſchaft und Liebe

Einleitung: Naukleros beſucht ſeinen Freund, der nicht zu Hauſe iſt.
Hauptteil: (*a*) Leander kommt.
(*b*) Er iſt ſpöttiſch gegen ſeinen Freund.
(*c*) Naukleros erfährt die Wahrheit.

(*d*) Er verſucht ſeinen jungen Freund vor der Gefahr zu retten.
Schluß: Leander überliſtet Naukleros.

IV. Umſtrickt

Einleitung: Hero kehrt mit Janthe zurück.
Hauptteil: (*a*) Hero läßt die Lampe füllen.
(*b*) Sie bietet dem Tempelhüter und dem Prieſter Trotz.
(*c*) Klügelei.
(*d*) „Iſt's noch nicht Abend?"
(*e*) Hero zündet das Licht an, legt ſich auf die Bank und ſchläft ein.
(*f*) Fiſcher kündigen einen Sturm an.
Schluß: Der Prieſter verlöſcht das Licht.

Fünfter Aufzug

Inhalt

Am Morgen des folgenden Tages findet Janthe ihre Gebieterin in der Nähe des Turmes ſtehen, vor ſich hinſtarrend. Janthe ſpricht von dem Sturm und Aufruhr in der Nacht; nebenbei erwähnt ſie, daß ſie zwar Schritte über ſich im Turme gehört, aber kein Licht in Heros Kammer geſehen habe. Hero merkt, daß Janthe den Grund ihrer Seelenangſt erraten hat. Sie bekennt alſo, wie ſie in der Nacht plötzlich aufgewacht, in den Turm geſtürzt ſei, weil ſie bemerkt habe, daß kein Licht aus dem Fenſter ſtrahlte. Kein Licht, das dem kühnen Schwimmer Troſt und Hilfe ſpenden konnte! Und dennoch, meint ſie bei ſich, dennoch ſei das vielleicht gerade günſtig geweſen, eine Schickung der gütigen Götter. Das Licht ſei, nach dem verbrauchten Öl zu urteilen, ſchon früh verlöſcht. So habe ihr Freund ſich vermutlich nicht dem wilden Meere hingegeben und ſei wohlauf und unverſehrt.

Hero erſucht Janthe, da jetzt der Nebel ſich gehoben habe, einen Blick hinüber nach Abydos zu werfen. Als das Mädchen dem Ufer zuſchreitet, ſieht ſie, daß ein vom Sturm losgeriſſener Strauch ihr den Weg verſperrt. Sie verſucht die Zweige zu entfernen und entdeckt einen Schleier, ähnlich denen, welche Hero zu tragen pflegt. Beide Enden des Schleiers ſind nach Wimpelart zu Schleifen eingebunden. Endlich gelingt es ihr, die ſchweren Zweige aufzuheben, und da — o Entſetzen! — ſieht Hero, die inzwiſchen herbeigeeilt iſt, die lebloſe Geſtalt ihres Geliebten.

Der laute Jammerton hat auch den Prieſter herbeigeführt. Janthe läßt auf Heros Mahnung die Zweige ſchnell fallen, um die Leiche zu bedecken. Nun verſucht Hero ihrem Oheim die Ausſicht nach rückwärts zu benehmen und ſeinen Argwohn durch gleichgültige Worte zu verſcheuchen. Doch ihre Kraft iſt zu Ende — ſie ſinkt zu Boden. Der Prieſter läßt die Zweige erheben und ſieht nun, daß die gerechten Götter den Frevler beſtraft haben. Ihm iſt es jetzt darum zu tun, den guten Ruf der Prieſterin und ſomit des Tempels zu bewahren; daher befiehlt er Janthe von dem Geſchehenen zu ſchweigen. Verſchweigen? fragt Hero. Nie und nimmer. Die ganze Welt ſolle wiſſen, daß ſie durch die Tücke des Oheims ihr Liebſtes auf Erden verloren. In ihrem Schmerz macht ſie auch Naukleros (der gekommen iſt, um ſeinen Freund zu ſuchen) den Vorwurf, daß er läſſig geweſen ſei. Sich ſelber und den Prieſter bezeichnet ſie aber als die Mörder Leanders: den Prieſter, weil er durch ſchlaue Künſte ihr die Erholung geraubt, ſich ſelber, daß ſie ſich vom Schlaf übermannen ließ und nicht auf die Lampe achtgab, deren Licht vom Sturm gelöſcht wurde. (Sie ahnt nicht, daß auch daran der Prieſter ſchuld iſt.) Für ſie war Leander alles: die Sonne, die Luft, das Leben ſelbſt. Nun iſt er ihr für immer verloren. Noch einmal will ſie ihren toten Freund ſehen. Niemand ſolle es ihr verwehren.

Etwas ſpäter findet man Hero in einiger Entfernung von Leanders Tragbett im Tempel auf den Stufen in halbliegender Stellung. Unverwandt blickt ſie auf ihren toten Freund. Sie kann es kaum faſſen, daß der von Leben ſtrotzende Jüngling nun ſtarr und leblos daliegt.

Der Prieſter befiehlt Naukleros, den Leichnam zu entfernen. Hero will folgen; ſie will an ſeinem Heimatſtrande in ſeiner Nähe wohnen. Das ſei unmöglich, meint der Prieſter. So möge man ihn denn am Fuße des Turmes begraben, bittet Hero, damit ſie ſein Grab mit Blumen ſchmücken und pflegen könne. Auch das dürfe nicht geſtattet werden. „So erlaubt, daß ich mit meiner Göttin mich berate,“ fleht Hero; „bis dahin aber verſprecht mir, ihn nicht zu berühren!“ Hero beſteigt, von einigen Jungfrauen begleitet, die Stufen. Trotz den Bitten Naukleros’ gibt der Prieſter das Zeichen, die Leiche fortzutragen. Hero, von Janthe unterſtützt, hat bereits die oberen Stufen erſtiegen. In dem Augenblick, als Naukleros’ Begleiter die Tragbahre faſſen, wendet ſie ſich raſch um. „Leander!“ ruft ſie, „Leander!“ und ſinkt in Janthes Armen zuſammen. Janthe fühlt, wie Heros Herz zuerſt in Doppelſchlägen pocht, und wie allmählich die Pulſe ſtocken. Der Quell des Lebens iſt verſiegt, die Macht der Liebe durch die Allmacht des Todes vernichtet.

„Vorſicht’ger Tor, ſieh deiner Klugheit Werke!“ ruft Janthe dem Prieſter ins Geſicht. Mit unbeugſamer Strenge antwortet dieſer:

„Und gält’s ihr Leben! Gäb’ ich doch auch meins,
Um Unrecht abzuhalten. Doch es iſt nicht.“

Denn er will Janthes Behauptung nicht glauben. Er eilt die Stufen hinauf und kniet vor Hero nieder. Nun wird es ihm zur Gewißheit, daß Janthe die Wahrheit geſprochen hat. Janthe bittet ihn, den beiden Toten ein gemeinſames Grab zu gönnen. Der Prieſter ſchweigt und geht, ſich verhüllend, ab. Janthe duldet es nicht länger im Hauſe des Prieſters — ſie will zu ihren Eltern zurückkehren.

Den Kranz von Amors Bildſäule übergibt ſie den Dienerinnen, die um Hero beſchäftigt ſind; er ſoll mit ihr ins Grab. Und zu Amor gewandt ruft ſie bitter:

„Verſprichſt du viel und hältſt du alſo Wort?“

Fragen

1. Schildern Sie, was wir aus Heros und Janthes Worten über die Ereigniſſe der letzten Nacht erfahren. (Vers 1835–63)

2. Welche Hoffnung hegt Hero? (Vers 1852–63) Welche Folge wird dies etwas ſpäter für ſie haben? (Anm. 1864)

3. Was beabſichtigt Hero in Zukunft zu tun? (Vers 1868–73, Anm. 1870–2)

4. Wie hat der Dichter das tragiſche Moment hier künſtleriſch erhöht? (Vers 1883–93, Anm. 1893)

5. Auf welche Weiſe verſucht Hero ihren Oheim zu täuſchen? Mit welchem Erfolg? (Vers 1901–3 u. Anm. dazu)

6. Welcher Beweggrund leitet des Prieſters Taten von nun an? (Anm. 1908–13, 1922–3; Vers 1930–1)

7. Wie ſtellt ſich Hero dazu? Fühlt ſie ſich moraliſch ſchuldig? (Anm. 1932–40; auch Anm. 1864).

8. Inwiefern hat Naukleros ſeine Freiheit verwirkt? (Anm. 1922–3).

9. Warum beſchuldigt Hero den herangekommenen Naukleros der Läſſigkeit? (Anm. 1945)

10. Wen bezeichnet Hero als die Mörder Leanders? Mit welcher Berechtigung? (Vers 1949–54)

11. Warum läßt der Dichter Hero nicht ahnen, daß ihr Oheim ſelber das Licht verlöſchte? (Anm. 1955)

12. Wen meint ſie mit: Feind, Haſſer, Freund, Geliebte? (Anm. 1968)

13. Welche Bedeutung hatte Leanders Liebe für Hero? (Vers 1975–81)

14. Was gilt ihr die Welt nun? Worauf deutet das hin? (Anm. 1981)

15. Wie hat Hero den Ort, wo Leander liegt, gefunden? (Anm. 2006–7)

16. Wie iſt der Ausdruck „ohne Furcht“ in Vers 2010 zu deuten? (Anm. dazu)

17. Worüber ſinnt Hero nach? Was deutet der Dichter durch die unregelmäßigen Verſe an? (Vers 2025–32 u. Anm. dazu)

18. Um welche Gunſt bittet Hero den Prieſter und Naukleros? (Vers 2037–9, 2041–5, 2073–6)

19. Erklären Sie die Symbolik in Vers 2053–7. (Anm. dazu)

20. Geben Sie die tiefere Bedeutung von Vers 2060–2 an.

21. Warum iſt Heros Hand eiskalt? Zwei Gründe. (Anm. 2077)

22. Beachten Sie die ſtockende Rede Heros in Vers 2076–80. Was iſt daraus zu ſchließen? (Anm. 2025–32, 2077)

23. Schildern Sie den Kontraſt zwiſchen Janthes klarer Einſicht in die Sachlage und der Dumpfheit des Prieſters. (Anm. 2000–3, 2015–7 2032–3, 2083–4; Vers 2091–3)

24. Wie hat der Prieſter die Wahrheit, die er in Vers 2108–9 ausſpricht, bewieſen?

25. Mit welcher peſſimiſtiſchen Lebensanſchauung ſchließt das Drama? (Anm. 2120)

Rückblick — Themen

I. Ein Opfer der Liebe

Einleitung: Die vergangene Nacht. „Kein Licht! kein Licht!“
Hauptteil: (*a*) Heros Hoffnung.
(*b*) Janthes Getändel.
(*c*) „Leander! — Weh!“
(*d*) Der Prieſter kommt, und Hero verſucht ihn zu täuſchen.
(*e*) „Gerechte Götter! . . . Er fiel von eurer Hand!“
Schluß: Der Leichnam wird entfernt.

II. Mörder!

Einleitung: Naukleros kommt. Hero beſchuldigt ihn der Läſſigkeit.
Hauptteil: (*a*) Hero bezeichnet die Mörder.

(*b*) „Er war alles!“
Schluß: Hero will zu ihrem Freund gehen.

III. Ein zweites Opfer der Liebe

Einleitung: Hero hat Leanders Ruheſtätte gefunden.
Hauptteil: (*a*) Hero ſinnt über das Geſchehene nach.
(*b*) Sie bittet um eine Gunſt.
(*c*) Ein „Schleier“ trübt ihre Augen.
(*d*) Janthe lieſt die Zeichen genau.
(*e*) Der Prieſter will ihr nicht glauben.
(*f*) „Leander! Leander!“
Schluß: „Verſprichſt du viel und hältſt du alſo Wort?“

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Grillparzer, Franz

Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen.

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